THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A°. D'. 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

OCT. 7, 1911

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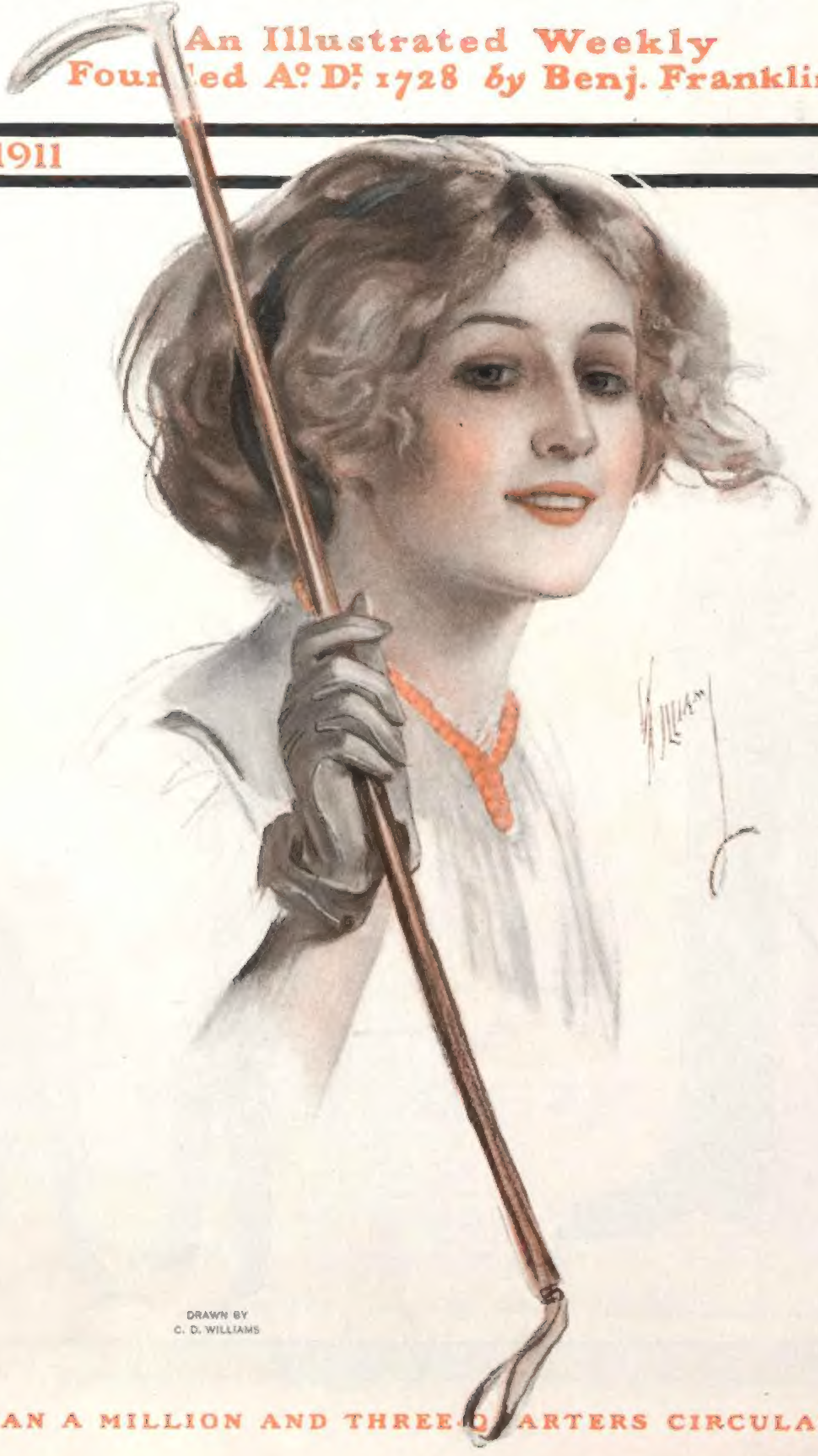
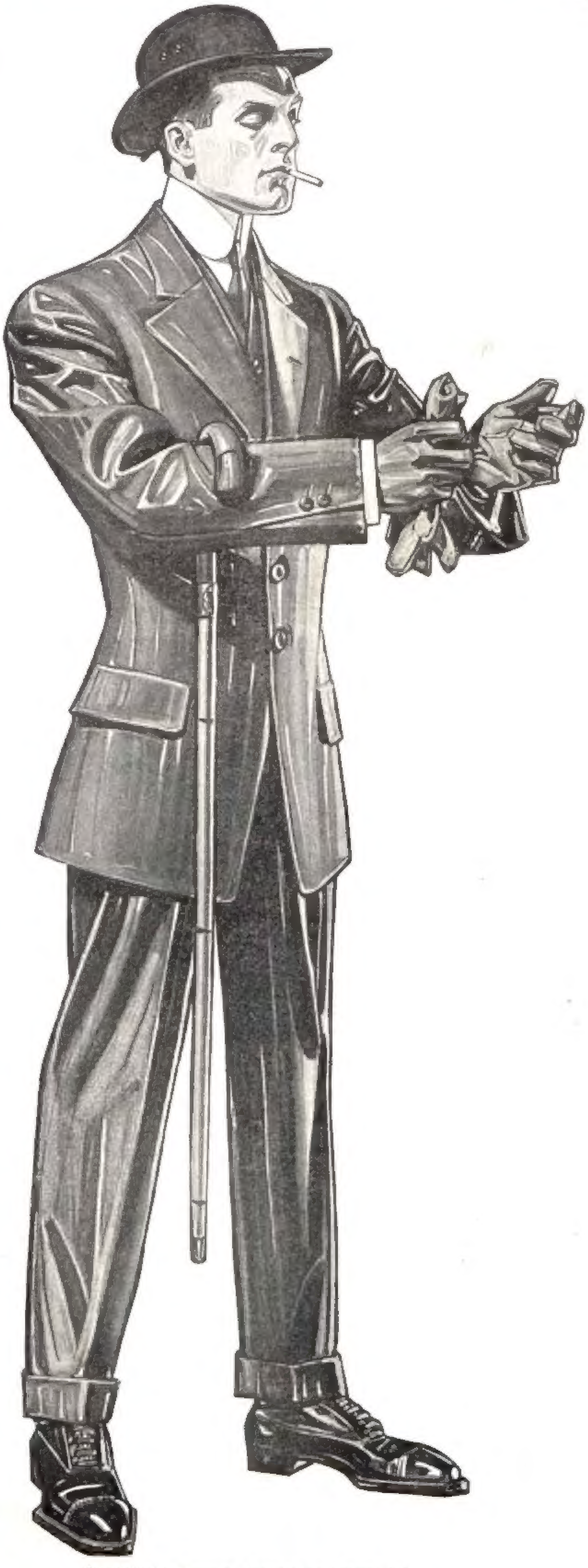


DRAWN BY
C. D. WILLIAMS

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

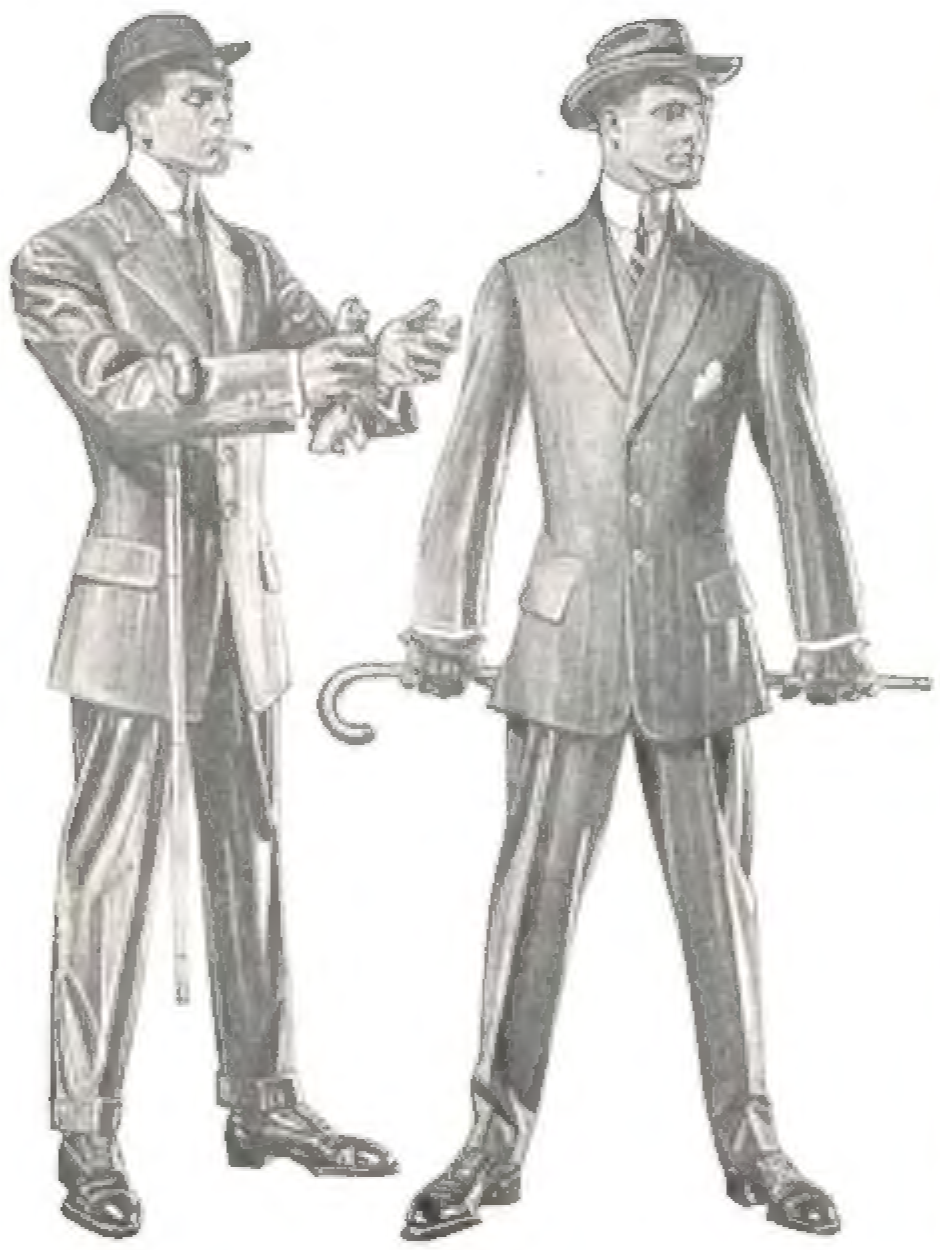


WHATEVER your purse prompts in payment for clothes, you'll find for that money the utmost in quality and style in Kuppenheimer garments.

Everything that any man needs and expects to get, is tailored into them; they immediately command the admiration of people who know correct dress.

Sold by good clothiers everywhere.
Our book showing the latest fashions,
will be sent on request.

The House of Kuppenheimer
Chicago New York Boston



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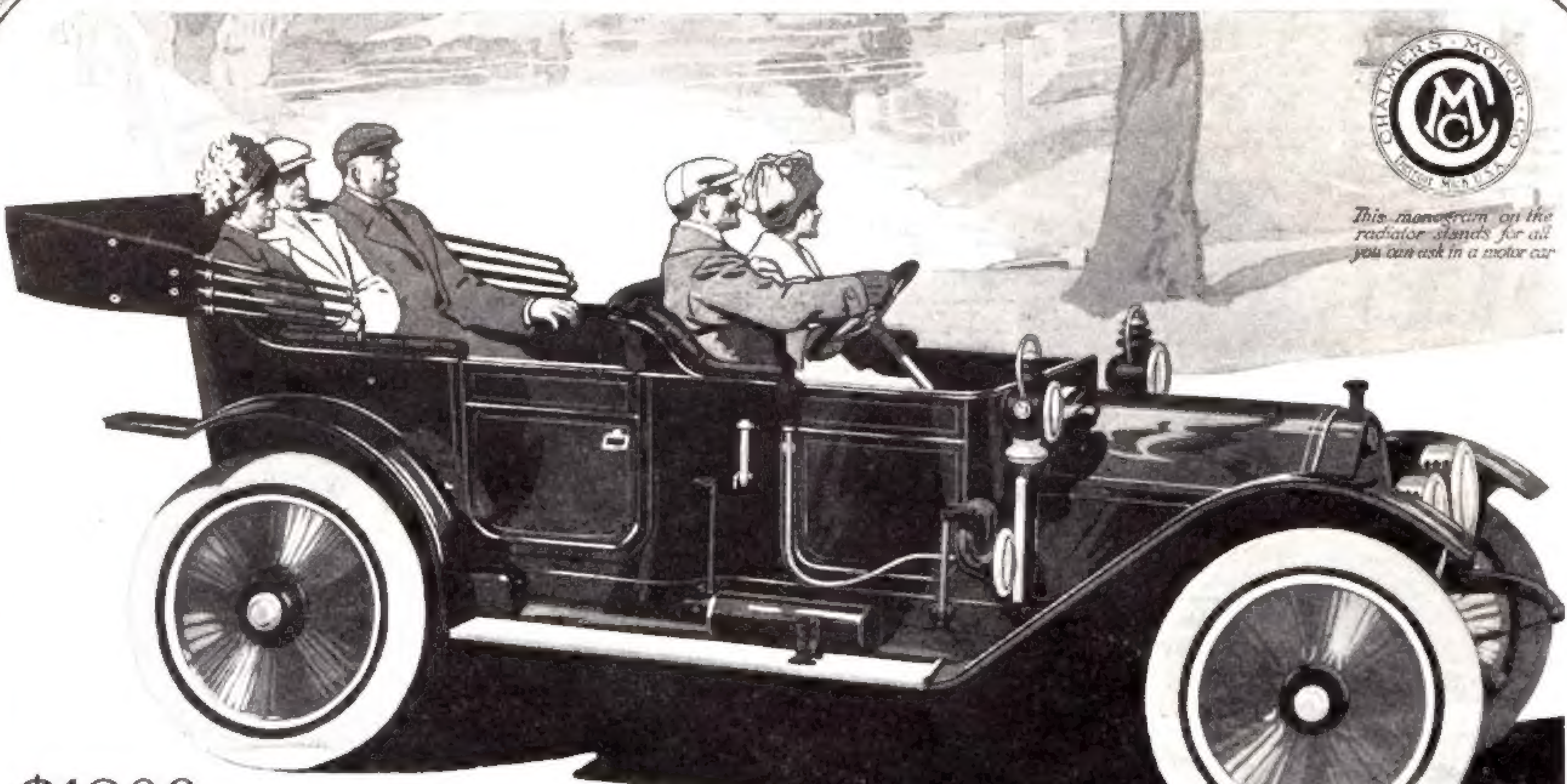

CHALMERS · MOTOR · CO.
DETROIT MICH U.S.A.
CMC

This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car

$1800

Self-starting

Chalmers "Thirty-six" Leads

Chalmers "Thirty-six" was the first car at a medium price to have these features:

Self-starting device
Does away with cranking. Simple air pressure type. Nothing complicated—just press a button on the dash and away goes your motor.

Genuine long stroke motor—4¼" x 5¼"
Means better pulling, longer service, greater quietness, freedom from vibration.

Five speed transmission—four forward speeds and one reverse
Gives utmost flexibility of control and enables you to climb the steepest grades with speed.

Dash adjustment for the carburetor
You can get the proper mixture to suit varying weather conditions without getting out of car and lifting the hood.

36" x 4" tires and Continental Demountable rims
These big tires do away with tire trouble and insure ease of riding. Demountable rims rob punctures of their terrors.

Genuine honey-comb radiator, cellular type
Same radiator found on highest priced cars. Means perfect cooling, longer life, good looks.

Bosch dual ignition
Simplest system yet devised. Nothing equals a magneto for furnishing perfect ignition.

(Read that over again. It is hard to realize at one reading that all these big features are really present in one car selling for $1800. We ask to have Chalmers cars compared with any other cars either above or below our prices)

The "Thirty-six" is the first medium priced car to have any one of these features—much less all of them.

One or two other makers have announced some of these features since the Chalmers 1912 announcement appeared. Others may imitate later. Prices were changed (that is, lowered) in a number of factories, at the last minute, too, following the Chalmers 1912 announcement.

"Thirty-six" an Eye Opener

The "Thirty-six" at $1800 was an eye-opener to the trade—and a benefit to the public in more ways than the public dreams.

It is easy to follow where some one else has blazed the trail. But pioneering requires vision, ingenuity, experimenting, resources and nerve. It brings its own reward though—we've found that out. There isn't any dust out in front.

Three years ago we did our first pioneering—when we brought out the Chalmers "30."

That was the first full size five-passenger car with all the features that a real motor car must have selling for so low a price as $1500.

We set ourselves then to maintain our leadership in the manufacture of medium priced cars. The sensation of setting the pace is enjoyable.

Chalmers "Thirty-six" has set a selling record this season, too.

Trade turns naturally toward quality.

An announcement of this car was made July 8th. Before we could deliver demonstrating cars to our dealers they had booked orders for 1082 "Thirty-sixes." Actual orders from customers, with deposits.

It is with the keenest satisfaction that we are able to cite this record. Not merely because of the sale of 1082 cars, but because of what the sale of that many cars of a new model, without demonstration, really means.

It means that Chalmers cars have become so standardized that people have absolute confidence in them. It means that the reputation of our Company for honest values and fair dealing has become so thoroughly established that people know a Chalmers car must be right because it *is* a Chalmers.

The Most Important Thing

After all, what is the most important thing to consider in buying a motor car? It isn't merely specifications. Measurements of other cars seem very much like those of the Chalmers. But that doesn't mean that these cars are the equals of a Chalmers.

There is something beyond these measurements. That something is summed up by the Chalmers monogram on the radiator.

We are trying to make the Chalmers name stand for honest motor car building—for care and intelligence and efficiency at every step of the long road from the designer's drawing board to the testing track and the shipping platform. And after the car has left the factory, the Chalmers name stands for well pleased owners, for satisfactory service, for a guarantee backed by years of successful manufacturing.

"30s" and "Forties" Sell Fast

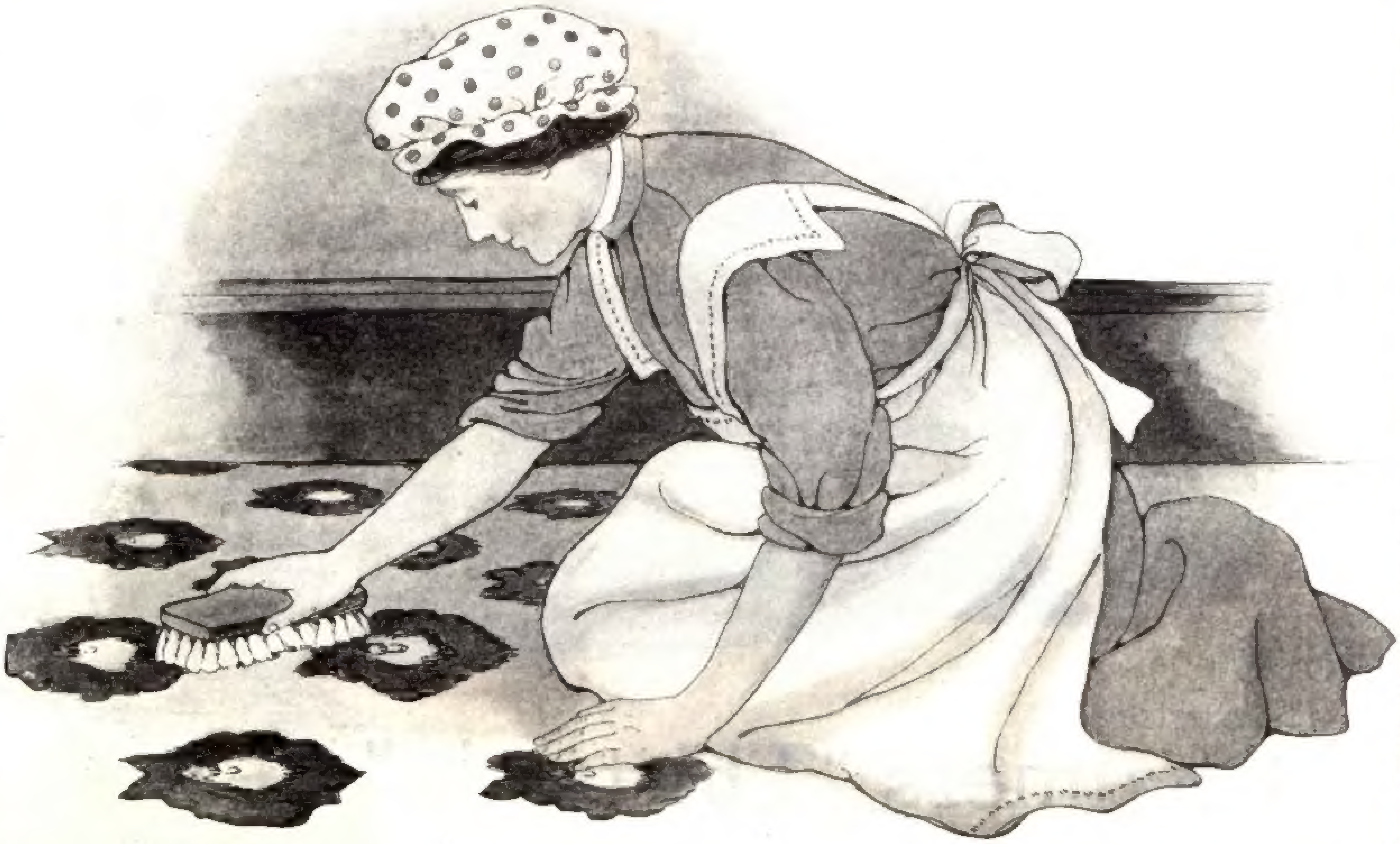
At the same time that the "Thirty-six" has been meeting such an enthusiastic reception all over the country, there has been also a phenomenal sale of 1912 "30" and "Forties." These were ready for delivery earlier and we have been selling them as fast as we could build and test them. For 1912 they offer even greater values than ever before.

The "30" refined and improved, with beautiful ventilated foredoor body, Chalmers mohair top, automatic windshield, magneto, gas lamps and Prest-O-Lite tank—is offered this year for $1500.

The 1912 "Forty," an ideal car for those desiring great power and seven-passenger capacity is sold, with the same complete equipment, for $2750.

We invite you to see these cars. Today all our dealers have their 1912 demonstrating cars. They will be glad to show them and to help you decide.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.



THIS is a simple, safe and exceedingly satisfactory way to clean rugs and carpets.

It is applicable to the finest oriental rug and to the cheapest ingrain carpet.

Have ready:

A supply of Ivory Soap Paste, made by dissolving one large cake of Ivory Soap, shaved fine, in three quarts, or two small cakes in four quarts, of water, kept nearly, but not quite, at boiling point for 15 minutes. When cool, it will be like jelly. This is sufficient for a 9x12 rug.

A fairly stiff scrubbing brush (a rice fibre brush is excellent).

A piece of zinc, or heavy galvanized iron, 12 inches long and 4 inches wide, with smooth edges. The top should be turned over a little so that it can be held securely. Any tinner will make this for you for 10 or 15 cents and it will last for years.

Some soft clean cloths.

A pail of clean, lukewarm water, to be renewed as often as it becomes dirty.

A pan, or empty pail, to receive the used Ivory Soap Paste.

Proceed as follows:

First, sweep the rug. Begin work at the corner farthest from the door. With a spoon, or by hand, scatter Ivory Soap Paste over the surface of the rug, covering not more than a square yard at a time. Scrub vigorously. Scrape up the paste with the zinc. Wipe thoroughly with a cloth, wrung out of clean water. Work with, not against, the nap. Proceed in this way, section by section, until the entire rug has been cleaned. Have windows and doors wide open so that the rug may dry quickly. Do not replace furniture, or walk on it, until it is dry.

Follow these directions, and your rugs will be as clean and bright as when new. The colors will *not* suffer. The fabric will *not* be injured.

Ivory Soap . . . . $99\frac{44}{100}$ Per Cent. Pure

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A LOOK AHEAD IN POLITICS

By

Gifford Pinchot

THE question is often asked why the advocates of conservation cannot let politics alone. It would be answer enough to say that no man can be a good citizen who fails to take his share in the burden and struggle of managing this country. But there is a far more practical reply. If we let politics alone we cannot win our fight. I do not mean the politics of partisan advantage, but the politics of honest government and equal opportunity.

The chief enemy of conservation is the political power of privilege and special interest. We can never safely forget that the most dangerous opponent we have to meet is politics for profit, under whatever party name. As long as our state or national governments are in the hands of men of any party who believe, however honestly, that the rights of property are superior to the rights of men, monopoly will prevail over the fair chance, and the conservation of natural resources will be in danger.

Every monopoly rests upon the control of some natural resource or advantage, and nearly all monopolies are acquired or maintained by political means. An uncontrolled monopoly, run mainly for private profit and not for the general good, is as much against the principles of conservation as an uncontrolled fire in the woods. A monopoly not under public regulation is as dangerous to the general welfare as any forest fire, and ought to be fought as hard; but it can be fought only where its power lies—in public life.

The result of an election often determines whether natural resources and natural advantages, such as water powers, coal lands or franchises, are to be wasted, monopolized, or given away to make a hasty unfair profit for the few, or wisely used to create better conditions of living for the permanent benefit of the many. Therefore elections are not seldom of decisive interest in questions of conservation.

In the work of stopping the waste of our natural resources the master quality is foresight. Political foresight is as necessary to prevent the failure or destruction of the conservation program as practical foresight is to prevent the destruction or monopoly of the forests or the coalfields of Alaska. It is, therefore, not only natural but necessary and right that an advocate of conservation should look ahead in politics.

It is from the Progressives in politics that conservation has the most to hope, and from the Reactionaries that it has the most to fear. This applies to Republicans and Democrats alike. Of all the progressive policies in which the man, the woman and the child outweigh the dollar, conservation is the most typical and the chief.

The Powers of a President for Good and for Evil

THE next Presidential election will decide whether the American people are to drag the car of progress uphill with the powerful assistance of a progressive President, or whether they must attempt to drag it up the same hill with the brakes set. In its effect, both on the conservation policies and on the general welfare, it will be one of the most important decisions of recent years.

It is well known that the control exercised by the President of the United States over the affairs and the prosperity of his fellow countrymen is greater than that of the head of any other nation. The President is the greatest single power for good or evil in America. This is so in part because of his influential share in legislation under the Constitution; in part because of the tens of thousands of officeholders whose appointments lie in his hands; but most of all because, having lost confidence in reactionary Congresses that should have represented them but did not, the American people have come in the last ten years to regard the President as their own peculiar representative. They look to him to be what the Presidency of right should make him—the advocate and leader of the people. There is no stronger impulse among our citizens today than their desire for courageous leadership in the right direction by the President.

We are engaged in a serious effort to free ourselves from the domination of the special interests, a domination based on their control of natural resources. The interests on their side are fighting to maintain control. In this momentous struggle the nation needs a leader, a shaper of issues, and that leader ought to be the President. In any hard-fought contest for popular rights, such as this, as the President goes so most often goes the fight. It is well within the truth to say that if the President is with the people he doubles their power; if he is against them, he cuts it in two.

The selection of the President, therefore, is of supreme importance. It is the most weighty single act of the whole people. But if the people of the United States desire a President who will conduct the government in their interest they must make known their will before the national conventions meet. If the business of selecting Presidential candidates is left to the party machines it is extremely doubtful whether men who really represent the people will be nominated. The free choice of a President by the voters cannot be made effectively after the nominations have taken place. The year before the nominating conventions assemble, the present year, is the time for that. National conventions seldom do more than ratify a choice already made.

Would Mr. Taft's Renomination be Advisable?

DURING the next eight months it will lie with the people either to permit both the Republicans and the Democrats to nominate men whose loyalty is owned by money and privilege, or to force both parties to nominate Progressives who stand first of all for human rights. During these months our citizens will have the power to decide that the fight for conservation, for equal opportunity and for the rights of men shall go forward under a general who will give to the movement the best that is in him, because he is part of it; or under a general who will give it lip service and nothing more. During these eight months the people can unite in selecting candidates of such a kind that whichever one is elected the people cannot lose; or they can permit the selection of such candidates that whichever one is elected the people cannot win. If the voters make that decision for themselves, then the ground gained for conservation and against the special interests in the last ten years will be held. If they allow reactionary politicians or political machines controlled by the interests to make the decision for them, much ground will be lost and the fight will have to be made over again.

The coming nominations of both the great political parties are of deep importance, but at this time the Republican nomination demands first consideration because it will be made first. At the present time, also, Mr. Taft is the most prominent candidate in either party. Therefore the voters, facing once more the weighty task of choosing a President, are in duty bound to consider without delay his qualifications for the great office he now holds and seeks to hold again.

Every citizen who has information likely, in his judgment, to help the country reach a just and wise conclusion upon this question is in duty bound to make that information public. By reason of my connection with the Conservation Movement in this and the previous Administrations, and because of a somewhat unusual opportunity to observe public matters at first hand, I believe I have such information.

The statement I have to make is not favorable to the renomination of Mr. Taft. It is made because I believe my duty as a citizen requires me to help, so far as I can, in preventing the injury to conservation and the general welfare that I believe will certainly result should Mr. Taft be nominated and elected for a second term. I am anxious to avoid the necessity for making other fights like the fight to prevent monopoly of the coal in Alaska, a necessity that would surely arise if the point of view that has controlled in public land matters in the recent past should come to control them again.

Doubtless a variety of unworthy motives will be ascribed as reasons why I make the following statement. As a matter of fact I do not make it lightly, or in malice, or in revenge for any fancied injury. It must be clear to others, as it is to me, that my dismissal did far more good than harm to the progress of conservation, and increased rather than diminished whatever power I may have to advance the policies for which I stand. And whatever the motives with which I may be charged, the important question is not what my motives are, but whether what I say is true.

Lest what I have to say should be mistaken for the diatribe of an unrelenting critic, it is right to add that since my removal from the Government service, nearly two years ago, I have done my best to treat the President with fairness. When what he did seemed to me right I have never hesitated to express my appreciation of it. When I have been obliged to disagree with his actions or the measures he has advocated, I have condemned the actions or the measures, but never the man. In no single instance in any speech, or statement, or interview, have I refused him the respect that is due to the President of the United States.

At the time of my dismissal I uttered no word of criticism, but cautioned my fellow members of the Forest Service to remember that the work upon which they were engaged was too large to be affected by the removal of any man. Ten days later—January 17, 1910—speaking before the National Civic Federation at Washington, I said: "The President urges that the—conservation—measures he recommends shall be taken up and disposed of promptly without awaiting the investigation—by the so-called Ballinger-Pinchot Committee—which has been determined upon. I echo his desire. In the face of this great opportunity let us go farther, and so far as these issues are concerned let us disregard the controversy altogether in a general effort to secure what every good citizen earnestly desires."

When Mr. Taft indorsed the so-called Ballinger Conservation Bills, some of which were wholly indefensible, I condemned the bad bills without mention of the President. When he indorsed a sound water-power policy I praised the action as that of the President himself, and said: "The National Conservation Association heartily indorses the position now taken by the President along the lines laid down by Garfield and Roosevelt, and desires to call special attention to the work of Henry S. Graves, the present Forester, in bringing about this profoundly welcome result."

A Letter to the Ex-President

WHEN Mr. Fisher was made Secretary of the Interior I said that his entrance into the Government service would unquestionably meet with strong public approval; and when Mr. Stimson became Secretary of War I was glad to give public expression to my admiration of the man, which is the result of an intimate association of more than twenty-five years. The foregoing will, I believe, make it clear that I have not failed in courtesy and fairness to the President in what I have said concerning him.

Mr. Taft, as a candidate for renomination, has taken a position very different from that occupied by Mr. Taft, as President of the United States. When any man becomes a candidate for public office, by that very fact he invites the people to examine his record, and offers for the approval or disapproval of his fellow citizens every public act of his, and every private act that bears upon his fitness for office. In particular, every candidate for a second term must submit to his fellow citizens the question whether his Administration has or has not been conducted frankly and effectively in the public interest.

The fitness of any candidate is more safely judged by what he did in advance of his candidacy than by what he does under the pressure of a desire for public office. If the natural tendencies of any official run counter to the public interest, that fact is most freely shown while his term is young and the next election is far away. When another campaign draws near and the approval or condemnation of the people is close at hand, the necessity for meeting the views of the voters begins again to control. Mr. Taft is now once more a candidate. It is reasonable, therefore, to believe that his true attitude toward the great policies he was elected to enforce is more accurately shown by what he did immediately after election and during the first part of his term, than by his position now that the campaign for his renomination has begun. And this would be true of any candidate for reëlection to any office.

Mr. Taft's nomination was due to President Roosevelt and his election was due to the Roosevelt policies. He was chosen by the American people, partly because he was the friend and follower of Roosevelt, but principally that he might carry out the progressive policies for which Roosevelt stood. He was pledged to continue the fight for the conservation of natural resources, for equality of opportunity, for honest and efficient public service by public officials and for driving the special interests out of politics. This was the central issue upon which Mr. Taft appealed for the suffrages of the American people. Upon this issue he was elected to the Presidency.

In a signed article, given to the public as soon as he was nominated, Mr. Taft made a formal statement of his position. In it he said:

> *It remained for Roosevelt to prove how the people will respond to a strong and true leadership when the hour has come for great reforms. The policies which he inaugurated must be continued and developed. They are right and they are the policies of the people. For that reason his successor may well disregard any charge of lack of originality if he does not make an entirely new program of his own.*
>
> *A President at this time has work before him clearly defined. The enforcement of the law, equally against high and low, the powerful and the weak, should be his first thought. The danger to our country from laxity or favoritism in this is the greatest one we have to face. The conservation of our natural resources and their development for the use of all along the lines of equal opportunity, too, must command his immediate attention. It should be his aim to give high tone to his administration, as Mr. Roosevelt has, by surrounding himself with men of earnest, enthusiastic interest in the public weal and of the cleanest but most effective methods.*

In his inaugural address he said:

> *The office of an inaugural address is to give a summary outline of the main policies of the new administration, so far as they can be anticipated. I have had the honor to be one of the advisers of my distinguished predecessor, and, as such, to hold up his hands in the reforms he has initiated. I should be untrue to myself, to my promises, and to the declarations of the party platforms upon which I was elected to office if I did not make the maintenance and enforcement of those reforms a most important feature of my administration.*

It was the cause of profound disappointment to many thousands of his friends—myself among them—that what Mr. Taft thus said when he became a candidate and when he became President could not be seen to square with what he did after he had been elected and after his inauguration. With keen regret we saw him, as soon as the election was over, begin to abandon his former friends for the sake of his former enemies. The men he chose for his political associates, like Aldrich, Hitchcock and Wickersham, were the avowed enemies both of the man to whom he owed the Presidency and of the policies he was elected to enforce. We saw that he did not lift a hand to assist either the Roosevelt policies or Mr. Roosevelt himself, when both were bitterly attacked in Congress during the closing days of the outgoing Administration. Later, as his Administration developed, it became clear that President Taft had forsaken both the friends and the principles to which he was pledged.

On December 31, 1909, shortly before my dismissal from office, I wrote to Colonel Roosevelt, then in Africa, the following description of Mr. Taft's Administration during its first ten months:

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 31, 1909.

HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
Khartum, Nubia, Africa.

Dear Theodore: You may have wondered why I have not written you since you left America. Several times I have set out to do so, but on the whole thought you would be glad to be altogether free for a time from the echoes of trouble. So I let it go until now.

On the reopening of Congress an investigation of the conduct of Secretary Ballinger, the Forest Service, and possibly the Reclamation Service and the Indian Office, will begin. It will probably be made by a special committee of both Houses, to be selected by the Speaker and the Vice-President, but its scope, method and personnel are not yet known. The stated purpose will be to establish whether Ballinger is guilty or not as charged by Glavis, and whether the Forest Service is responsible for the charges; but the chances are it will cover a much wider field. The outcome is doubtful, so far as the report of the special committee is concerned. But whatever the result of the investigation it can have no effect on what has already taken place. So I am taking advantage of the lull before action begins to sum up the situation as accurately as I can.

In my judgment the tendency of the Administration thus far, taken as a whole, has been directly away from the Roosevelt policies. It is not yet certain, however, that the final attitude of the Taft Administration toward these policies has been reached. I think it is still possible that a direct change of front by Taft himself might bring him into conformity with the policies to which he has so often pledged himself. It is my deliberate judgment, however, and it appears to be the deliberate judgment of practically all the men best capable of judging, that such a change is exceedingly unlikely. It is significant that the best-informed newspaper men almost without exception believe that it is now too late for Taft to change.

In so large a matter as this, snap judgment has no place and full conviction supplies the only reasonable basis for action. I am not yet convinced that it is too late to hope for real support of the interests of the people by the present Administration, and as long as I can I intend to give it the benefit of every doubt. The result of the practical repudiation of the Roosevelt policies by Taft would be so serious, the conflict which would follow would be so bitter, and the effect upon the welfare of the people would be so disastrous that no man ought to abandon hope until hope becomes clearly and finally impossible.

On the other hand, it would be utterly foolish to be blind to obvious and well-known facts and tendencies. I have given the situation, as you will easily understand, the most careful and painstaking study of which I am capable, and I believe it to be extremely serious. We have fallen back down the hill you led us up, and there is a general belief that the special interests are once more substantially in full control of both Congress and the Administration. In that belief I share.

I do not attribute the present conditions to deliberate bad faith on the part of Mr. Taft, but to a most surprising weakness and indecision, and to his desire to act as a judge, dealing with issues only when they are brought to him and not as, what the President really is, the advocate and active guardian of the general welfare. The Reactionaries evidently believe that Mr. Taft has a strong tendency to follow the advice of the last man who talks to him as against all others, for they have built a fence round him with their own men. Unless Mr. Taft turns squarely about and promptly abandons his present direction and tendencies I foresee a clear-cut division between the Administration and the Reactionaries on the one side, and the Progressives and the great mass of the people on the other. The coming investigation must inevitably tend to make that division sharp and clear.

Presenting the Situation to the Ex-President

IT MAY help you to understand the present situation if I write down briefly some of the principal reasons for thinking, as I do, that Mr. Taft has gone far toward a complete abandonment of the Roosevelt policies. It is true that he has repeatedly professed his intentions to carry out these policies, but we can no longer rely on professions in the face of actions which continually contradict them.

1. He permitted himself, as soon as he was elected, to be surrounded by a circle of Trust attorneys and other Reactionaries, from which he has never broken away.

2. He allowed the attacks upon yourself in Congress during the last session of your term to continue unchecked, when a word from the incoming President would have ended them.

3. He surrounded himself in his cabinet by corporation lawyers who were necessarily in opposition to the Roosevelt policies.

4. He surrendered to Congress in its attack upon the Executive's power to appoint advisory commissions, thereby abandoning the strong position taken in your memorandum upon the last Sundry Civil Bill. Thus he allowed the work of the National Conservation Commission to be stopped, prevented the commission from formulating the specific measures on conservation which it would otherwise have laid before him, and seriously retarded the practical progress of the Conservation Movement.

5. He affiliated himself in Congress with the leaders of the opposition to the Roosevelt policies and the makers of personal attacks upon yourself. I refer to Cannon, Aldrich, Hale, Tawney and others whom he has chosen as his advisers.

6. By the appointment of Secretary Ballinger he brought about the most dangerous attack yet made upon the conservation policies—an attack now happily checked, at least for the time.

7. He established, by his appointment and support of Hitchcock, a vicious political atmosphere in the Administration, and revived the spoils system of political appointment in some of its worst forms.

8. He failed during the course of the tariff debate to support the Insurgent Republicans in the House and Senate who were honestly trying to fulfill the party pledges and reduce the tariff, and intervened before the Conference Committee only when it was practically too late.

9. He signed and now defends a tariff bill made by and for the special interests, following the passage of which the cost of living rose beyond all precedent.

10. He indorsed, in his Boston speech, in the person of Senator Aldrich, the most conspicuous representative of reaction and special interests in the Senate.

11. He indorsed, in his Winona speech, in the person of Mr. Tawney, your bitterest enemy in the House of Representatives, and next to the Speaker himself perhaps the most conspicuous advocate of Cannonism and reaction.

12. In the same speech at Winona he tried to read out of the Republican party Senators Nelson, Beveridge, Cummins and other Republicans whose fight was made for equality of opportunity and a square deal, and the honest redemption of our party pledges.

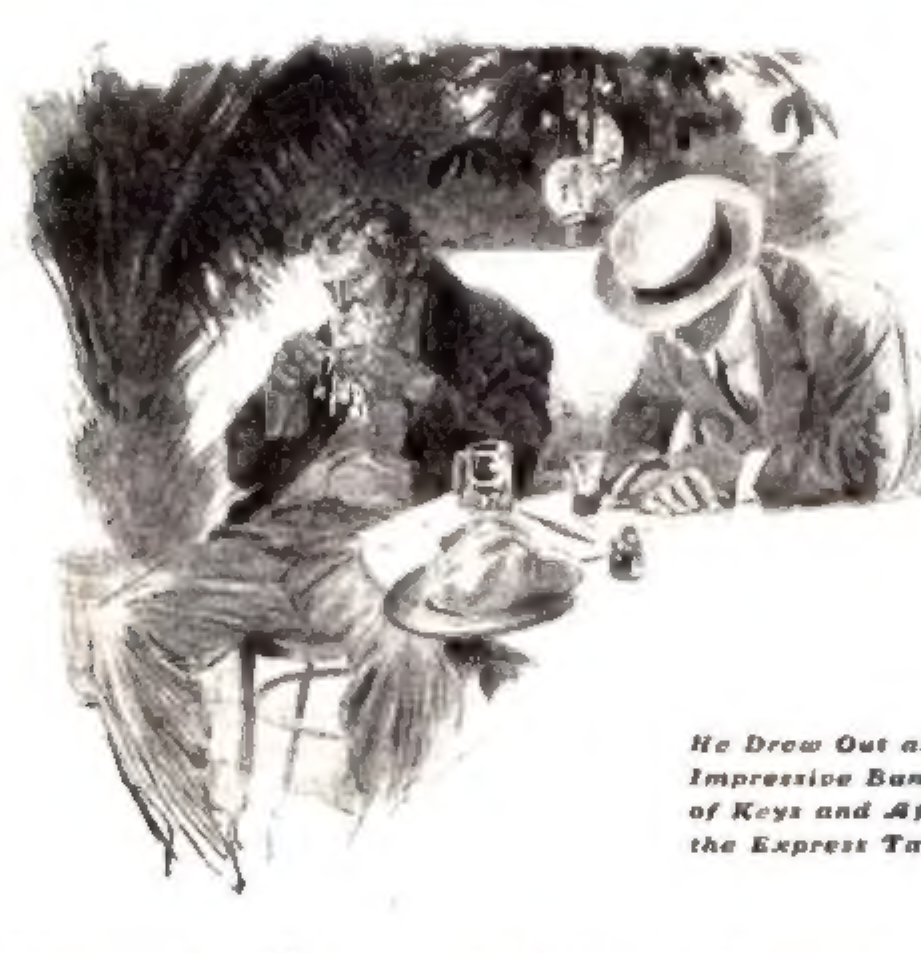
13. He has repeatedly set party solidarity above the public welfare, and has yielded to political expediency of the lowest type, as in the case of the reported offer, first of

(Continued on Page 61)

The House That Harry Sold

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK



He Drew Out an Impressive Bunch of Keys and Affixed the Express Tag

HE WOULD have called himself a grafter, had he tried to be very frank. The police of seven states—the New York police had not yet learned of him by photograph and reputation—would have called him a crook. For thirty-five years, as stripling, man and elderly gentleman, he had followed nearly all the semi-criminal trades, like the plain confidence game, the trimming of farmers at the back entrance of small circuses, "the boxes," the kind of gambling that is a certainty, even a whirl or so at green goods. His course had led him over the country, from the snows and savage life of the Yukon on the north to the palms and artificial life of Ormond Beach on the south. He had taken his jail sentence and had beaten it with the help of a shyster lawyer, who bled him for all the profits of his biggest "touch." He had been mugged for the rogues' gallery, and had acquired and destroyed the record through a twist of crooked politics. Hero and villain of a hundred soiled romances, he had reached now to the shores of an uncomfortable age—and reached it without cargo. For when we see him first he is fifty-one years old and "broke"—broke, worst of all, in New York.

"Handsome Harry" they called him in his craft. And the alliterative name fitted. He had been the darling of woman's eye in his babyhood, the observed of all feminine observers in his stalwart youth. Even now his looks justified his "monaker." He was tall and still shapely. Age had taken his black hair, but it had replaced it with a full gray, silky thatch that set off his fine black eyes. It had given him, also, a dignity and distinction of carriage that sat well upon him in these years. His manners had always been pleasant; they were a tool in his craft. He added in his middle age a touch of old-age chivalry that fitted like a glove. Nowhere could the expert observer have read his profession save in his mouth, a little too hard and repressed, and in the stoniness of feature with which he listened as his vis-à-vis talked. He had not even that pastiness of jowl that so generally marks the knight of his own wits.

In mind he was like all his kind, and yet unlike. He had the absolute nerve of the good confidence man, his love of a gamble, his perverse delight in the humors of the game. Like the rest, he justified himself to the rags of his conscience by reflecting that the victim was generally out to "do" him, just as he was out to "do" the victim; so it was a fair game. He seldom let his imagination run on the ultimate results of his operations; generally, though not always, he refused to conjure up the picture of plucked husbands returning to weep with their wives, of children deprived, of twenty-year hoarders forced to begin all over again. He had imagination, but he held it under control, as all must in his trade. Like the best of his kind, he had an appreciation of fine things, as pictures, music, even poetry of a sort. The "con game" is an art, decry it as you will; and your real artist loves all arts. So, in his ramblings to London and Paris and Germany on the trail of big game, he had learned to appreciate pictures and porcelains and statuary.

He differed from the rest in the flavor of his personal side, and perhaps that accounted for the extraordinary preservation of his physical part. He had fought his engagement with Demon Rum long ago, and given over the battle in which no man wins. Of late years he even forbore to gamble, except in his business. Besides the contemplation of pictures and statuary and potteries his chief joy and pleasure was dancing. He loved to drop into a public ball, get introductions from the floor manager, and waltz with innocence and delight a whole night long. Sometimes, when his partner suited him and he felt well enough acquainted, he would teach her a little variation on the waltz that he had learned in Paris—a tiny, modest kick, infinitely attractive when it fluttered and vanished among billowing white skirts. It was by dancing that he exorcised away the occasional black moods that come to the men of his craft—just as the others did it by drink. Also he liked golf in moderation and cards for fun.

Next to pictures and dancing he cared for good talk with human beings. That was part of his business, it is true. By talk he gained acquaintance, and by acquaintance he got business. But scarcely ever did he approach any one, except a marked sucker, with business in his mind. He liked people, their ways and their whimsies. He could drink in for a good half-hour at a time the inane chatter of a storegirl, the reveries and remarks of a bartender.

This human curiosity about other humans was both his tool and his brake; it had led him to his biggest operations and it had spoiled some of his biggest chances.

And so we find Handsome Harry at the age of fifty-one in New York, dead broke, with no present outlook and, it seemed to himself, perilously near the end of his tether. New York had proved a hoodoo. The gradual fall of his fortune since he arrived in the city to close a "real-estate touch" that never matured, had dropped him from a suite in a Broadway hotel to a hall bedroom with prunes.

There had come across the great iron-bound, rock-built city, already sweltering in its normal August warmth, a heat-wave so abnormal in its strength that the whole city had fallen prostrate under it. A blanket of hell-mist, that both saturated and burned, shrouded the streets. Moisture everywhere—in the air, in the ether between the air, on the pavements, in ten thousand shops and sidewalk fountains of sticky, gummy summer drinks—and not a drop to cool. In that city of dreadful heat all who had the energy and the money had risen and gone to the ocean breezes. There remained three millions who fought the powers of the air as best they could on front stoops and crowded sidewalks, or dabbled with tasteless and untasted dinners.

Handsome Harry stayed with the rest and fought with them. But he fought something worse. Along with the heat there came across his soul a wave of discouragement that flattened out the last live impulse in him. Like all crooks, he was subject to these periods of self-horror. He had many methods of throwing them off. But this one went deeper. It could not be thrown off. What terrified him was the feeling that he had lost his instinct for graft. He could see no possibilities in the seething life about him. Handsome Harry had always been an inspired crook. Formerly he had walked as through streets piled with gold. He had but to pick and choose—his imagination opened so many avenues to illicit wealth. But now his very *flair* had left him. He was like an artist or a sculptor or an author who suddenly finds that the flow of creative ideas has ceased utterly. Handsome Harry's thoughts sang but one chorus nowadays—"Is this the end?" And ever, immediately afterward, came the desperate corollary—"Oh, for one more chance at big game!"

II

ALL the decorative touches that in wintertime gave to Mrs. Bannard's basement dining room a meretricious effect of warmth seemed now only to accent the terrific heat. The red cartridge paper raised the temperature five degrees. The huddle everywhere of high-colored bric-à-brac lifted it ten more. And the flaring of the unshaded gas added that touch of tangible heat that makes humidity unbearable. The boarders had frankly lain down before it. Notwithstanding their fans, the sweat poured off their faces. Miss Banks came to the table in a kimono. Mrs. Dawson constantly dipped her handkerchief into her goblet and as constantly mopped her brow. The men—with the exception of Handsome Harry—represented every degree of negligee. Alone Otto Gluck, a bushy-haired German, bore-in-general to the establishment, showed no effects of the weather. Almost it seemed that the hotter it grew the more frequently he burst out with Teutonic expletives in praise of intellectual anarchism.

"I see by the Journal, Mr. Gluck," Miss Banks said, languidly pulling up her kimono sleeve the easier to reach the bread, "that your boss is entertaining a French dook in Newport."

"He iss?" answered Otto.

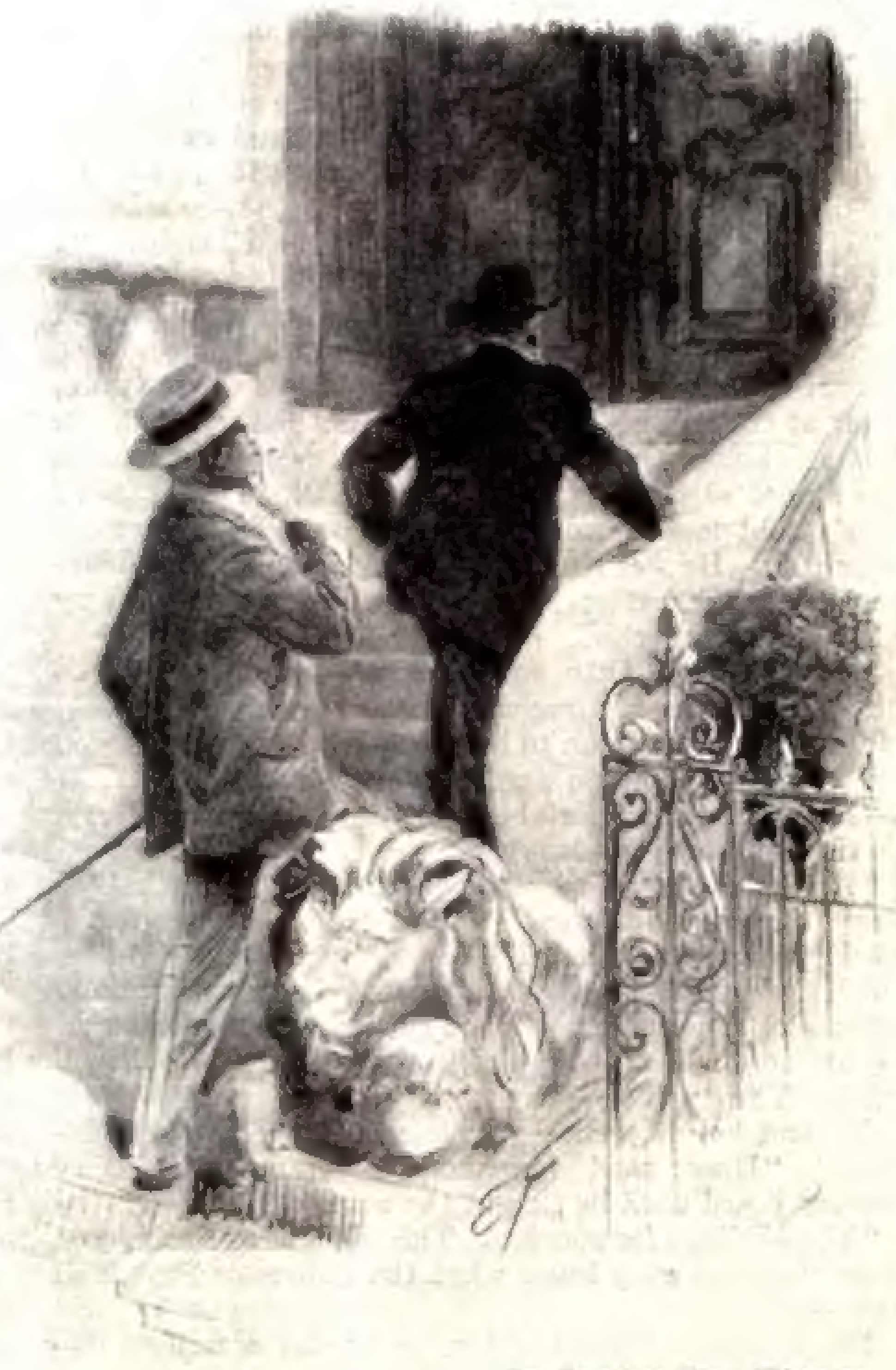
"Sure!" said Mrs. Dawson, mopping her face and neck. "I read that too. And next week he's going to take him off on his yacht—the Ivernia. I don't suppose you was invited, Mr. Gluck?"

"Say, ain't he got the fierce face though!" Miss Banks commented. "When I read last spring that that beautiful Maxon girl was going to marry him I felt terrible for her. I couldn't marry a man with a face like his, honest—I don't care how many millions he had. Have you ever seen Pierce, Mr. Carson?"

Carson was Handsome Harry's latest family name. It was an unconscious tribute to his personality that, hall-bedroomer as he was, every matter of taste, judgment or experience which came up for discussion at the table was invariably referred to him.

"Oh, yes, many times," Handsome Harry answered genially.

As he spoke, a picture of F. Warren Pierce rose before him—black-bearded, piercing-eyed, wolf in the jaw and vulture in the brows. For Pierce was a magic name to all whose thoughts run on money. Just now Wall Street was dancing to his tune. He had risen barely four years ago to be a national figure. Now the newspapers educated the public every day and every week concerning his Newport villa transported bodily from Italy, his unsurpassed yacht the Ivernia, and his little gem of a house in Thirty-seventh Street—his rather modest old house which he had chosen, by one of his whims, to make the shell for a small but unsurpassed collection of pictures, of porcelains and of tapestries. It accented Harry's discouragement that Pierce's name came constantly into the boarding-house conversation. For Otto Gluck was watchman and summer guardian of that matchless house. Every time Otto burst out with the name "Pierce," it stalked like a specter of envy into Harry's mood. "We're both crooks and both cracked on art," he was always saying to himself. "He's forty—look at him! I'm fifty-one—look at me!" The very fact that Harry loved pictures and porcelains, tapestries and bronzes, as much as Pierce could possibly love them, only blackened his mood.



In Another Five Minutes They Were Mounting the Steps of F. Warren Pierce's Residence

"I wonder where he gets all the money to entertain so much?" Miss Banks asked with apparent artlessness, and she flashed a heavy wink in Handsome Harry's direction.

This was the match that touched off the explosion. Otto-baiting was a recognized sport in the boarding house.

In an instant the table was spattered with broken English.

"From the broletariat," bellowed Otto. "From me! From you. From efferyboties! It iss a chr-r-rime!"

"Oh, Mr. Gluck," Miss Banks said reproachfully, "surely you wouldn't do anything so unprofessional as to knock your own boss?"

Otto snorted.

"Mein Gott! And vy not?" he said. "I tage his liddle money. I guar-r-rd hiss—hiss—hiss"—everybody listened hard, for a series of hisses on Otto's part always indicated a phrase much beyond his articulatory apparatus—"hiss unear-rned ingr-r-rement. But I do not braise him. My soul iss mine. It iss not hiss. I say he iss obbressor." Otto pounded his chest and looked bombs.

Mrs. Dawson dropped for an instant behind her fan. When she emerged her face was perfectly straight. Miss Banks imitated for Handsome Harry's benefit Otto's gesture to his chest. But, although Handsome Harry smiled a furtive response to her, his sick soul was saying over and over again: "Is it possible that I am all in? Is this the way we end? Of course it must end some time—but is it possible that my finish is now? What becomes of men like me anyway? Is it possible that I'm all in?"

Miss Banks smoothly took it up again. "Do you know, Mr. Gluck," she said, "I have often had those thoughts myself?"

"It iss not hiss," hissed Otto, again making a bass drum of his chest. "It iss mine like hiss-s. What iss hiss? What iss mine? I haf built it. You haf built it. Yet I do not resiss-st. Not yet altogether. No; anarchy does not resiss-st. Once haf I thought yes-s. I wass before I haf to Hanschmitt listened. Anarchy waits. It gonverts the mind."

"You have expressed those sentiments to Mr. Pierce himself, I suppose," Handsome Harry threw in listlessly. Again Mrs. Dawson ducked behind her fan. Miss Banks bit her lips—but they trembled on the verge of mirth.

"No," shouted Otto; "I haf not those thoughts eggspressed. It is yet not time, however. When speaks the whole voild then speak I. But las-st night I almost have gespoken."

Handsome Harry arose with a sudden sense of distaste over the whole situation. "I'll go off my nut if this keeps up," he said to himself on his way to his room. "The only thing for me to do tonight is to dance." He put on his hat. Then, another thought striking him, his hand went to his trousers pocket where a few silver coins nestled in a single one-dollar bill.

"I can see Mike in the morning," he thought. "I haven't nerve left even for a plain touch."

As he stepped out of the front door he barely suppressed a groan. For Otto, on his way to his night-watching of the Pierce house, stood waiting. He often waited thus to walk, as far as their paths coincided, with his one friend in the Bannard house, the one person who always gave him an appearance of considerate attention. On such occasions Otto would loose a corollary to his talk of intellectual anarchism. He was tired of guarding the unearned increment; to make matters short, he was always asking Harry to get him another job.

"Yes-s," began Otto, exactly where he left off at the table; "he game last night to plot obbression and went away this morgen again to his unear-rned yacht what you and I built. The house wass open last night ——"

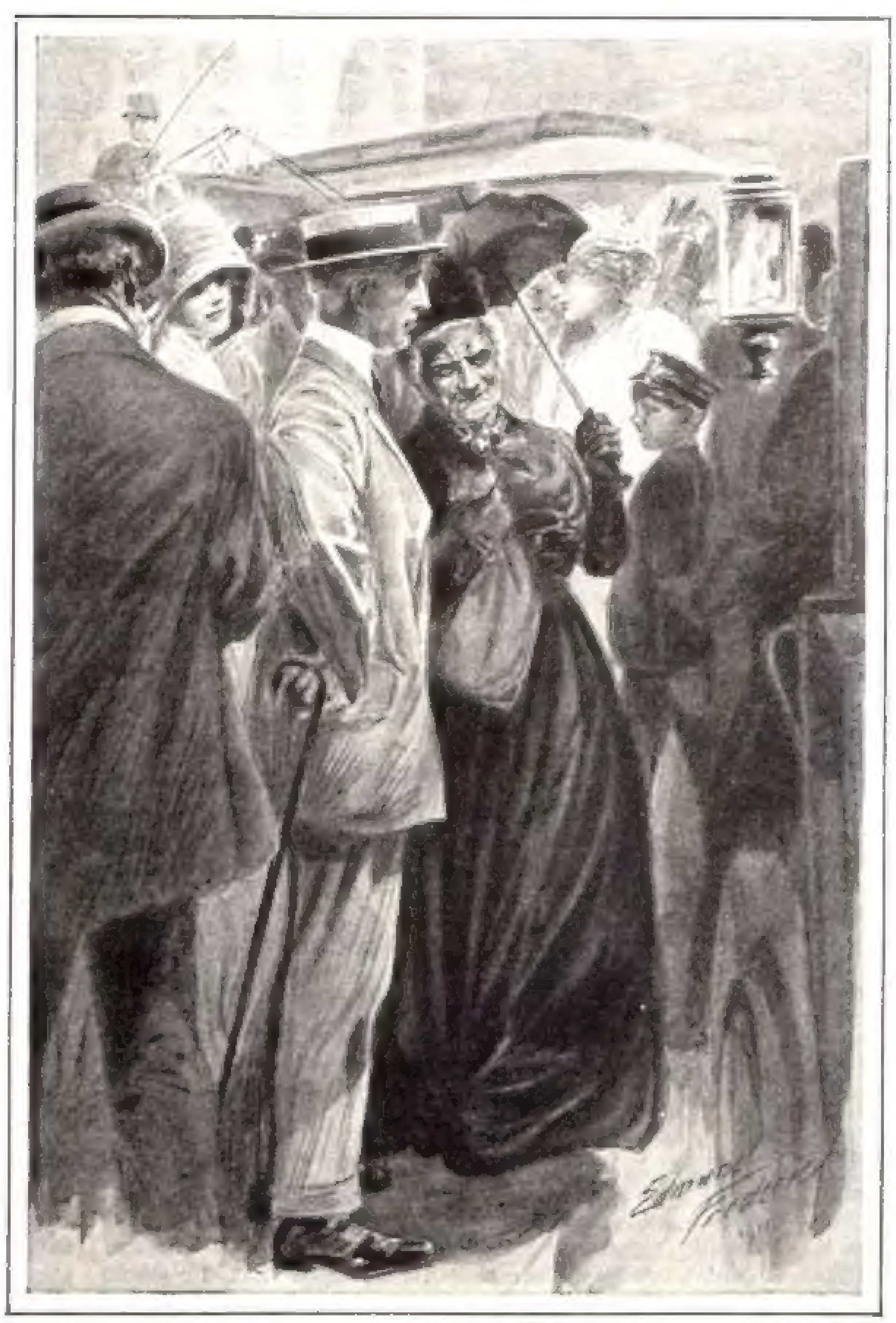
"It must be a wonderful house," said Handsome Harry, his thoughts heavily elsewhere.

"It iss nothing good," responded Otto. "Rucks!"—Harry translated "rugs"—"Bictures!"—Harry translated "pictures"—"Blate!"—Harry translated "plate"—"vich he buys for the brice of a day's labor millions and millions of times added. When the revolution of thought iss, no more will old things collected be. No; peeble will think. They will ——"

On and on it went—"Broletariat," "Social revolutions," "Unear-rned ingrement"—Handsome Harry scarcely heard until he caught the words:

"You shall see for yourself. This night shall I bring you there that you may know what the obbressor buys, and then ——"

The instinct of beauty, dormant under a million discouragements, stirred faintly. More than a whole night of dancing to him, Harry realized, would be half an hour with the Pierce treasures. He snatched at the offer, remembering only not to snatch over-eagerly.



"They Talk About the Unsociableness of New York—Why, Nobody Could Have Been More Kind Than You!"

"You mean," he said, "that you would take me through the Pierce house?"

"It iss my meaning," replied Otto. "Those are not my orders. Noboddy iss to come. But you are r-ready to believe. I will show you the unear-rned ingrement and you shall believe also. Vot for Pierce's orders? He iss obbressor!"

"I'm sure I should like it very much," replied Harry with a well-managed tone of indifference, "and I have an hour to spare just now."

In another five minutes they were mounting the steps of F. Warren Pierce's residence in Thirty-seventh Street.

III

HARRY stood in the drawing room drinking beauty of the new-found Vermeer which Mr. Pierce had bought of late for the ransom of many rebaters. He was aware with half his mind that Otto still buzzed and bubbled at his right hand. At first this stream of heavy, thick German monologue was merely an irritation; and he heard not. But the irritation grew, so that by-and-by the stream flowed into his conscious mind, disturbing those ripples of his soul set going by this perfect beauty.

"It was r-ridt in this room last night," Otto was saying, "that I hear those obbressors blotting—Mr. Pierce—I shall not call him that more: no, only Pierce—Pierce and four others, moreover. They send for me to call on the telephone a number and ice gedt. And I lis-sen. You bet you. 'I shall to my circle r-report this also,' said I. They send their sbies to vatch on us. Now, it iss, I vatch them. I know what stocks and bonds iss about. Was I not porter in Pierce's office of Wall Street before I get this chob for honesty? So I lis-sen what they do. It iss information."

"What did they do?" inquired Harry, more to keep Otto talking comfortably and steadily than anything else. He was listening now, for his interest in humanity was stirred, but only indifferently; the better part of his being was considering six Satsuma bowls.

"I will tell you," pursued Otto; "but you will not rebeat it. It iss a secret of the cause. Half anarchist you already are. See! You shall be gonverted!"

"I guess you're right," said Harry, shifting position to get a better view of a Renaissance tapestry. "I sympathize at least."

"Ah! And you shall believe! They haf the Western Railroad System. You know. Everybody know. And now they haf nearly controlled the S. V. & C. to add to the Western. I heard Mr. Pierce—I no longer call him that, but Pierce—he said they need less than one hundred shares. But Harrington he wants those shares too, for he also wants to control. And I heard him say: 'Many shares in small blocks are scattered. Half a little block of two hundred shares, or one little block of one hundred shares—it iss all we need. We must send to find them. It may take weeks. Some country boo-cher,' said he"—here Otto exploded with scorn—"'may have the stocks to help us control S. V. & C.' And what did they afterward do?"

"Haven't an idea," responded Harry still contemplating the blended old tints of the tapestry. The practical part of his mind, however, was dimly on Otto's narrative.

"They laughed!" said Otto; "those obbressors laughed. Wall Street! I know what iss. The unearned ingrement. I know. Once I bought stock there where I vork to be robbed. I spend with them no more. Nos-sir! I buy rubber stock, as iss adfertised in mine anarchist paper. The voild's supply of Megzigan rubber ——" Here the monologue flowed gently out of Harry's consciousness again; for he had returned to study the unsurpassed Vermeer.

When, after an hour or so, Otto conveyed by heavy hint and then by direct statement that it was time to close the visit, Harry put on his hat and departed through the area door, heaving a sigh that was both satisfaction and regret. His eye danced with the beauties he had beheld; his soul was soft with them. He had come in all innocence, just to behold; half-criminal though he was, the thought of taking anything had never once occurred to him. Honesty goes by strata; we all have our inhibitions and our limits. Taking from another without appearance of return in goods or "fair gamble" played no part in his business. He would have called it stealing, the same as you or I.

He turned toward Broadway, stepping almost lightly again; and he was aware that the blackest clouds of his mood had blown away on the winds of beauty. He had passed Sixth Avenue before he remembered the narrative of Otto Gluck concerning oppressors and oppressed, and even then he remembered only to smile. Suddenly he drew himself up, for his face was steaming with the unaccustomed vigor of his walk; and a thought struck him.

"Guess I'd better tackle Mike now, when my nerve is good," he said to himself.

IV

A FEW minutes later Harry stalked with the air of a prosperous retired capitalist into the barroom of a Broadway hotel. He leaned on his cane, inspecting the sodden row trying to get cool on alcohol, strolled out again, tried another and yet another before he found his man. A dapper little person, in the clothes of a college sophomore, sat alone at a table in the corner, sucking a mint julep through a straw and meditating. Without a word Harry dropped into the seat opposite. This was the "Mike" of his search, the present uncertain supply of his necessities.

"The same?" inquired Mike by way of greeting.

"The same," replied Harry. Mike summoned the waiter and gave his order before he addressed Harry, inquiring:

"Anything doing yet?"

"If the world was up for ten cents I couldn't buy enough dirt to stop a watch," said Harry, speaking in parables. "The sucker slipped the hook. Here I get an office for that real-estate deal and furnish it with installment furniture, and he loses a lawsuit in Oklahoma and gets cagey with his money and goes back. I'm keeping office hours until the end of the month; then the agents come for the rent and the installment on the furniture, and it's all off with the Big Swede."

"Can't raise nothing on the furniture, can you?" suggested Mike.

"No, thank you," responded Harry. "When I get sent up it won't be for a piker game."

"This listens to me like another touch," remarked Mike, looking him over. "Flag it! My tires are flat. Positively nothing doing in the financial district. Us great money powers is starving."

"It's down to a matter of eats and sleeps," said Harry. "If I don't settle by Saturday night I'm in the bread line. Mike, I've got to have a twenty."

"There's nothing doing," insisted Mike.

"You can't get away with that. You always keep a wad buried. You daren't show me the back of your watchcase right now."

Mike grinned.

"Well, you've come through for me before," he said. "A twenty, huh? But you get busy. It's the last I've got for you. Say, why don't you come down on the Street? You're new. You'll see things. A front like yours would go great."

"Too old to learn a new game," responded Harry. "No, Mike, I'm going to pull off a small touch somewhere, and get back to St. Louis, where I know the layout. Funny, ain't it?" he added, sweeping his hand toward Broadway; "a whole school of suckers, millions of 'em, and not one for me."

Mike was opening his watch, his back cannily toward Harry. He turned about, holding a twenty-dollar bill.

"It's the last," remarked Mike.

"Thanks," responded Harry. His mission was finished; but it seemed indecent to retire without further conversation. His mind returned vaguely to the disclosure of Otto Gluck. This was on Mike's territory.

"Heard something about your game today, Mike," he said. "Maybe it's good and maybe it ain't. I hear that F. Warren Pierce is trying to get control of the S. V. & C. for the Western crowd."

"Gee!" exclaimed Mike; "now ain't that news! I've got something for you. Daniel Webster is dead!"

"You don't say so!" replied Harry, taking the sarcasm in good humor. "Well, I don't follow Wall Street much."

"I should say nit," replied Mike; "or the papers neither. Pierce and Harrington both want that road. And it's out. They've bid her up above one-ninety on the market, and there she hangs, tight as a drum, and they can't either of 'em get the rest.

"Gee!" Mike added; "I wish I could flag an advance tip when one or the other of 'em does get it!"

"Would S. V. & C. go up if Pierce got it?" asked Harry innocently.

"S. V. & C.? Naw! It's on the ceiling already. But Western ——" Mike made with his mouth the motions of one who tastes something good. "If Pierce should ever control S. V. & C., Western would rise like a balloon and we'd all get rich on margins—if I had the tip." He peered at Harry. "You ain't got a tip? Sure?"

"Only that Pierce is after it," replied Harry.

"George Washington has licked Lord Cornwallis," responded Mike.

V

SPITE of the twenty dollars in his pocket, spite of his hour with beauty, Harry's black mood was on him again as he rose next morning to take an open Broadway car to his office in Warren Street. No inspiration—no ideas—no impulse to clutch even one little boob from those wilted, moping crowds that flowed in and out of the great, hot way. He stopped at the street entrance to inspect the new-painted sign—"H. H. Carson, Real Estate, Room 26." He unlocked his door, cast his eye over the varnished installment furniture all sticky with the heat. The sight brought only heaviness of spirit with the memory of opportunity past. There was really no need of coming to the "office" any more, now that the big dupe had slipped back to Oklahoma; almost was he minded to lock the door for good and return no more.

A hot breeze, loaded with the complex, feverish scents of a city waterfront, puffed through the open window. He arose to take off his coat; at that moment a sound arrested his motion. The doorknob, which for a week had turned only at his own touch, was actually moving.

He dropped back into his chair, assumed the pose of a city business man. The door opened and a woman bobbed into the room.

Harry sat blinking at her for a moment before he rose. She was a little old lady—the kind of old lady that man most approves. She wore a black silk gown. She wore black cotton gloves. She carried a doll's size black parasol. Under her diminutive black bonnet shone a little old face, whimsical in every point and wrinkle. Her eyes and her movements were quick and twinkling. There are various kinds of innocence—that of childhood, for example, and that of girlhood. From every look and line and color and movement of this old lady radiated the most innocent of all innocences—that of old age.

"And what can I do for you, madam?" said Handsome Harry with that mixture of deference and interest that he used in addressing anything female between the ages of eight months and eighty years.

The old lady dropped into a chair, fanned herself with her parasol. However, she did not answer the question directly.

"Dear knows," she said, "that I always thought the Fall River boat was cool, but this is the beatenest weather! And when I saw your sign outside I says to myself: 'If it's real estate I'm after I might as well go to the first place as the last, instead of traipsing all over this hot city. It's all alike in New York,' I says."

Handsome Harry, perceiving from the twinkle in her eye that she spoke with conscious humor, laughed richly. She laughed back, her eyes on his.

"Whom have I the honor of addressing?" asked Handsome Harry in his best manner.

"Mrs. Marcia Brewster is my name," she responded—"Mrs. Marcia *Hopwood* Brewster in future," she added with a tightening of her lips. "I can't lose the Brewster name, and goodness knows I don't want to, seeing what kind of a man Abner Brewster was. But I want to stick in the Hopwood now. Kind of takes the curse off the Brewster. Abner couldn't help that name, and he had some Brewster in him, though I've always declared he took most from the Tripps. Still he wan't any too yielding in disposition. He was stubborn as a mule—stubborn," she added with the air of one who admits a fact reluctantly and definitely, "as two mules!"

"They can be stubborn," said Handsome Harry sympathetically. "I have some New England blood myself."

"Goodness, how did you know where I come from?" asked Mrs. Brewster. Harry paused, remembering that people are likely to be sensitive about accents, and said: "The Fall River boat."

He ran over the various names that he had borne in his time and selected one with a Yankee sound.

"My mother was a Perkins," he said.

"Well, if she was a Perkins of North Burnham, Massachusetts, or thereabouts, that's no recommendation to me," said Mrs. Brewster with asperity. "Not that there's anything against 'em, but just my not liking 'em. You ain't related to the Carsons of North Burnham, though, are you?"

"Distantly, it happens," said Harry; "fourth or fifth cousins—I know really nothing about them," he added quickly, to forestall questioning.

Mrs. Brewster pursed her lips and nodded.

"Well, if you should ask me, it's the name—that's why I'm here. The Carsons are good people. A little meechin', but good. When I saw the sign 'Real Estate' and the name 'Carson' I come right in.

"Howsomever," she added, "the Brewsters. The whole stubbornness of 'em has come to a head in Mittie Brewster, Abner's sister." Then she pulled herself up. "How I do run on! But I've got to take it out on somebody."

"I am greatly interested," replied Handsome Harry.

"'Twan't one thing or another. It was a whole lot of things," she pursued. "When Abner died he left the house to her and me—besides—well, an annuity and things. It was just like Abner, anyhow, expecting two women to live together under the same roof. She never married. I guess she was just too mean. And untidy! The house was a pigpen Saturday afternoons. But the thing that tuckered me all out was her stubbornness. We hadn't been together three years before she insisted on keepin' her rose-jar on my best mahogany table—right on the table that came down to me from the Clapps, of Salem. That jar used to sweat, markin' my table up, and so I kept a-putting it on the mantel and she kept a-putting it back, and one day I dropped it and broke it. 'Twan't intentional, though I was slamming it round kind of hard. And she said: 'Marcia Brewster, I ain't a-going to speak to you again until Christmas.' And I says: 'You don't need to.' And she didn't either. I didn't make it easy for her! I never passed nothing to her at table, salt or milk or butter. No, sir! No matter how much I saw she wanted it. She had to get up and fetch it. And Christmas morning, what do you suppose was the first thing she said to me?"

"Begged your pardon?" Harry suggested.

"No, sirree," replied Mrs. Brewster. "Not Mittie Brewster! She got up and met me at breakfast with a set of doilies for a present, and she said like nothing had happened: 'Well, I've mended it.' And I said: 'You ain't goin' to put it there again, are you?' And she said: 'I certainly am!' And it's there today. What was the use of talkin'? That's how stubborn Mittie Brewster is."

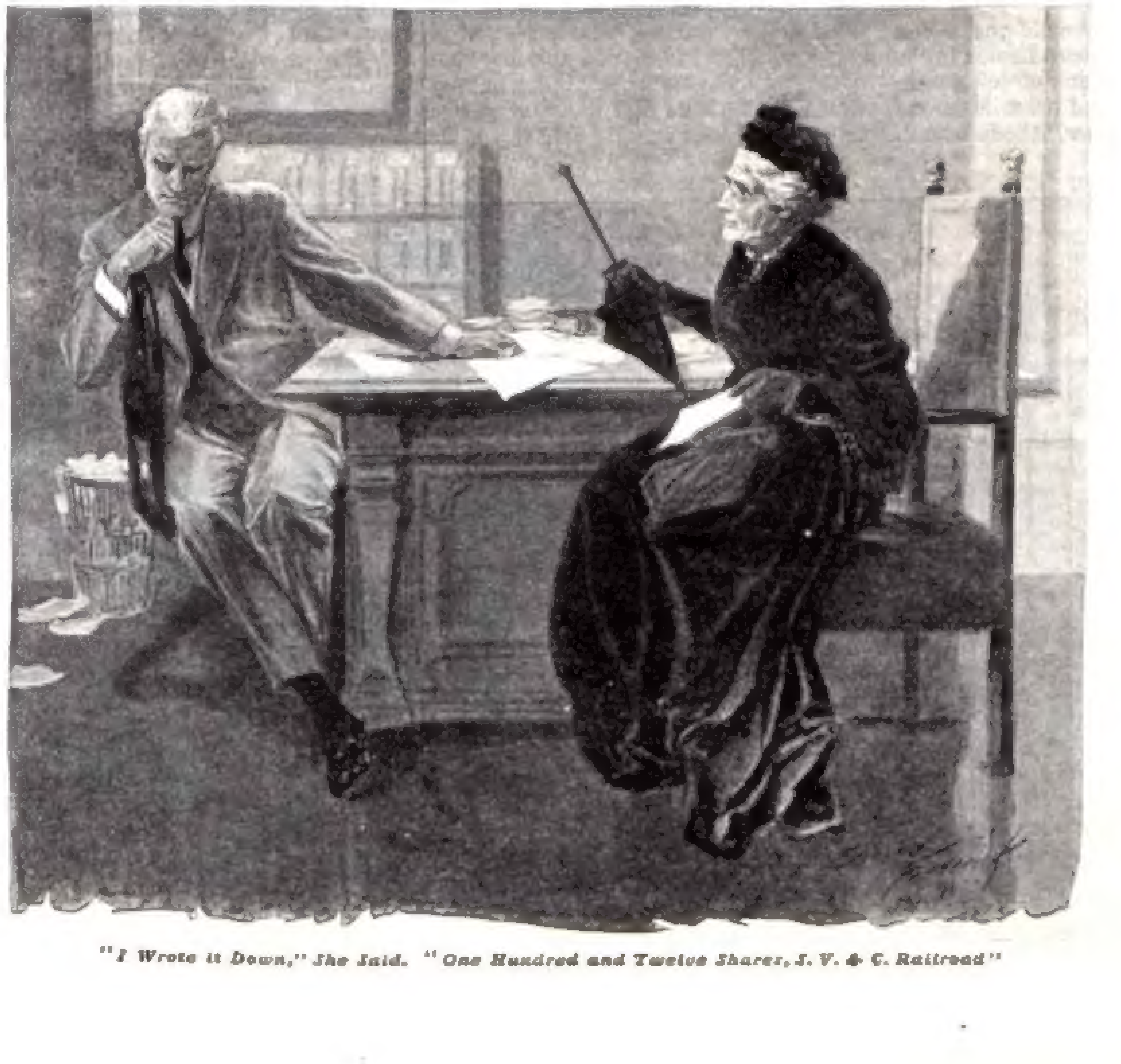
She fanned herself; her eyes snapped back every flirt of her parasol. She appeared to be running down.

"And I suppose you couldn't stand her stubbornness any longer?" inquired Handsome Harry.

"It was worse than that," said Mrs. Brewster. "The Brewsters always were an unpatriotic lot. Not but Abner did his duty in the war and was buried by Meade Post, No. 16. But he was more Tripp than Brewster, I've always said. I've heard Mittie Brewster declare time and time again that there was something to be said for the British, and she was always readin' in the papers about the doings of the English nobility. Waal, when the Spanish War was on she didn't commit herself for a long time, but one day we were blackberryin', and she said to me: 'Believe it was blown up from the inside.' 'Mittie Brewster, whatever do you mean?' says I. 'Marshy Brewster, the Maine,' says she. Waal, I near drove her out of house and home right then. I guess she saw I couldn't be trifled with on that p'int. But the thought was right in her mind tight. I could see it! I read Mittie Brewster like a book. And whenever anybody would say anything about the war I'd see that stubborn look come into her face. She never talked to me about it. No, sirree. Not until they begun to raise the Maine. Then I guess she couldn't keep her mouth shut. She was readin' a Boston paper and she p'inted right to a picture of the mess that ship made, and she said: 'That certainly was from the inside.' Then I come right to the front. 'Mittie Brewster,' I said, 'I can stand stubbornness and untidy ways, but I can't stand treason; and I'm going to New York and never come back!' 'Twan't sudden on my part, if it did come out sudden like that. I'd been considering it ever since a year ago last June, when Mittie would take the splasher down from back of the washstand in her room, though she knew she'd ruin the wallpaper. I made up my mind that when I couldn't stand Mittie any longer I'd go right to New York and get a house and have some excitement the rest of my days. 'Mittie Brewster,' I said, 'you take my half of the house for your lifetime and the one of us that lasts longest gets it for keeps. And I'm goin' to New York and I'm goin' to go as I've never gone in my life, and I'm goin' to outlive you, stubborn as you are! When I get settled I'm goin' to pay Cal Hawkins to pack my furniture and send it on. And whenever you want to beg my pardon you can git me back.' And she helped me pack, keeping that mouth of hers shut all the time, and she helped me get my stocks out of the safe deposit, and here I am."

The hound, on taking scent, raises his muzzle and bays. Handsome Harry had schooled himself better than the hound. Only the slightest droop of his eyelid betrayed his thrill at the words "house" and "stocks."

(Continued on Page 65)

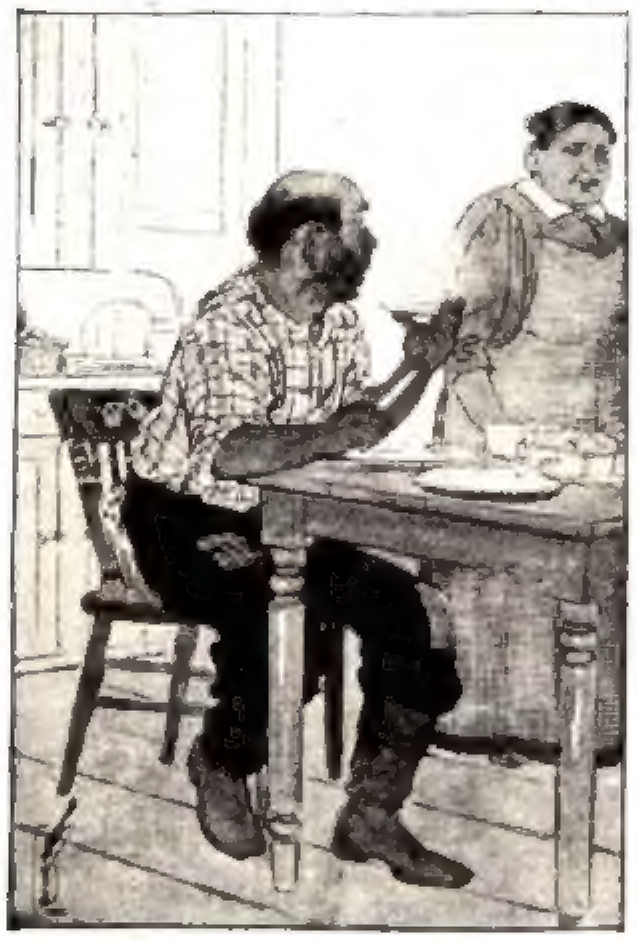


"I Wrote it Down," She Said. "One Hundred and Twelve Shares, S. V. & C. Railroad"

An Open Season for Ancestors

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

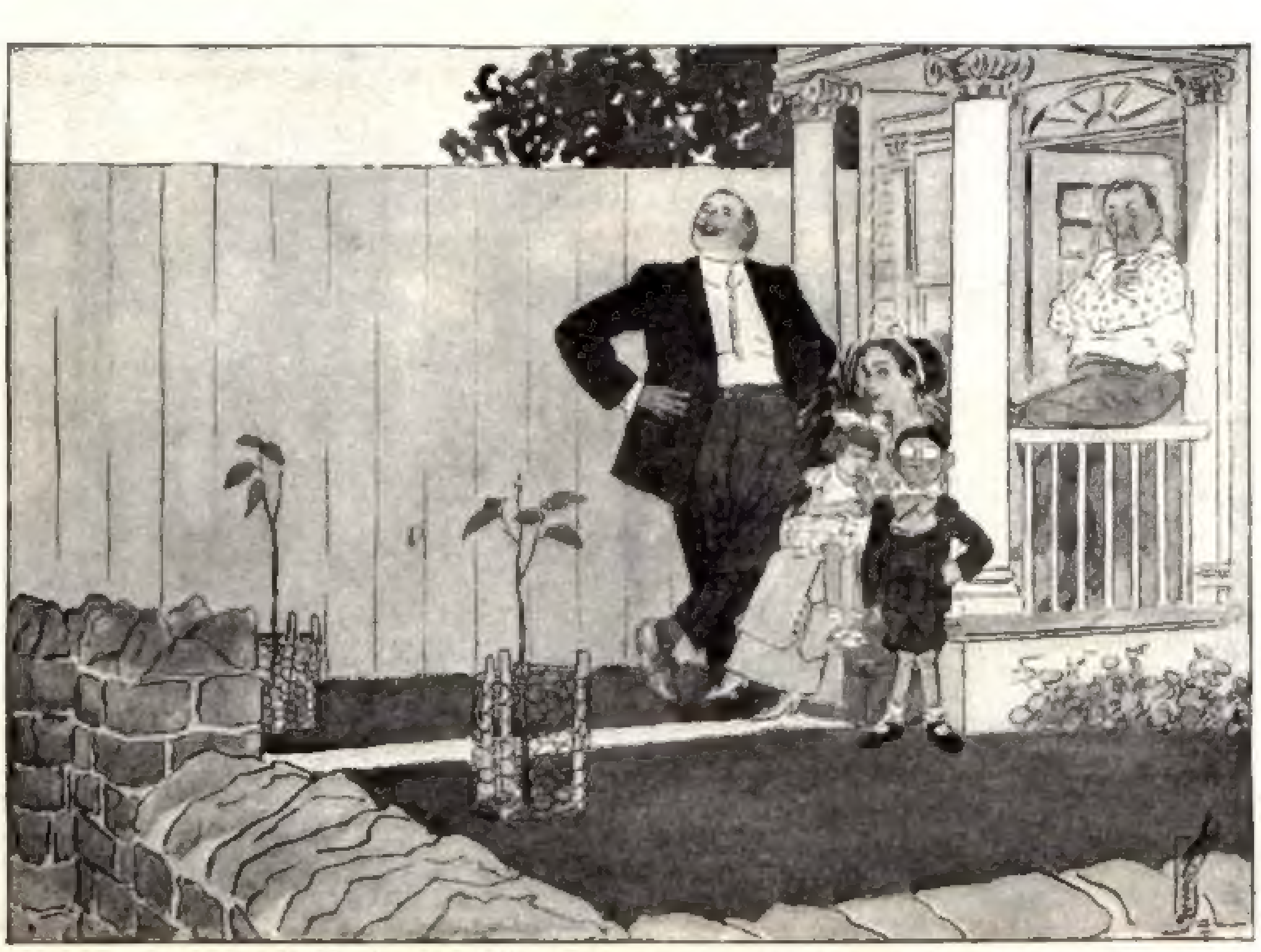


The Way I Figured it Out Our Family Was as Old as Anybody's

MY NAME is Jones, the full name is Jubal T. Early Jones, and I am one of the Kansas City Joneses. Ours is one of those old or Southern families. My great-grandfather came out across the mountains from Virginia at an early period. I have never been able to understand why he should have come at all, because from what I was able to gather of the facts he could have stayed at home and beaten the case probably. But at any rate he came, in a more or less hurried manner, losing the sheriff and the posse on the way, and settled in Kentucky and raised a large family. Then my grandfather in turn moved West, partly, I take it, because of the inherited pioneering instinct, and partly on account of some litigation arising from his having shot a neighbor with one of those old-fashioned squirrel rifles with a brass-bound stock and bone sights, such as so many of the hardy pioneers of those early days of our country used in conducting arguments over line fences and strayed shoats. We have been in Kansas City ever since and are very well thought of there and socially prominent, an aunt of mine having been one of the first persons in the Southwest to introduce the custom of eating dinner at suppertime and serving the coffee black afterward instead of along with.

At the same time until I married I never undertook to pry very deeply into the family history. I was content to stop with my Grandfather Jones, whom I remember as a small boy—that is, when I was a small boy, not Grandfather Jones—eating his chewing tobacco off the stalk and never wearing a coat except when going to church or to a funeral or something of that general nature, and otherwise deporting himself in the simple, unostentatious style of the good old days. The way I figured it out our family was as old as anybody's if you accepted the Garden of Eden account, and almost as old and perhaps even more active if you believed in the Darwin theory.

But after I married my wife things were different. You see, she was a Lemon. I do not use the word Lemon in the irreverent or slang sense. I would not think of doing so in the case of a New England Lemon. And my wife is one of the Lemons of Providence—Providence, Rhode Island. It seems that up in that section you speak of the Lemons of Providence as you would of the Cedars of Lebanon, say, or the Bulls of Bashan, or anything staple like that. They have lived in Providence for several generations, having come over in the Mayflower; in fact, from what I have been able to gather, the original Lemons made several round trips back and forth on the Mayflower, going over in the spring after fresh supplies of spinning wheels and warming pans and new recipes for serving witches and such things, and coming back in the fall in time to put up their mince meat and salt down the codfish for the winter. So I feel that I am warranted in saying that Mrs. Jones' people come of very old, very aristocratic stock. Nearly all her male ancestors on both sides were in the French and Indian Wars and the Revolution. From what I can learn they must have known General Israel Putnam well enough to call him Izzy, and as for Mad Anthony Wayne—well, I figure that what really made him mad was having so many Providence Lemons hanging round, all of them willing at any time to advise him freely about how to run his army.

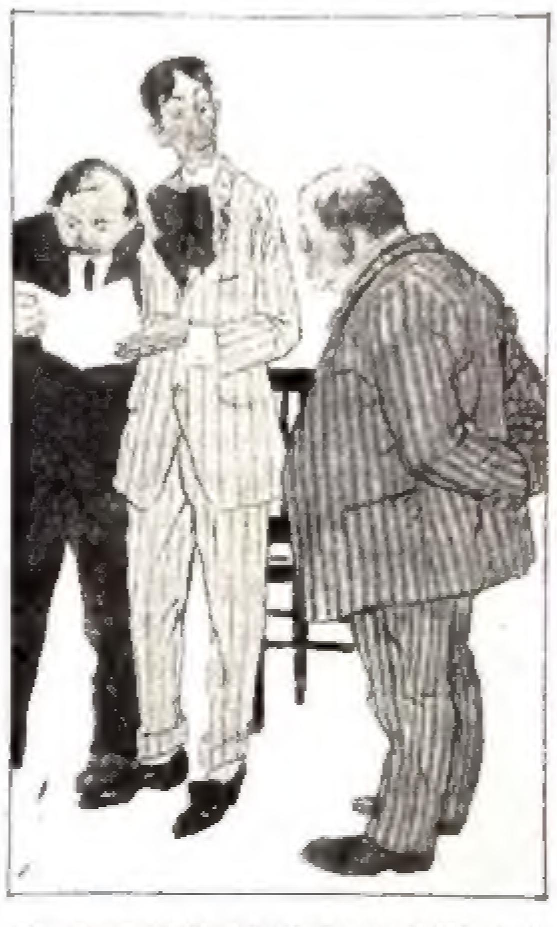


The Beeches Will be Exceedingly Appropriate as Soon as the Two Slips Grow

It was really romantic the way I came to meet the present Mrs. Jones, she being of the East and I of the Sunny South—or West by South anyway. We met, as you might say, across the bloody chasm. I was having some dental work done at the time, and while I was in the chair she came in to have some work done on her teeth. After the dentist had withdrawn himself from me and I was able to sit up he introduced us. Afterward my wife confided to me that with my mouth shut she never would have known me for the same person; there seemed to be so much more to me.

But that was the way the acquaintance began, and in time we came to know each other better; and she came to Kansas City on a visit to a college chum and we became engaged and were married at the Second Presbyterian Church and went to Niagara Falls on our wedding tour. But it was after we moved to New York to live that this ancestry business first came seriously into our lives. As the home paper put it, I decided to go East to accept a very lucrative and important position with one of the great commercial enterprises of the metropolis, feeling that my talents demanded a larger field than was afforded me in Kansas City. The paper also said that my many friends would wish me all success in my new sphere of activity and briefly sketched my life up to that point. The facts were all stated correctly, I having written the piece myself in order to save the reporter trouble. So we came East and I got a job soliciting life insurance, and we did well and lived in a flat.

At the end of the second year I got a raise and we moved out to North Orange. It was a very exclusive and highly restricted neighborhood; we found that out as soon as we made the first payment on the house and moved in. Nearly every family on our street—Edgemere Terrace—was either High Church Episcopalian or Old Line Republican and in some cases both, and there was hardly a household that didn't keep two servants, or three, if you counted in the man that came to tend the furnace and mow the lawn. For example, the Henry J. Kittengers lived right behind us on their estate. Ours was only a villa plot, forty by eighty, but the Kittengers had an estate consisting of three full lots. Almost every Sunday they were visited by relatives owning a very large touring car, and they themselves had an inlaid piano-playing attachment and a dog that was said to be worth either nine hundred dollars or nine thousand, I forget which. I never saw the inlaid piano-playing attachment myself, as the Kittengers never called upon us and, of course, in view of that we did not return the call, but I saw the dog frequently, because nearly every morning the Kittengers' second girl used to take him out walking on a leash and pass our house. In rainy weather she carried an umbrella—over the dog. I could not understand this at first, but my Uncle Polk Jones, who lives with us and has a very clear way of putting things, explained it. He said if you had a hired girl and she took pneumonia or something and died on you you could always get another for not exceeding twenty-two dollars a month at an employment agency, but it was not so easy to replace a dog worth nine thousand dollars—or even nine hundred dollars, for that matter. I suppose he was right, because he certainly was a very rare and unusual looking creature—I am referring now to the dog. He had a large massive frame with a woolly coat and a peaceful expression on his face, and long fluffy fringes growing all the way down his legs, like you see on certain chickens. Judging from his appearance alone I should say that he was a cross between a Polled Angus and a Buff Cochin China, but Uncle Polk always insisted that there must be some Siberian Yak in him too. However, never having specialized on dogs I would not presume to say for sure.



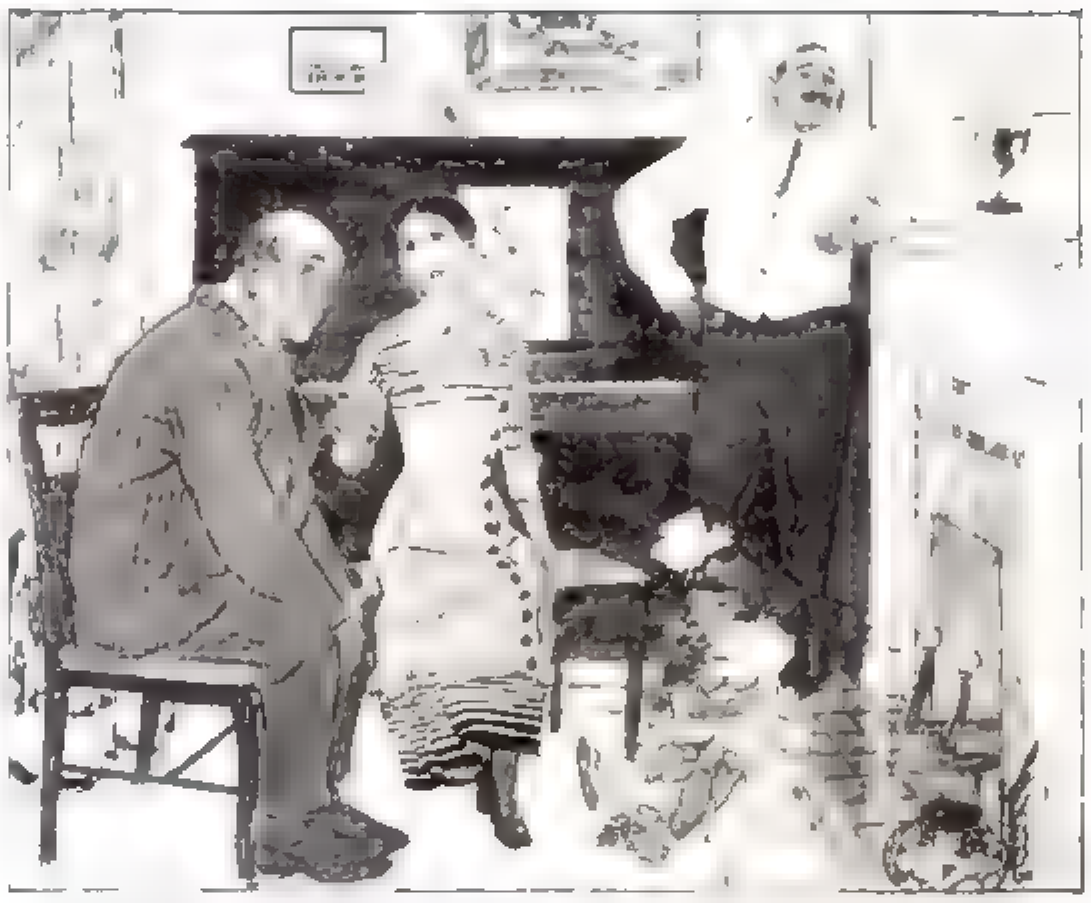
Uncle Polk Chirked Up and Wanted to Know Who it Was That Belted Him and Whether He Deserved It

I forgot to state that the name of our place in North Orange is The Beeches. My wife was set at first on calling the place Gray Gables, but she found out that two of the families on our street had already had a serious quarrel over both families having selected that name for their houses, and we compromised on The Beeches, which has a very attractive sound, we think, and will be exceedingly appropriate just as soon as the two slips I purchased from a traveling agent for a nursery garden grow up into towering trees, which the agent says they should do in a very short time.

Well, anyhow, after we were settled at The Beeches we noticed that there was a space just over the living-room mantel which neither the loving-cup trophy that I won at our bowling club nor the tall drinking stein which Mrs. Jones' Aunt Clara Louise Lemon brought us as a souvenir of her European tour seemed to fit into properly. I thought at first it would be just the place for my stuffed moosehead. I am very fond of that moosehead. It was almost the first thing I bought after we moved into the flat on West One Hundred and Ninety-seventh Street. I bought it at an auction sale, and it was a very handsome head, with the long, sloping Roman nose peculiar to mooses and a pronounced underlip and a very fine set of black whiskers hanging down. I intended it for a decoration for the dining room of our flat, but after we got it hung we found that owing to the size of the room and the ceiling being low his chin whiskers came right down on the dining table, and you had the feeling that you were taking your meals with one of the old Hebrew prophets—Isaiah, say, or Exodus or Deuteronomy—which was depressing.

So we never enjoyed him as we should, and when this question of filling the space over the living-room mantel came up I suggested putting my moosehead there. But Mrs. Jones didn't like the notion, and after sitting looking at the spot with an intense expression for a few minutes she had an idea. She was enthusiastic over it too. She said we could have the coats-of-arms of the Lemonses and the Joneses framed to match and hung side by side there. But right there the hitch came. So far as we knew, the Joneses didn't have any coat-of-arms.

Uncle Polk, who was present at the time, suggested that she just hang the Lemons' family tree at one side, and on the other side a neat worsted motto or something of that sort, stating that the Joneses also ran. But it was plain to see from her expression that my wife resented this suggestion



The Children Would be Under a Handicap if the Impression Should Get Around That They Only Had Ancestors on One Side

as bordering upon the frivolous. At the same time she did not care to hurt Uncle Polk Jones' feelings, because he has property. She pointed out gently, but nonetheless firmly, that it would never do to hang up just the coat-of-arms of the Lemonses, because if we expected our children to grow up and go with the best families of North Orange—and she, for one, certainly did—they, the children, would be under a severe social handicap if the impression should get round that they only had ancestors on one side. She went on to say that all the really representative American families were going in now for ancestors and coats-of-arms and family trees, and that it was a very laudable thing, and she wanted me to take it up and trace the Joneses out for her sake and the sake of the children, if not for my own.

"Just think, my dear," she said, "it might develop that you were eligible for some of our most exclusive military organizations—the Society of the Colonial Wars or even the Society of the Cincinnati."

Uncle Polk spoke up here and said he guessed that wouldn't be possible hardly, because so far as he knew, none of our folks ever lived in that part of Ohio, although his mother had a cousin who married a hardware dealer residing in Galliopolis. But he could tell by the look she gave him, and so could I, that he was making a mistake, and he hushed up and didn't interrupt again for quite a spell. Eudora went on to say—Eudora is my wife's first name—that here she was qualified for the Colonial Dames, and the D. A. R., and the Mayflower Descendants and all the others, nearly, and me with hardly an ancestor to my back, so to speak, and it wasn't right. I inquired then how I was going to remedy the situation at that late date. Eudora said it would be easy. She said there were men in New York and several other cities who made a regular business of searching out genealogical records for people. It was a high and noble and patriotic calling, Eudora said, and the men were very conscientious about it. I could go to one of them and have him look up my whole family tree for me. She said the expense would be trifling compared with the results, and, anyway, I was doing so well in the insurance business that she thought I certainly owed that much to her and the children. When a woman puts a thing that way what are you doing to do?

Well, there it was settled without any argument, and I asked Eudora how we were going to get started. As Uncle Polk said, it wouldn't be fair to walk in on one of these experts and ask him to go ahead and equip me with a complete line of ancestors without giving him something to start on. Eudora said that would be easy. We had only to sit down with a paper and pencil and figure out the Jones family tree as far as we could go, and then when we couldn't go any farther we could hand the net results over to one of these professional family-tree choppers and let him do the rest.

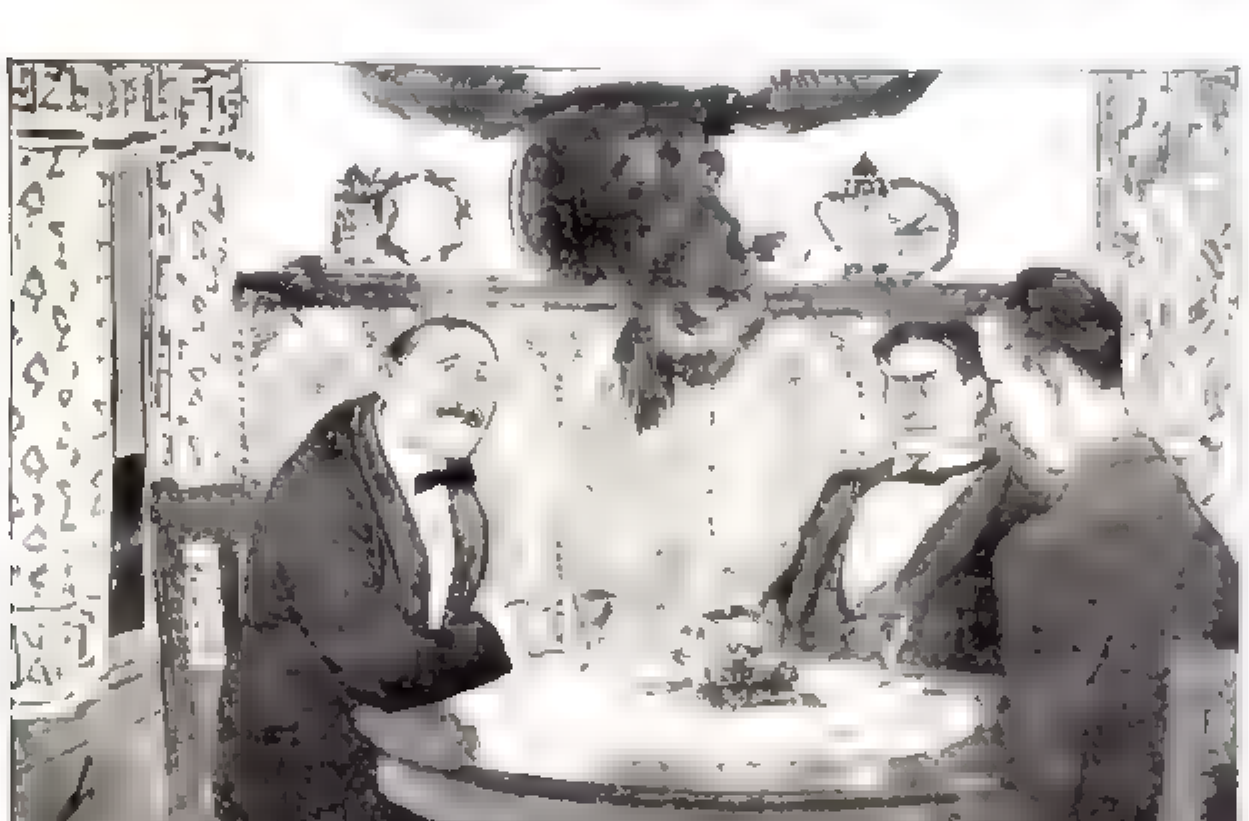
So that very evening after dinner we three gathered round the mission center table in the living room, and Eudora drew a line running straight up and down which she said represented me. Uncle Polk said, seeing how stout I was getting, wouldn't it be better to draw the line a little thicker; but Eudora checked him with one of those looks of hers and wrote my name alongside the stem, as she called it. Then she made another line, branching off the main line, and labeled it Sarah Jane Whittlemore for Ma, Ma having been a Whittlemore; and then she drew another line branching off in the opposite direction, which was for Pa, and she wrote his name on it; and then we worked in some more limbs for my grandparents on both sides. By that time the Jones family tree had begun to look like one of those two beeches on the front lawn, the healthier one of the two. But after that we were up a stump, because I couldn't remember whether my great-grandfather's name on my grandfather's side was Pedigo or Jorgenson; but it was one or the other, I was pretty sure of that, although along here the name Dodson kept coming into my mind. Afterward I recalled that Dodson was the man that my grandfather lamed with the squirrel rifle, so really he wasn't related to us at all and only got worked into the family tree by accident; but I am speaking now of what happened on this first evening when we were tracing out the Joneses.

But Eudora said in order to be on the safe side she would just put my great-grandfather down as Pedigo-Jorgenson, and, anyway, a hyphen inserted here and there wouldn't hurt many of the leading families were beginning to use them—and then we could go right ahead. But that was just the trouble—we couldn't go ahead. All we had was a short trunk line and two branches, one running up to the Whittlemore country and the other on out to Pedigo-Jorgenson junction. Uncle Polk said it reminded him of a railroad that they built once in Southern Illinois when he was living there. The name of the road, he said, was the Gulf, Continental & Pacific Slope, but after the promoters got thirty-seven miles of it built they ran out of money and stopped but kept the name; and so the name used to protrude out at each end of the right-of-way, and one dark night the engineer—they had only one engineer—mistook the name for the track and ran the train off the end of it, painfully injuring a traveling salesman for a jewelry house at Akron, Ohio. He said he would probably remember the traveling salesman's name in a minute, and he was going on to tell some more anecdotes about the Gulf, Continental & Pacific Slope when Eudora interrupted with an air which indicated that she suspected him of trifling. She said we could talk about railroads any time, but on the present occasion the subject was distinctly ancestors. And after Uncle Polk had begged her pardon my wife said that it was evident we had now gone as far as we were able and must worry along as well as we could with the materials on hand, and she gave us the name of one of the specialists who stood very high among ancestors and told us we'd better go to see him the first thing in the morning. After my wife had retired Uncle Polk told me he was going along with me.

"Jube," he says, "I'm going to see you through this. Remember, boy, I'm behind you to the bitter end. I don't exactly know yet just how many ancestors it now takes to make a mess, but before we're through, you take it from me, we'll have enough. We'll have 'em racked up round here like cordwood. It's evident from what Eudora says that you can't qualify for any of these clubs that she sets so much store by if you merely have an ancestor interspersed in here and there. You've got to be able to produce a full book.

"Up until now," says Uncle Polk, "I'd always supposed the Joneses had as many ancestors as anybody else, but it seems there were considerable many gaps when we didn't have any at all. We just had 'em intermittently, like measles. It's a blotch on our family escutcheon that's got to be unblotched, if it breaks a leg. Darn the expense!" he says; "you and me are going into the open market after a full collection of souvenir ancestors if they're to be had at any price," he says. "And if they ain't we'll get them made to order.

"Of course," says Uncle Polk, "I don't expect that we'll ever be able to meet Eudora even-steven and match her, ancestor for ancestor. She's got too big a start on us. F'r instance, now, take that ancestor of hers back in the old country that she's always throwing up to people, that et off her own private set of gold plates. We can't expect to produce the equal of that. The nearest we can come to it was your Aunt Elvira Jones out in Joplin, and her set was only vulcanized rubber ones. Still," he says, "let us be thankful for small things and not look a gift ancestor in the mouth. Aunt Elvira's served her mighty well for upward of twenty years and gave general satisfaction to all concerned except when she et corn on the cob or winter apples. Give your Aunt Elvira a good, hard cooking apple to work on and she sounded like a fox-trotting horse with a loose shoe crossing a covered bridge. But they never slipped down and bit the hand that would caress 'em, as I've seen some ungrateful sets do in my time. Well, let's go to bed."



You Had the Feeling That You Were Taking Your Meals With One of the Old Prophets

First thing the next morning Uncle Polk and I ran into town and we went to an address on Forty-third Street that Eudora had given us. We went up fifteen or sixteen stories on the elevator and knocked at a door that had the name of T. Eustace Winterbottom on it. A soft voice told us to enter in, and we entered in. There was a room full of framed pictures of ancestors and coats-of-arms and shelves loaded with large, serious-minded looking books, and in the center of a rug stood a tall young man with sort of long hair and one of those flowing mauve ties such as I've often seen worn by persons who had obtained their own consent to be prominent in a literary or artistic way. He said he was T. Eustace Winterbottom, and there seemed to be no reason to doubt him, because he looked like the kind of person that would naturally have that kind of a name, and I told him what we had come for. In reply he intimated, in well-chosen and graceful language, that we had certainly come to the right place, because he'd made a particular study of the old Southern families; and with that he began in a familiar way mentioning the Washingtons, and the Lees, and the Lords Baltimores, and the Fairfaxes, and a lot of others who've had colleges and pastry named for them. He didn't lose his confidence either when I handed him the Jones family sapling, showing its progress as far as we'd gone, but said he had no doubt that he would be able to furnish us with some very gratifying information within the space of a few days. He then accepted a retaining fee, or nomination stake, and we came away.

He did it too. In less than a week I had a note on scented monogram paper from T. Eustace Winterbottom asking me to call. Uncle Polk went with me.

T. Eustace was all in a flutter of enthusiasm. He had rarely been called upon, he said, to trace a family of more aristocratic lineage than the Kansas City Joneses. It seemed I was related directly or by collateral ties to practically all of the really important families of Virginia and Tidewater Maryland, and as far back as he'd traced the line on the other side of the ocean we were going better all the time. One of my ancestors had gone on a crusade with a very distinguished crusader named Godfrey D. Boullion, and another he said was a belted earl.

Uncle Polk chirked up here and wanted to know who it was that belted him and whether he deserved it. But Mr. Winterbottom only raised his eyebrows in a genteel way, denoting passing annoyance, and went on to say he regretted to have to inform me that he had discovered there was, back about 1695, a bar sinister on the paternal side. Uncle Polk told him not to let that worry him, because we'd never been what you'd call strict prohibitionists, anyhow, but to go ahead and see if he couldn't tree some more old Joneses, and we paid him something on account and came away. But when we got outside Uncle Polk wasn't satisfied.

He said he didn't much fancy that young fellow's dragging in a member of a family who'd run a saloon, even if it was away back yonder in the seventeenth century; and what was the use, Uncle Polk said, of disinterring an earl that got belted, unless you could furnish the name of the other party and the facts in the case? I also gathered from Uncle Polk's remarks that he thought by collateral ancestors Mr. Winterbottom meant borrowed ones, and he seemed to resent this too.

"I wouldn't like to stop him in his mad career," said Uncle Polk to me as we started down the street, "because you can see with half an eye that if we dragged that young sleuth hound off the scent at this time he'd probably lie right down on his side and die of disappointment. But there's no reason why we shouldn't have another of the T. Eustace boys working on the family tree simultaneously with this one. Variety is the spice of ancestors," he said, "and you and me are going the whole hog on this thing. Let's branch out a little."

It seemed to be pretty good advice, and as Uncle Polk was paying the bills I took it. The next man we struck was

(Continued on Page 37)

EXTRAORDINARY CASES

The Curious Ring—By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

Udderzook and Wilson Were Seen Together Several Times Under Circumstances Indicating Great Intimacy

In the preparation for acts of guilt the most astute leave unguarded points.—WHARTON.

SINCE the genii who caught men up into a cloud and witches who caused them to disappear by their incantations have been driven over the edge of the world by a bit of lens and a measure of acid, men no longer are accustomed to vanish.

It would seem that with the perils of the sea, of the waste places of the earth and of the elements one might easily be lost sight of. Nevertheless this is strikingly not true. So varied and so numerous are the invisible lines that attach every man to his fellows that the acutest human ingenuity cannot be certain that some one of these threads does not remain unbroken. No criminal ventures can be more perilous than those that contemplate the disappearance of a human being. Again and again, lured by great benefits to be received upon the death of another, a criminal agent has undertaken this adventure. That sprightly Frenchman, Victor Douat, tried it long ago in Paris. He insured his life for one thousand pounds, crossed to England, procured a certificate of death from the Registrar, purchased a coffin, loaded it with lead and jauntily followed it in his own funeral procession to the churchyard in Essex.

But with all his assurance Douat ultimately failed—to his ruin. The coffin was exhumed, the French authorities seized him at Antwerp, and his case has remained as a warning.

One of the greatest illustrative cases in this country is that of the Mutual Life Insurance Company vs. Hillmon (145 U. S. 909). About the tenth of December, 1878, John W. Hillmon and Levi Baldwin resided in Douglas County in the State of Kansas. They formed a conspiracy to defraud the life insurance companies with the assistance of a person named John H. Brown.

Their plan was to take out insurance on Hillmon's life in a large sum, cause the insured to disappear under circumstances indicating his death and thereby secure the insurance.

The story of this remarkable undertaking cannot be better presented than it was in one of the affidavits that Brown finally made in this case, when circumstances began to involve him and when in fear he undertook to secure immunity by telling what he knew. He said:

Observed a Flock of Buzzards Hovering Over the Trees

"Our original arrangement was to get Hillmon's life insured for fifteen thousand dollars, but it was afterward changed to twenty-five thousand dollars. Hillmon and myself were to go off southwest from Wichita, Kansas, ostensibly to locate a stock ranch, but in fact to in some way find a subject to pass off as the body of John W. Hillmon, for the purpose of obtaining the insurance money. We had no definite plan of getting a subject, but to in some manner get one. The final termination of the matter was the last I had thought of.

"Our first trip out from Wichita—the last days of December—while the snow was on the ground, we expected to find a subject that would appear to be Hillmon, frozen to death, and that could be identified only by the clothes and papers found on it, and so it would pass off as Hillmon. We went from Wichita to Medicine Lodge; then direct to Sun City; from there to Kinsley; from there to Great Bend on the Santa Fe Road; then to Larned and on to Wichita via Hutchinson. Hillmon and myself were entirely alone on that trip.

"I then stayed at Wichita until the fourth of March. Hillmon in the mean time went to Lawrence to see his wife and get some more money. He returned about the first of March and on the fifth we left on our second trip. We went due west to Cowskin Creek, and then west to Harper City, then to Medicine Lodge, on by Sun City and beyond some miles; then we turned northeast down Medicine River to a camp on Crooked Creek about eighteen miles north of Medicine Lodge, where Hillmon is claimed to have been killed. We got there about an hour before sundown and stayed in camp until the next evening."

Hillmon's Well-Laid Plans

"WE OVERTOOK a stranger on this trip the first day out from Wichita, about one or two and a half miles from town, whom Hillmon invited to get in and ride, and whom he, Hillmon, proposed to hire to work for him on the ranch. This man was with us during all this trip. Hillmon proposed to me that this man would do for a subject to pass off for him. I told him and contended with him that the man would not do to pass off for him, giving him various reasons why the man would not answer the description, and complained and objected because his proposition was to take the man's life, and I protested and said that was going beyond what we had agreed and something I had never before thought of, and was beyond my grit entirely; but Hillmon seemed to get more deeply determined and more and more desperate in the matter.

"Pains were taken not to have more than two of us seen together in the wagon; sometimes one and then the other would be kept back out of sight. On this trip to Lawrence Hillmon was vaccinated; his arm was quite bad. Hillmon kept at that man until he let him vaccinate him, which he did, taking his pocket knife and using virus from his own arm for the purpose. He also traded clothes with him; Hillmon first giving him a change of underclothing; then traded suits, the one he was killed in. The suit he was buried in was a suit Hillmon traded with Baldwin for.

"This man appeared to be a stranger in the country, a sort of an easy-go-long fellow, not suspicious or very attentive to anything. His arm became very sore and he got quite stupid and dull. He said his name was either Berkeley or Burgis, or something like that. We always called him Joe. He said he had been around Fort Scott a while and also had worked about Wellington and Arkansas City. I don't know where he was from, nor where his home or friends were. I did not see him at Wichita that I know of. I had very little to say to the man and less to do with him.

"He was taken in charge by Hillmon and yielded willingly to his will. I dreaded what I thought was to be done and kept out of having more to do with him than possible.

"I frequently remonstrated with Hillmon and tried to deter him from carrying out his intentions of killing the man.

"The next evening, after we got to the camp last named, the man Joe was sitting by the fire. I was at the hind end of the wagon, either putting feed in the box for the horses or taking a sack of corn out, when I heard a gun go off. I looked around and saw the man was shot, and Hillmon was pulling him away round to keep him out of the fire.

"Hillmon changed a daybook from his own coat to Joe's. He said to me everything was all right and in shape, just as he wanted it, and that I need not be afraid, but it would be all right. He told me to get on a pony and go down to a ranch about three-quarters of a mile and get some one to come up. He took Joe's valise and started north. This was about sundown. We had no arrangement to communicate with each other. He first proposed to do so, but I told him I did not want to know where he was; that in case I should I might find out some other way. I have never heard a word from him since.

"At Lawrence Mrs. Hillmon gave me to understand that she knew where Hillmon was, and that he was all right. The man over whom an inquest was held at camp, afterward at Medicine Lodge and at Lawrence, Kansas, was the man Joe Burgis, or Berkeley, killed by Hillmon as related above, and John W. Hillmon I believe to be still living; at least he left our camp and went north, as stated above, after killing Joe."

This was in fact what occurred. But in pursuance of their plan Brown told a different story when he first returned from this adventure. He said that he and Hillmon went into camp on Crooked Creek in Barber County Kansas, on the eighteenth day of March; that after supper he went to the wagon for the purpose of removing some blankets or other like material; that a gun had been put in the wagon by Hillmon so that its muzzle projected from the side; that in his effort to remove the blankets they became entangled with the gun and discharged it, thereby his companion, Hillmon, was shot through the head and instantly killed.

Brown went at once and notified parties living in the neighborhood of the camp that he had accidentally shot his companion, Hillmon, causing his instant death. The persons notified went to the camp, found the dead body with a bullet wound in the head lying by the campfire. Brown told them this person was Hillmon. The body was taken to Medicine Lodge and buried. Brown returned and application was made to the life insurance company for the money. Hillmon was never again heard of.

But for one unforeseen circumstance this elaborate conspiracy might have been carried to a successful issue. Hillmon had picked up a wandering person who seemed to be unknown. The man evidently was a stranger; the country was wild; no living person knew that he was with Brown and Hillmon. There existed, so far as these men could determine, no evidence indicating the presence of this stranger.

Hillmon in carrying out his design took the greatest precautions. He had been vaccinated and he induced the stranger to permit a vaccination so that the mark would show on the body; he changed clothes with him and, having prepared this evidence of identification in the camp at Crooked Creek, he killed him. No living person except Brown, the accomplice, had any knowledge of these facts. They had taken great care that only two men should be seen and every detail of the plan as conceived by Hillmon was perfectly carried out. Nothing interrupted it, no one had any knowledge of it, and Hillmon's attempt to conceal himself was also so successful that no trace of him could be found. Everything that Hillmon thought of, every difficulty that he could foresee, and every difficulty that was patent to any one he safeguarded.

Nevertheless there was one thing Hillmon could not have foreseen that destroyed his plan. There existed here, as in every case, one of those invisible lines that attach individuals to each other. Ordinarily Hillmon could not have found a better subject than the person he picked up on his way to Crooked Creek. This stranger was an easy-going, wandering person named Frederick Adolph Walters, one who drifted about the world and a person not apt to be located. But it happened that Walters had a sweetheart named Alvina D. Kasten, and after he fell in with Hillmon he wrote her a letter addressed to Fort Medicine. The remarkable coincidence of this letter destroyed Hillmon's plan. It was quoted by the Supreme Court of the United States in its opinion:

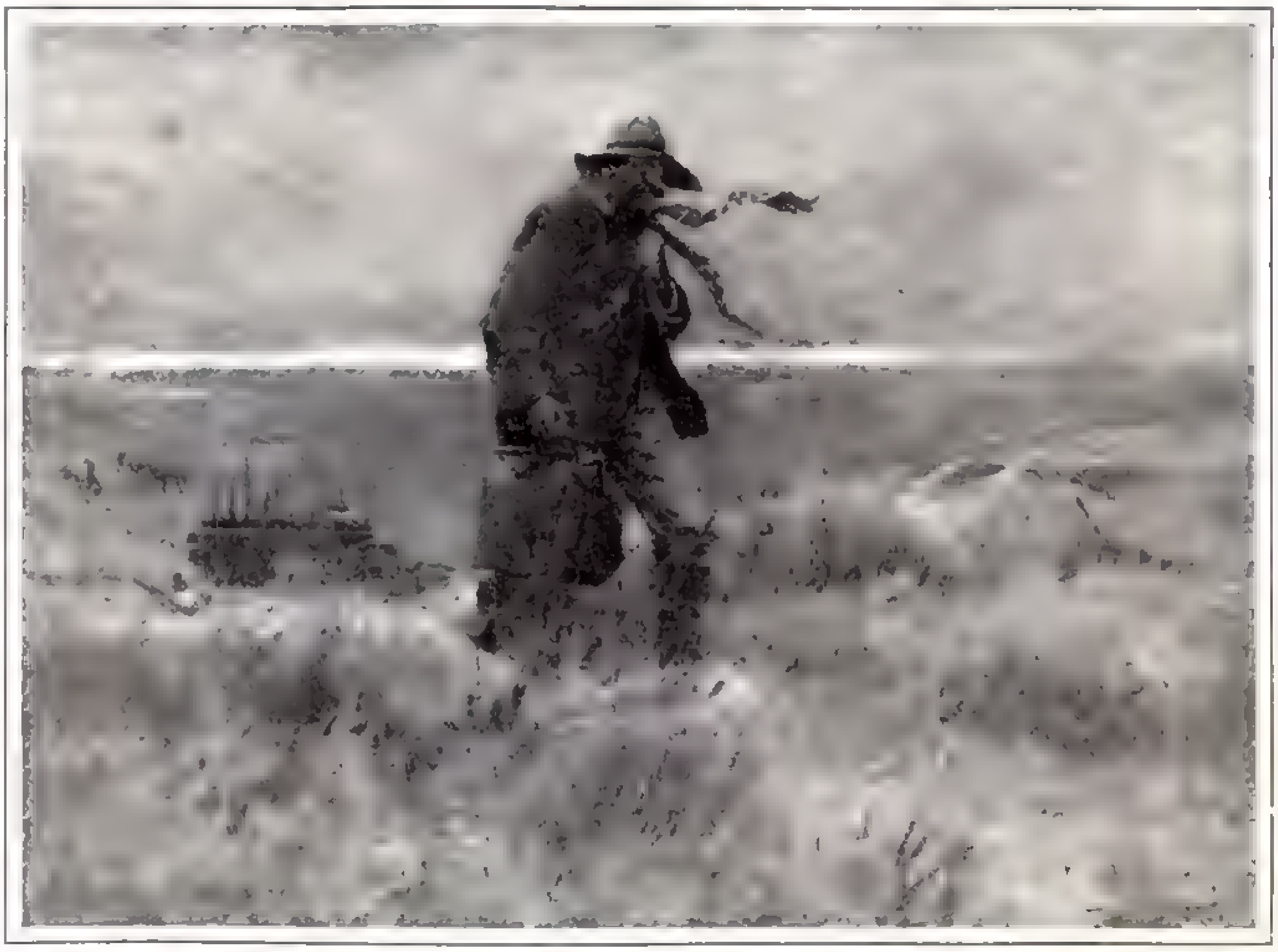
> DEAREST ALVINA: Your kind and ever welcome letter was received yesterday afternoon about an hour before I left Emporia. I will stay here until the fore part of next week, and then will leave here to see a part of the country that I never expected to see when I left home, as I am going with a man by the name of Hillmon, who intends to start a sheep ranch, and, as he promised me more wages than I could make at anything else, I concluded to take it, for a while at least, until I strike something better. There is so many folks in this country that have got the Leadville fever, and if I could not of got the situation that I have now I would have went there myself; but as it is at present I get to see the best portion of Kansas, Indian Territory, Colorado and Mexico. The route that we intend to take would cost a man to travel from a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars, but it will not cost me a cent; besides, I get good wages. I will drop you a letter occasionally until I get settled down. Then I want you to answer it.

There could not be a greater commentary on the inability of the criminal agent to anticipate the innumerable unforeseen agencies that lie in wait to destroy him. While Hillmon was taking his elaborate precautions to prevent the three persons from being seen; while he was laying his plans to establish the identity of the body, and while he congratulated himself that he had picked up a wandering ne'er-do-well in whom no one was interested and whose relations with other persons had been already severed, his victim was writing the letter that destroyed him.

Perhaps the most famous case in this country is that of Udderszook vs. The Commonwealth (76 Penna. State 240).

Winfield Scott Gross, a resident of Baltimore, Maryland, had insured his life to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars for the benefit of his wife. About February, 1872, he occupied a frame shop on the York Road in Baltimore County, Maryland, about three miles from the city; his residence was in the city of Baltimore. He was engaged in his shop in gilding picture frames and also in an invention that would be a substitute for India rubber.

On the second of February the shop took fire and was entirely destroyed: among the ruins were found portions of a human body. It was alleged that this was the body of Gross, and his brother-in-law, William E. Udderszook, made the preliminary proofs as to identity, and so forth, in order to obtain the insurance for the wife of Gross.



"We Had No Arrangement to Communicate With Each Other"

It seemed impossible to say whether or not this was the body of Gross, but the insurance companies were not satisfied and they resisted the payment of the policies.

A suit was brought against the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York in the Circuit Court of the United States at Baltimore, and a verdict obtained by Mrs. Gross. A motion was made for a new trial, and while the matter was pending a certain thing happened.

On the ninth day of July, 1873, one John Hurford was traveling the Gap and Newport Turnpike on his way to Penningtonville. When passing Baer's Woods he observed a flock of buzzards hovering over the trees. Gainer Moore, traveling the same way two days later, observed the same thing, went into the woods and about sixty feet from the road he discerned what he called "something mysteriously hidden." He returned for a neighbor. They uncovered the place and found the body of a man.

The question at once arose, Who was it that lay thus buried in Baer's Woods? No one in the immediate vicinity was missing. The thing was discussed and finally some one thought of the Gross case.

The Trinke. That Convicted

AN INVESTIGATION was set on foot and it was finally learned that on the twenty-seventh or twenty-eighth of the previous June Udderszook and another man left the William Penn Hotel in Philadelphia. On the thirtieth Udderszook and this man were at West Grove, in Chester County. From this place both went to Gennerville; on the same evening they were at the hotel of Samuel C. Jeffries in Gennerville. On the morning of the first of July Udderszook obtained a horse from a Mr. Patchall, saying that he was going to visit his brother-in-law Samuel Roads who lived a short distance from Penningtonville. Udderszook came back to Gennerville with the carriage and horse that he had hired, and in the evening he started from Gennerville toward Penningtonville with the stranger who had accompanied him. When he reached Penningtonville this man was not with him and was never seen afterward. The stranger had given his name as Alexander C. Wilson.

Who was Alexander C. Wilson?

Following backward from that date it was discovered that this person, calling himself Wilson, had lived at certain places in retirement from July 22, 1872, until within a day or two days of the time when he appeared with Udderszook at Gennerville. During this interval Udderszook and Wilson were seen together several times under circumstances indicating great intimacy.

The insurance companies now advanced the theory that Alexander C. Wilson was no other than Winfield Scott Gross; that Udderszook and Gross had formed a conspiracy to defraud the life insurance companies; that they had secured a body, put it in the shop on the York Road and burned the shop. This was the plan formed by Gross and Udderszook, but the insurance companies believed that Udderszook had gone a step farther; that after the first act in the drama had been accomplished he had determined upon a second on his own behalf; that he now concluded to kill Gross and that, pursuant to this plan, he did kill him and conceal his body in Baer's Woods. Baer's Woods are on the road between Gennerville and Penningtonville.

The great question, as Chief Justice Agnew said, was the identity of the body found in Baer's Woods. Was it the body of Wilson or was it the body of Gross, or were they in fact the same person? The slight thing that served to solve this enigma is so strange as to be almost incredible.

When Udderszook returned to Penningtonville about midnight with the horse and carriage the dasher was slightly bent; the next morning when the owner came to straighten it he picked up a ring under the dasher of his carriage. This ring solved the problem of identity. Persons who had seen Wilson swore that this was a ring that he had worn, and all those who were intimate with Gross testified that it was a ring that Gross had always worn. There were certain peculiar marks by which it was well known.

Udderszook was indicted and tried for the murder in Chester County at the August sessions, in 1873. He was convicted, and upon appeal Chief Justice Agnew refused to disturb the sentence.

Strange and trivial are the slight things that establish identity. Persons have been identified by the color of their shoestrings, the name of the tailor who made their clothing, letters on buttons, and the like. In one case a person wore a porous plaster on which were the mystic insignia "G—14," which were finally deciphered as Ward G, bed 14, Boston City Hospital.

It may be that the discovery of such curious slight evidences are only the result of the vagaries of chance, but one never can silence the man who maintains that these ever-recurring trivialities are the agencies of some overruling Authority set on ultimate justice.

Editor's Note—This is the second in a new series of papers by Mr. Post. The third will be printed in an early issue.

The Clerk With Ideas

A RAILROAD clerk writes: "I have been working for this company over fifteen years. I began in my teens, at forty-five dollars a month, and am getting ninety-five now. Taking railroad salaries as they go, I can fairly claim this proves I have shown some ability; in fact I think I am as well acquainted with the work of this department as any man in it. Some time ago I saw where certain improvements could be introduced that would give the company better results and not cost a cent more than the old way. I worked out my ideas on the subject and took them to the chief clerk; but he poohpoohed. I knew I was right, yet it would have been as much as my job was worth to go over the chief clerk's head and take my suggestions to some higher official. If the chief clerk had not fired me then and there he would have found some way of making life a burden to me. Nearly a year later he put my suggestions partially in operation, so that the company didn't get the full benefit from them; but whatever benefit it did get was naturally credited up to him.

"This one case would not be worth mentioning, but things in the same line occur frequently. I claim the company loses improvements that would in the aggregate amount to a good deal. One railroad has a bureau to receive suggestions. If a suggestion proves practicable the clerk gets credit for it and there is no question of going over anybody's head. Clerks have ideas as well as other people. Where they are so situated that their ideas must go to waste unless a minor official happens to approve them—and then appropriates them as his own!—their interest in their work is less than it would be under the other system."

What valid objection has any railroad—or other large employer of clerical labor—to the plan which this letter suggests?

RICKEY TAKES A WALK

An Educational Episode in the Career of R. Raymond

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

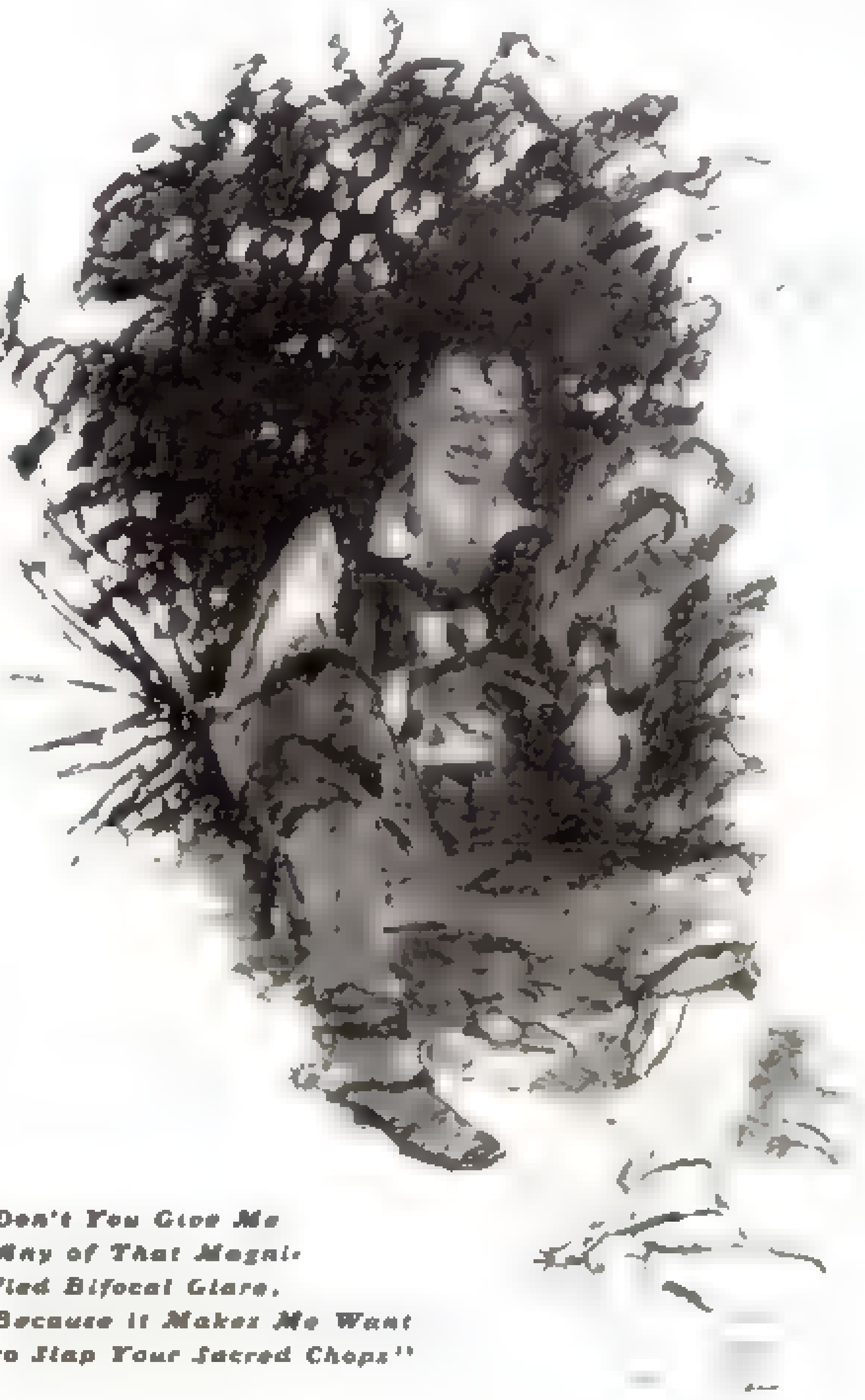
RICKEY RAYMOND was not in an amiable mood as he sat on the porch of the Eagle-Bird and blinked with bloodshot eyes at the suhuara-spiked slopes of Sentinel Butte. When a man falls at one sudden plunge from the height of affluence to the depth of destitution he is not likely to be amiable, and twenty-eight hours before Rickey had been affluent. Cunningly inlaid spurs of steel and silver had been his, a gorgeously stamped saddle and a bridle of pride and pomp; he had also owned and controlled little Nigger-Horse, thirty-eight dollars in coin and currency of the United States of America and a job. Now he had a throbbing pain in the top of his head and an unpleasant taste in his mouth, and that was about all, excepting the clothes he lounged in.

The sun shone brightly beyond the patch of shade that the Eagle-Bird threw out into the street. It set the distant butte quivering to such an extent that Rickey transferred his gaze to the adobes opposite, only to have his bleared eyes shocked by the glowing ruby of the chili strung across the courtyard and then stabbed by parallel flashes reflected from the railroad track. Thereupon he pulled his hatbrim well over on to the bridge of his nose, tilted his chair back and sank into merciful oblivion, from which he was presently recalled by a timid tap on his shoulder.

"Hello, Simp," yawned Rickey to the little dark man who bent over him. "Grub ain't ready again? Don't tell me I've got to eat."

"Not unless you want to," replied Mr. Simpson, of the Café Delmonico; "but if you're dead certain you ain't a-going back to the outfit I've got a job for you."

"I'm not a-going back," said Rickey; "I'm too sensitive and Scotty is too sarcastic and sot. That waddy seems to have an idee that because he pays me wages I've got to tag along after cow-critters like they was the authors of my being and I wasn't old enough to eat grass. What's more, he ain't got no liberal notions. When a person is kind enough to spin a little wheel all night just to amuse me, and furnishes me with pretty chips to push round on any number or color that suits my taste and fancy, I allow the least I can do is give him all my money and anything I can take off without making a scandal. What's the job – dish-washing?"



"Don't You Give Me Any of That Magnified Bifocal Glare, Because it Makes Me Want to Slap Your Sacred Chops"

"Rickey," said Mr. Simpson with a hurt air, "you know your face is good enough meal ticket for me and your say-so is gilt-aidged security for a loan any time you want it and as long as you want it. Still, I s'posed that being this was a Eastern capitalist ——"

"Which was a Eastern capitalist?" asked Rickey mildly.

"This P. J. Cruser party with the fishy eye, who got off Number six," replied Mr. Simpson. "I reckon you was asleep or you'd have seen him coming up the street. You couldn't have missed him. He didn't come on the keen run, a-whooping and a-shooting, and he didn't have no brass band, but he was powerful noticeable all the same. Yes, sir, he sure was. Well, he wants to go up to Garnet and he hasn't got time to have the railroad extended out that far, so he'll have to go like common folks with a pack outfit. I've just got him sort of resigned to that, but he's got his own opinion of sech a country and of me too." The little man sighed. "It's sure hard to bear. Well, come over and see him; he wants you to personally conduck the caravan."

Rickey yawned again and, slowly rising, hooked his thumbs in his gunless belt and slouched across the street.

"Just one thing more, Rickey," said the little man as they approached the restaurant. "This here P. J. Cruser ain't soapy in his manners and customs. He says what he means and I judge he means to be onpleasant most of the time, so you'll just have to consider the source and make allowances and a leetle extra charge. You don't want to do nothing to discourage capital, Rickey. Them Garnet boys is getting right hungry."

"I'll be good," Rickey assured him. "I reckon I've got something onpleasant coming to me. I was thinking of getting a greaser to kick me round a few and this may do as well.

"I reckon it will," he added as he caught sight of P. J. Cruser.

The capitalist, enthroned in a rawhide-seated rocker, surveyed Rickey with the critical impersonality that he might have bestowed upon a doubtful ten-dollar bill. He was a decidedly noticeable man, was P. J. Cruser: big, but looking still bigger by reason of a certain arrogant puffiness about him and a disparaging frown that seemed to have its effect on the entire surrounding landscape. He wore a sandy beard closely trimmed to the square contour of his jaw and round tortoise-shell glasses bridged with gold and attached to him by a broad black silk ribbon, and it was through these that he inspected Rickey.

"This is the gentleman I was speaking to you about, Mr. Cruser," said Simpson politely. "I guess he can accommodate you." He indicated Rickey with a graceful wave of his hand.

The capitalist leaned back in his chair and, removing his glasses, shook them rebukingly at his host. "My friend," said he, "we might as well have a clear and definite understanding from the beginning. I don't want a gentleman and I don't want to be accommodated. What I want is a handy man acquainted with the country, who can cook a decent meal and do, in brief, whatever he is ordered to do. I expect to pay him for his services and I expect to pay him more than they are worth, so that there is no question of accommodation involved. If this man ——"

"I speak some English and I understand it tolerable fluent," interposed Rickey, blinking at him. "I reckon if you talk to me I can make out the general drift of your observations."

P. J. Cruser resumed his eyeglasses, but Rickey continued to blink quite stolidly and showed no sign of withering.

"Well," said the capitalist after a pause, "how much do you want? Speak up. I furnish the horses and the provisions and whatever else is necessary."

"Five dollars a day," replied Rickey calmly.

P. J. Cruser flushed with annoyance. "I'm talking business," he snapped, "and I'll be obliged to you if you'll do the same. I'm not going to haggle with you. Not for a moment. You set a fair price for your services and I'll either employ you or send you about your business. Now?"

"Ten dollars a day," said Rickey.

"My friend," said the capitalist, turning to Simpson, "you see if you can't find me somebody who isn't either drunk or crazy."

"Excuse me, Colonel," said the little man gently, "you must have got me mixed up with somebody you knew right well. You've called me your friend three times in the last five minutes. Now I'm willing to do anything I can to help you, but it's out of politeness and an accommodating disposition and public spiritness, that's all. I don't believe you'll find anybody else round this man's town that's foot-loose, but there's nothing to prevent your trying. Perhaps you'll find the pack outfit, too, but as far as I know I've got a corner on spare horses."

With this delicate hint Simpson turned to enter the restaurant, but the capitalist stopped him with an ungracious apology. "I suppose if I haven't any choice I'll have to take what I can get and pay what I'm held up for," he continued. "I'll agree then to pay you the five dollars a day you ask," he said to Rickey.

"Ten was my last figure, but if you ain't satisfied with that I might be willing to take fifteen," said Rickey significantly, and P. J. Cruser, who was not foolish in some respects, closed the bargain at ten.

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It was an altogether different Rickey that spurred out of Simpson's corral the next morning, a clear-eyed, alert and springy fellow, with life in every motion of his lean, muscular body, tense, fresh and vigorous as the rangy black he bestrode. Leading his patron's mount and a pack-horse he pulled up in front of the Delmonico and emitted an imitation of the Jicarilla war-whoop that made the Mexican cook within jump and seize his meat-cleaver in an agony of apprehension. Fifteen minutes later he and the capitalist were shuffling southward across the desert, headed for the Tularosa Range and Garnet Basin, where "the boys were hungry."

The capitalist was in an ill humor. He had been awakened at an unseemly hour by a vociferous burro in salutation to the dawn and had had some difficulty all through the night in adjusting his anatomy to the unyielding inequalities of a cornshuck mattress. Then the Mexican chef of the Delmonico had never overcome the national predilection for grease and garlic and believed in a full-bodied coffee something in the nature of a purée. P. J. Cruser's breakfast rankled within him and he made no secret of his dissatisfaction; also the sun displeased him.

"Are we going to have this blistering heat all day?" he demanded savagely of his guide.

"Maybe not," answered Rickey hopefully. "Sometimes it clouds over and gets real cool and refreshing. It did in '83, so the old-timers tell me, and again the year after the Spanish War. I recollect that myself."

"Have you got a good memory?" asked P. J. Cruser with a baleful gleam through his glasses.

"I've got a peach of a memory for some things," replied Rickey.

"Then you just remember that I don't want you to get funny when I ask you a question," said the capitalist.

Rickey extracted a well-worn tally-book from his hip pocket and made a note. "That's just in case," he remarked with a pleasant smile. "If you've got a piece of string I'll tie it round my finger."

Presently Mr. Cruser, with a particularly vicious oath of an inherently harmless variety, stopped his horse. "Come and shorten my stirrup," he commanded. "Take it up a couple of holes."

"Certainly, sir," responded Rickey, swinging himself easily from the saddle and dropping his bridle rein. "I don't blame you for not wanting to get off and fix it yourself," he continued, as he busied himself with the latigo strings. "After you get down you've got to make the toilsome ascent again, haven't you?"

"I'm paying you to do it," snarled P. J. Cruser.

"Ten dollars a day," agreed Rickey blandly.

They proceeded in silence, but soon a gentle following breeze sprang up and wafted the dust they stirred in a cloud that enveloped them completely and augmented the capitalist's normal irritability to a considerable extent. At every gust of wind he swore and from time to time he groaned. At noon they arrived at a little arroyo that gaped at them unexpectedly from a patch of mesquit, and here Rickey halted and relieved the horses of saddles and pack and picketed them. P. J. Cruser sat with his back against a bush that afforded a little shade and sourly watched the preparations for lunch.

"Don't build that fire there," he barked as Rickey began to heap dried leaves. "Don't you see the wind's going to blow the smoke right over to me?"

Rickey shifted the pile to leeward. "Please excuse my thoughtlessness," he begged as he struck a match. "Suppose I leave the lunch for a while and fan you till you cool off? You look warm."

"You get something to eat and be lively about it," said his employer. "Bring me a drink of water first."

"Yessir," replied Rickey, and hastened to the stream with a tin cup. When he brought it back the capitalist tasted the water and then spat it out.

"It's warm!" he ejaculated, with profound disgust.

"Yessir, sorry, sir," said Rickey apologetically. "It's the heat causes it, I think, sir."

"Make some coffee then," ordered P. J. Cruser. "Don't stand gaping at me. Great guns! I wouldn't take this trip again for all the copper mines in the territory."

"All set," said Rickey. "Pass your plate for beans."

"That's a devil of a looking mess!" growled the capitalist.

"It does sort of turn a person's stomach, doesn't it?" said Rickey. "Try the bacon. Can I eat at the first table if I'm quiet about it?"

"It's a filthy meal," said P. J. Cruser. "Do you call that bacon?"

"That's what it was represented to me as," replied Rickey. "Maybe they took advantage of my youth and inexperience. Never mind. I'll get up bright and early tomorrow morning and see if I can't shoot a nice plump patty-dee-foi-graw for you."

P. J. Cruser glared at him over the rim of his tin cup and Rickey nodded back cheerfully.

. . . .

Resuming the journey, P. J. Cruser mounted with some difficulty, which suggested to Rickey the happy thought that the horse ought to be taken up a couple of holes. For this pleasantry the capitalist damned him.

"I'd a heap rather you didn't say things like that, Colonel," said Rickey plaintively. "It hurts my feelings and gets on my nerves. I wouldn't do it again."

It was then for the first time that the capitalist noticed the difference in Rickey's eyes. They were no longer blinking: they were exceptionally steady as they stared into the exact center of the tortoise-shell rimmed glasses.

"You attend to your business and I'll attend to mine," mumbled P. J. Cruser finally, averting his own gaze.

"That's a bargain," agreed Rickey; "only," he continued, "you want to get the proper idee of what your business is. You ain't a preacher, you know, and you'll have to do your cussing at your own risk."

But in less than an hour Mr. Cruser's discontent again became too great to allow him to suffer in silence, and from invidious remarks concerning his horse he passed on to a caustic comment on the judgment and capability of the person who had selected him. "I supposed that you knew something about horses," he snarled.

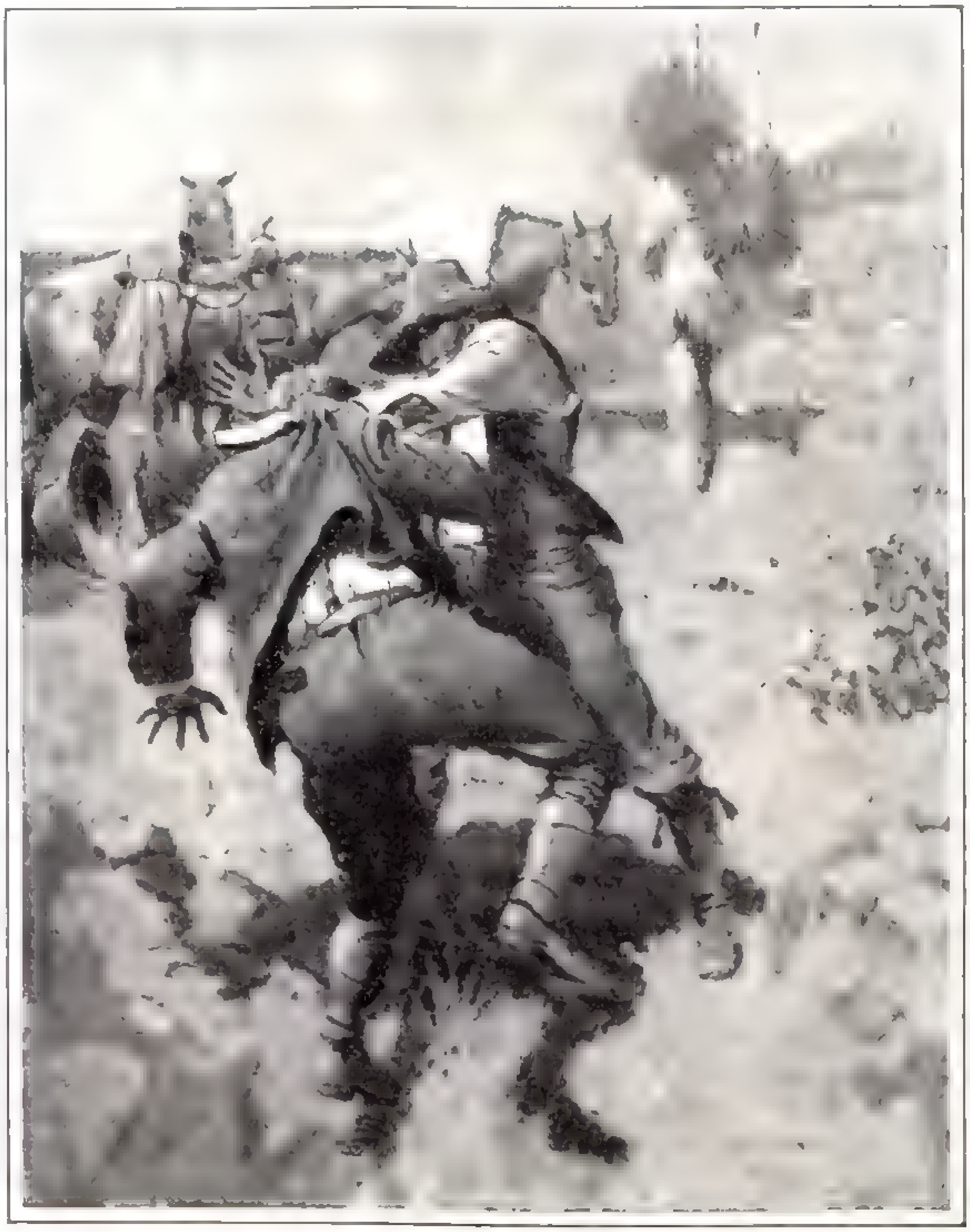
"My legs certainly are some bowed," admitted Rickey, "so it's natural you would. But whether or no, you mustn't expect too much from a horse. They don't raise 'em plush-upholstered, with reclining backs and push-buttons, round here. I ain't advising you to take 'em as you find 'em, because that's considerable risky; but I never knew anybody to improve a horse's gait by beefing about it."

Mr. Cruser cast prudence to the winds. "There's a good many things you don't know and one of them's your place," he retorted. "Why, you ignorant, drunken, insolent ——"

His characterization ended in a yelp not unlike that of a dog suddenly and unexpectedly kicked, for Rickey spurred against him with the shock of a battering ram and, reaching out a sinewy hand, jerked him from the saddle and dropped him with a thud in the dust, where for a moment or two he lay half stunned. On struggling to his feet he saw Rickey and the horses easily jogging along the trail.

"Stop!" he screamed. "Stop!"

Rickey halted and allowed him to come up.



"If I Let You Keep it Up—You'd be Encouraged to—Irritate Somebody Who Was Quick-Tempered"

"You ruffian!" panted the capitalist. "You miserable thug! Give me my horse, you brute! I'll send you to the penitentiary for this."

"You're the slowest man to take a hint I ever seen," observed Rickey unemotionally. He slipped from his horse and, walking up to the capitalist, smote him open-handed on one side of the face and, as he reeled under the blow, deftly slapped him on the other side and restored his equilibrium. He repeated this until his victim fell, and then, hauling him to his feet, shook him vigorously. He was undeniably angry, was Rickey.

"I am trying to . . . make you understand . . . that you mustn't use . . . that sort of talk to a grown man," said Rickey between shakes. "It ain't policy . . . You may think it's . . . brutal of me, but it's . . . kindness . . . If I let you keep it up . . . you'd be encouraged to . . . irritate somebody who was quick-tempered . . . and then you'd . . . have to travel back with the Saratoga trunks."

He released Mr. Cruser, who staggered back, pulled the small but ornate pistol from his hip pocket and fired six shots in rapid succession in Rickey's general direction.

"Well, what do you think of that!" ejaculated Rickey as the capitalist continued to pull the trigger.

"He wants my blood. Now I don't like to be severe, but ——"

Wrenching the little pistol from Mr. Cruser's hand he cuffed him mercilessly and, as the capitalist turned to run, kicked him so that he sprawled headlong. Then he mounted his horse and gathered up the lead reins of the two others.

"You're not going to leave me alone in this wilderness," cried P. J. Cruser; "it would be murder."

Rickey looked down at him grimly. "Well," he said, "I do want a handy man to go with me to Garnet Basin, but I don't know whether you'd suit. I don't want a gentleman, and if I took you I wouldn't have one; but I want some person who will know his place and obey orders. Do you think you can obey orders?"

"I apologize for what I said," whimpered P. J. Cruser.

"You'll obey orders, too, if you go with me," said Rickey. "You'll flunkey for me the rest of the trip and, being as you object to the horse, you can walk the rest of the evening."

He shook his bridle rein and jogged along, and Mr. Cruser, after standing with clenched fists for a moment or two, gulped down his emotions and followed.

. . . .

It was P. J. Cruser who watered and picketed the horses when camp was made. Rickey it was who directed him in terms of blighting sarcasm and candid contempt. P. J. Cruser rustled fuel, took his first lesson in the construction of a campfire, set potatoes to boil, fried bacon and watched with respectful attention while the master fried flapjacks. Rickey found it necessary to employ more brutal methods to reduce the capitalist to proper docility, but he did not shrink from the necessity, and as a result P. J. Cruser washed the dishes without a murmur.

"It's like this, P. J.," said Rickey, when this task was completed and the capitalist ventured to sit down. "You've been training with the wrong crowd. When your kind of folks look at you they see a million dollars or whatever it is you've grubbed up, and a million dollars looks mighty good to them. They take off their hats to that little old million, and when it talks they keep still and listen with one hand scooped behind their ears so's they won't miss any of the music. You think it's P. J. they're standing round for and you get swelled up a plenty, but that's where you fool yourself."

Rickey rolled himself another cigarette, lit it and resumed: "Do you know what you look like to me? You look like a big fat slob with a skinned nose and a mean eye. You look like a man that's been kicked and needed it." At this Mr. Cruser's expression was malevolent enough to justify entirely his critic's reference to his eye. Rickey smiled and exhaled smoke.

"I've never seen you with your shirt off," said Rickey, "but if there ain't bristles three inches long on your back it's because there's more breeds of you than Berkshire and Poland-China. I don't like the color of your hair or the way you trim your whiskers. If I've got you sized up right you're as honest and straightforward as a coyote and as gritty as a jack-rabbit. Anybody ever tell you the truth about yourself before, P. J.?"

. . . .

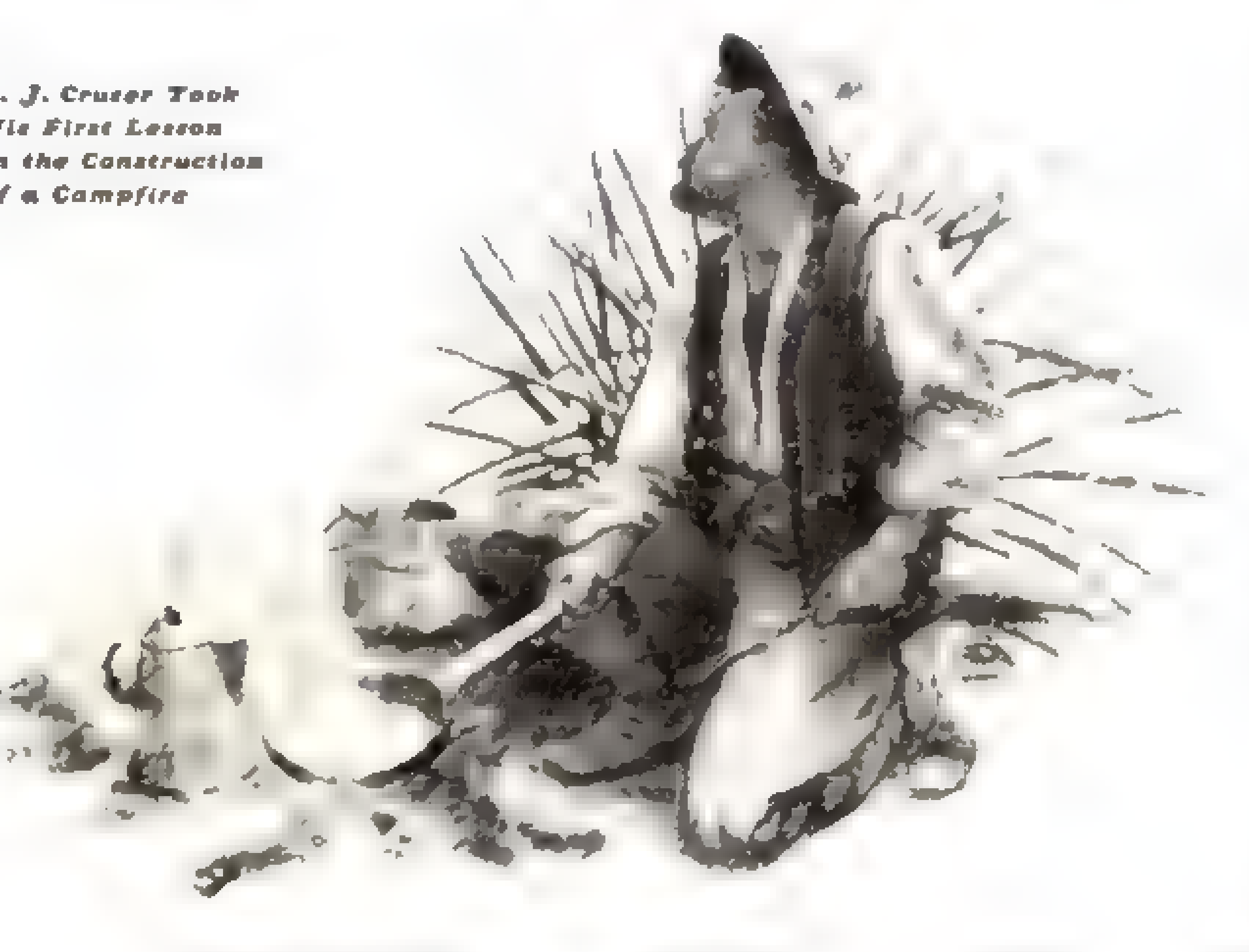
The next morning P. J. Cruser was stirred into a realization of the vicissitudes of life by the toe of Rickey's boot and the time-hallowed adjuration of the range to wake and listen to the little birds. Thereupon he sullenly unrolled himself from his blanket and, under his new master's directions, built a fire and prepared breakfast even to the flapjacks. Rickey was pleased to compliment him.

"You're some thick-headed and awkward," said Rickey, "but you're learning just the same. All you need is a good man to stand over you with a club, and time and practice. I believe I could learn you to shoot in time, and maybe I will when the sunshine gets back into your face, but first of all I'll show you how to pack a horse. Hurry up with them dishes."

"Don't you propose to do anything?" demanded Mr. Cruser.

"Certainly," replied Rickey. "I'm going to educate you, P. J. And don't you give me any of that magnified bifocal glare, because it makes me want to slap your sacred chops," he added with a flash of his white teeth.

He kept his word. Within the next two days the capitalist had mastered the simple



P. J. Cruser Took His First Lesson in the Construction of a Campfire

intricacy of the diamond hitch; he could and did saddle his own horse and mounted it without assistance at the second or third attempt, and he learned an unbelievable self-restraint and patience under the smiling derision of his heavy-handed instructor. On the third day of the journey he began to ask civil questions pertaining to the country and the camp of Garnet Basin, and acquired a large mass of varied misinformation, some of which made his eyes glisten and his tongue-tip move greedily between his thick lips.

"There's the Tularosa Range, P. J.," said Rickey at last, pointing to a purple line on the far horizon. "There's your wealth beyond the pearly pipe-dreams of avariciousness and nothing but a lot of simple, honest sons of toil and trouble to take it away from. I reckon if you make the right kind of a talk they'll turn over all their claims to you if you'll let 'em work for day wages. That's the principle you go on, ain't it?"

"Can we get there this afternoon?" asked Mr. Cruser, ignoring the dig.

Rickey smiled. "Not this afternoon, but maybe by sundown tomorrow if you don't oversleep. It's thirty miles from where we camp to a trail running south along the foot of that peak, and then about eight along the trail to the Basin."

"I see," said Mr. Cruser, looking thoughtfully at the eminence indicated. "I must try not to oversleep."

But any hope the capitalist may have entertained of reaching his destination so soon was doomed to sudden blight, for when an hour later he was leading the horses to water a flattened coil of yellowish green and dusty drab buzzed an all-inadequate warning, straightened a third of its length like a spring released and struck the capitalist on his leg.

Rickey, lounging at ease upon the bank above the pool, heard the same sharp dog-yelp of terror that Mr. Cruser had emitted on a recent occasion. Then an agonized call for help brought him in a couple of leaps to the capitalist's side.

"I'm snake-bitten," moaned Cruser, fumbling at his puttee strap with trembling, ineffectual fingers. "It's just below the knee."

Swift as a flash Rickey's razor-bladed stock knife was out and severed the thong. Another cut ripped trousers and drawers, which were deftly and quickly rolled up, baring the leg of the victim. A glance showed the fang-punctures, and the next minute Rickey had his handkerchief knotted above them and was twisting its folds deep into the flesh with a handy stick. The capitalist was howling.

"Quit it!" snapped Rickey; "I haven't begun to hurt you yet."

Without releasing the tourniquet he scored the bitten place across, and then, as Cruser struggled to seize the hand that held the knife, he jabbed his elbow viciously into his patient's diaphragm and, returning to his surgery, cut back and forth until blood ran freely. Not content with this, he placed his mouth to the wound and sucked again and again.

The capitalist began to croak a hoarse invocation of his Creator. "I'm going to die," he said; "I'm going to die!"

Rickey spat finally. "Sure," he agreed cheerfully. "So am I, sometime, and so's my grandma's brindle tom-cat; but we're going to hang on a while longer, all of us. Now if you can hold that stick just as it is I'll get the rest of the fixings."

He bounded up the trail to the pack and was back in a minute with a bacon slab and a pint flask. "Pull on that," he said to Cruser, handing him the flask. "Get stark, staggering, blind, rip-roaring oreide, if you can. It's on me, so don't be afraid of it." He cut a thick slice from the fat of the meat and bound it on the wound with a handkerchief snatched from the capitalist's pocket. "Now keep on making a beast of yourself while I round up them horses," he directed.

On his way to the horses he heard a significant buzzing from a cactus clump and stopped long enough to pick up a sliver from a dead suahara and terminate the existence of a good-sized diamond-back rattler. This he accomplished in a brisk and businesslike fashion by a few stunning blows and a quick stamp and grind of his boot-heel. The horses secured, he returned to Cruser, and with tremendous effort raised his almost inert bulk and staggered with it to the top of the bank. There he spread blankets and presently got his erstwhile striker comfortably disposed thereon.

"How are you sagaciating by this time, Old Stockings?" he asked sympathetically.

"It's no use," groaned Cruser; "I'm going to die. The leg's swelling and the pain's damnable."

"Fine and dandy!" commented Rickey happily. "Shows the medicine's taking hold. Have another; the evening's young yet. Cheer up! Think of them copper claims that you can tangle up in litigations and injunctions and things till the owners will be glad to let 'em go at any old price you want to give 'em. Let's smooth out that coat under your head a little. There—is that better? Now I'm going to get a little firelight on the subject."

Talking in this consoling strain, he built a fire and by its flare removed the fat-pork poultice, noting that it was green with venom. Then he applied another slice, rebound it, put the coffee-pot on the fire, rolled a cigarette and began to smoke. Cruser, half stupefied by the whisky he had drunk, presently dozed off. When he awoke the stars were shining brightly above him and Rickey was renewing the dressing of the wound.

"Doing bully!" smiled Rickey as he saw the other's wide-open eyes. His fingers sought the capitalist's pulse. "I think another of the same is indicated. It's a poor heart that never rejoices, and this is also on me. We might as well make a night of it."

"Head's aching," murmured Cruser when he had swallowed his dose. Then he lapsed into a fitful slumber, waking at intervals to find Rickey bending over him in ministration or squatting by the fire in unwinking vigil.

In the morning the crack of a pistol awoke him a little after dawn, and the next thing that he was conscious of was the grateful aroma of coffee and a hissing and sputtering in the frying-pan. Presently Rickey brought him a plate on which were a couple of well-browned small birds, larded with bacon and flanked by fried potatoes.

"Feel able to sit up and take a little nourishment?" asked Rickey. "Them's poor little innocent cooing doves if you've the heart to eat 'em."

The capitalist seized a bird and set his teeth in it by way of answer. Rickey watched him with a sardonic grin as he ate. "I reckon the operation was successful," he observed; "you seem to be quite yourself again. How does the leg feel?"

Cruser stretched it out. "It's better, isn't it?" he said.

"All it needs now is a little rubbing to get the stiffness out," declared Rickey confidently. "You'll be able to resume your duties by tomorrow morning."

"I won't forget this," said Cruser earnestly. "You'll see I won't."

"I was kind of counting on that," Rickey replied with a slightly sarcastic inflection.

"You've saved my life," said the capitalist.

"Well, I suppose that wasn't exactly the square thing to society," said Rickey. "But then I don't make any pretensions to being a moral character, and you couldn't prove it on me anyway."

P. J. Cruser's jaw set hard and the old, ugly gleam shot through the glasses he had just affixed. Through the day his conversation was limited to monosyllabic grunts. Now and then he got on his feet and limped tentatively about the camp, but with many groans of pain. Rickey occupied himself during the rest of the morning with a stew of dried apples, and alternately cat-napped and smoked through the afternoon. After supper he carried the dishes and hot water over to the capitalist's side and set them down.

"It's my professional opinion that you can 'tend to this job without any serious risk, P. J.," he remarked. "Just be careful not to let it excite you, that's all. Me, I'm going to sleep. And don't forget that I'm to be Queen of the May bright and early in the morning."

"I won't," said P. J. Cruser.

. . . .

Rickey moved uneasily as the morning sun began to shine hotly on his face and he slowly opened his reluctant eyes, fumbling the while for something to throw. Then he raised himself on his elbow, looked round and gasped, for P. J. Cruser had vanished and with him the horses.

"And I'm blamed if he hasn't taken the pack!" exclaimed Rickey, hastily pulling on his boots and scrambling to his feet. "That's what comes of educating the classes."

He looked southward, and miles away in a line with the ultimate peak of the shimmering Tularosa he saw two or three tiny dots that seemed to be moving.

"Twenty miles on foot to the next water, hotter than Billy-be-damned and not so much as a breakfast to start on!"

He sauntered away in an aimless manner and stopped by the clump of cactus. "Will you tell me why I killed that snake when he would have died anyway after biting what he did?" he muttered. Then he took up the trail.

High-heeled boots, however well adapted to the treacherous capacity of stirrups and the exigencies of the branding corral, are poor things to walk in for any distance; moreover, Rickey had never been greatly addicted to pedestrian exercise. The first three miles of his stilted progress were, therefore, slow and painful. The next mile was still slower and far more painful. Once, with a recollection of happy, barefoot days, he took the boots off and almost immediately stepped upon a cactus. After invoking curses upon the polypetalous dicotyledonous head of the plant he sat down upon another one. Thereafter he rested frequently, but with more care, and he was resting when Opportune Providence on a paint horse bore down on him with a gay tattoo of beating hoofs and a joyous yip of recognition.

"Muh poor che-ild, you seem to be lost," said Opportune Providence, grinning. "Where's Daddy? Well, well! Here, lemme lift you up behind me and we'll go find him. Don't be afraid of the nice horsey."

Rickey got up slowly, but his responsive smile was faint.

"How come you're afoot, Rickey?" asked Opportune Providence.

"It's a right funny story, Sam," replied Rickey. "I'd tell it to you, only ——"

He looked off at the tiny dots that could still be seen moving toward the peak.

"Only it ain't finished yet."

II

MONTE ESCOBEDO differs in many respects from Tapias and from Old Snagtooth, Cedar Knob and Los Dragones. It makes peculiar indentations in the skyline that are easily recognizable, and, seen from a distance of say thirty or forty miles over the desert, it appears to top all elevations of the Tularosa Range southwest of the Blue Mound; but it is, nevertheless, an eminence that will bear watching. Approached heedlessly by one unfamiliar with its tricks, Escobedo develops remarkable protean characteristics; it throws up strange peaks and ridges; it opens gaping cañons and passes that at once multiply and divide it; it squats unexpectedly, uprears uncertainly in dim distances, and dodges behind other more or less craggy heights until its identity is lost utterly and beyond recall.

P. J. Cruser, capitalist, en route for Garnet Basin, had been careless and overconfident. Assuming that shifty Escobedo had the decent stability of the Flatiron Building, he laid a course for it and made his mind perfectly easy as far as direction was concerned. If his mind had been perfectly easy regarding the activities of one Rickey Raymond it might have been the better for him, though the chances are that he would have got tangled up in the foothills in any case. But he worried about Rickey and, in the native phrase, "rode with his beard on his shoulder," whereby he managed to lose his bearings. Within six hours of the time that he had left Rickey slumbering by the dead campfire in happy ignorance of desertion, P. J. Cruser had diverged from his beeline so that he was heading for Cedar Knob, and a feeling of uncertainty was growing upon him. In another half hour he stopped and looked about him helplessly and black wrath arose from his heart and bubbled in his throat.

The packhorse and Rickey's saddled mount dropped their heads and began to crop at the scanty herbage around them. Their placid acceptance of the situation and indifference to his comprehensive curses exasperated the capitalist to such an extent that he struck at the animal nearest to him and, as it jerked away, added a rope-burned hand to his trouble. When things once begin to go wrong they keep right on going.

Fortunately Mr. Cruser was able to catch the horse without more than a reasonable amount of difficulty, but the delay was sufficient to put a stop for the midday meal out of the question, so he munched on some cold biscuit that he had prudently pocketed after breakfast, as he put about and rode for the now towering Tapias. A little later he was in a maze of broken ground, riding along dry watercourses that wound and twisted to all points of the compass, scrambling up steep banks from whose summits he would find himself facing the plains that he had left, sliding down roof-slants into deeper ravines and struggling through thickets of thorn that shredded his already torn garments into disreputable tatters. And ever and anon he lifted his voice and cursed Rickey, his own folly, the lure of copper, the stumbling and reluctant horses, the universe, and Rickey again.

At last he climbed to a far-stretching mesa and took hope once more of Garnet Basin, for a new and quite convincing Monte Escobedo, that was really Old Snagtooth, loomed through a dust haze not ten miles away. Assuredly not ten miles away—and blessed level ground. In any case he might meet somebody who could direct him—perhaps guide him. P. J. Cruser here resolved that in the latter event he would conduct himself with distinguished affability and polished urbanity. So much his late guide, the deserted and profusely bedamned Rickey, had taught him. He had hardly made this resolution when, seemingly by magic, three mounted figures appeared riding toward him.

Mr. Cruser, before leaving New York, had filled and fortified himself with much useful knowledge of the territory of New Mexico. He had crammed the laws governing its mining districts and he was posted on transportation facilities or their lack; he had a neat map showing the holdings of the Grabenheims and statistics of the copper output. He had the names of various legislators and executive officers doing business, more or less umbrageous, at Santa Fe, and he knew the strategic importance of Garnet Basin in the Tularosa Range; but he had only dim and hazy notions of the natives, white and brown. Dimly and hazily he had always associated steeple-crowned sombreros and swarthy complexions with long, sharp knives, bloodthirsty tastes, moral obliquity, mountain fastnesses and ransom on pain of mutilation and death. So when these three horsemen drew nearer he was conscious of a peculiarly unpleasant feeling in the pit of his stomach, and took a new angle of direction.

Ignacio Laguna, Jose Rosario and Miguel Sanchez, caballeros of consideration in the *estancia* of Don Pablo Corleone y Otero, were dusting along at a lively jog-trot, conversing pleasantly of the Sunday cock fight at Cruces, when they became aware of a dusty and dirty ginger-muzzled gringo riding a jaded horse and leading two others, one of which was saddled but unoccupied. To Jose the circumstance seemed unusual if not suspicious, and Miguel agreed with him. Ignacio was of the opinion that the rangy black horse bearing the empty saddle was the same that ran at the Santa Lucia festival, backed by his owner, the Señor Simpson, of the Café Delmonico in Sentinel Butte, and, as he announced this, the ginger-muzzled gringo turned his horse to avoid them. The three swung to meet him, and at that the gringo abandoned the animals he was leading and set spurs in sudden and panic-stricken flight.

On the instant, Jose wheeled and circled out to head him off, Ignacio made a masterly flank movement, and Miguel rode on to cut off any possible retreat. At the same time Jose drew a pistol and fired, Ignacio pulled an ancient carbine from a well-worn scabbard and fired, and Miguel completed the fusillade with six shots from the cap-and-ball rifle that had come down to him through three generations of unfortunate marksmen.

P. J. Cruser yelped as the bullets spatted and puffed dust, but he only rode the faster. Once his hand went back to his hip pocket, but if he had any idea of using the ornately nickeled, pearl-handled engine of destruction that lay therein he abandoned it immediately and concentrated his energies on his quirt.

Presently his pursuers suddenly and simultaneously slackened speed and grinned at each other, and within a hundred yards Mr. Cruser stopped—on the brink of a yawning chasm at least forty feet deep.

"Hands up!" commanded Ignacio in his native language, leveling his carbine as he came, and P. J. Cruser, although his Spanish was limited to the stencilings on cigar boxes, raised his hands in prompt obedience. Jose forthwith passed his lean, nimble fingers over the capitalist's person and extracted the nickel-plated revolver. Miguel cantered after the horses and in a minute or two brought them back and completed the group, now dismounted.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Mr. Cruser in a voice that he tried to make stern and steady.

"If the Señor will rep-ply to our questions we shall see," said Ignacio politely. "Where you come from and where you go, pliz?"

"I'm from New York and I'm going to Garnet Basin," the capitalist assured him. "My name is Cruser, and if anything happens to me search will be made and any outrage that I am subjected to will be severely punished."

Ignacio smiled and nodded, and then translated for the benefit of Miguel.

"He says he is from New York and he is assuredly from Sentinel Butte. He says he is going to Garnet Basin and we see him direct himself to Los Dragones. Also we know who is there."

He turned to Mr. Cruser, still smiling. "Eet is the Keed Baker who shall search for the Señor and punish. Yes?"

(Continued on Page 53)

THE AMERICAN FATHER

SPARE THE FATHER AND SPOIL THE CHILD

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

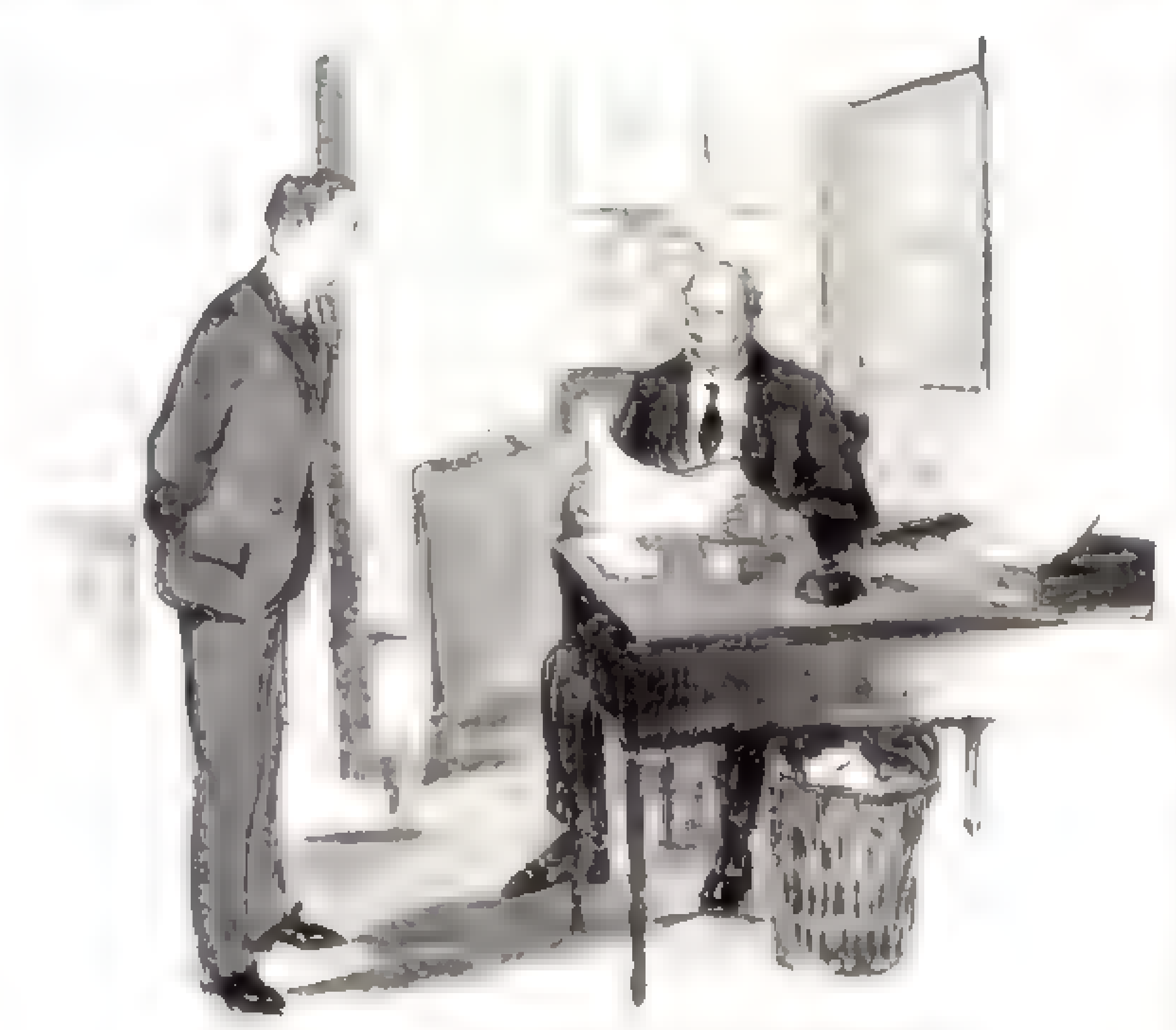
"IT IS a wise son that knows his own father" and a rare father that knows his own son. The failure of the two generations to "get together" has been one of the daily tragedies of history. There ought to be a Society for the Promotion of Sociability between fathers and their children.

Too often the average father does not know his boy at all, in the sense that he knows the men in his shop or factory, or his rivals in business, or his fellow townsmen. He has never studied him and gauged him and estimated his powers and tendencies as he has theirs. He just takes him for granted, either as a chip of the old block, a little replica of himself, a "living spit and image" of his grandfather, or as a shapeless lump of protoplasmic putty, which he will make a man of in such form and calling as seems to him best.

To the boy, the father too often is merely the "Governor" or the "Old Man," an obstinate and domineering sort of person—well-meaning and not unkindly at heart—but forming a sort of perpetual constitutional opposition to every proposal that does not emanate from itself and playing the automatic wet blanket to every new and darling scheme of youth.

The perpetual paternal pose, "I am older and therefore I must know better," would goad a rabbit to revolt, even if the boy admitted the logic of the syllogism, which he usually doesn't—and an unprejudiced observer would often be compelled to agree with him.

Nowhere does the luminousness of William Allen White's shrewd phrase, "That type of ponderous folly of the middle-aged which we term mature judgment," stand out more vividly than in some of the chronic and historic clashes between paternal and filial judgment. What is wisdom in the old would often be folly in the young; but naturally the old can't see it. Why can't each generation let the next live its own life and solve its own problems, unaided and unhindered save by its counsel, which the younger generation will be eager to have and value most highly if it is only left to itself and allowed to discover its value by a little harmless experience, instead of having it thrust down its throat unasked in solid chunks. To administer food with a stomach pump four times a day is not the way to stimulate an appetite for it.



With His Power of Life and Death Over His Family

In the old, unhappy days of battle, murder and sudden death, which with truly inspired idiocy we usually refer to as the "good old times," when each particular family group, small and large, must literally hang together if they would not hang separately, the power of the father to enforce conformity to his policy was absolutely unlimited; and the family discipline of those days had literally "no nonsense about it." "Fathers were fathers" in those times, as we sometimes hear regretfully remarked. A father then, to successfully rear his children and literally save their lives, had to be, in the quaint but expressive phrase of our English cousins, "a bit of a brute."

The tradition was a painfully long time in dying out, even after all necessity for it had absolutely disappeared for centuries. One of the highest duties of a father was to chasten his children.

Under such distinguished auspices, and with the encouragement of such humane and enlightened relics of the Stone Age as "Spare the rod and spoil the child," the belief that the chief duty of man was a stern and severe discipline toward his hapless offspring grew and flourished, and the beating and starving and locking in dark closets of innocent and bewildered children became one of the chief virtues and an article of faith and practice.

Possibly it did not do the children much grave, physical harm, for the young human animal is most providentially tough—and it was the greatest relief to the parents. Few things are so soothing as to be able to "take it out of" some one when your equals or superiors have exasperated you and you are afraid to retaliate openly, especially when you can ease your conscience afterward by such pious admonitions as "Chasten thy son in his youth; beat his sides while he is young; spare not for his crying." To be able to relieve your own feelings and at the same time fulfil Scripture, even though Apocryphal, is a rare luxury. This was known as "doing your duty by your children," and, like most other forms of doing one's duty by other people, was a particularly spiteful kind of self-indulgence. The pious gave way to temper in the family circle, just as the profane gave way to drink—and with about equally disastrous consequences.

This sort of thing fortunately belongs to history now in our favored land, save in a few remote and benighted regions, and would be little more than a memory to laugh over were it not that it has left a black shadow behind it in the tradition that a stern rule and rigid discipline is the ideal régime for children, and that any departure from this ancient and barbarous standard will be ruinous to their character and utterly undermine both their vigor and self-control.

The argument is an unanswerable one: "All children of respectable families have been submitted to strict correction and discipline since the world began, and most of them have turned out passably well; therefore, if we leave off the discipline our children will grow up sluggards and shirkers." It may be respectfully pointed out that there is a flaw in the logic, since practically no children have ever been allowed to grow up without any form of discipline, save the society and example of their parents, so as to see what sort of little monsters they would turn out. Such approaches as have been made to this natural and unregulated method of nurture have turned out exceedingly well, but they have only been approaches, so heavy hangs the dread of authority over us all. Our brains know better, but we are morally certain that they would grow up forgers and highwaymen—if not actually crosseyed and humpbacked.

We have the same ludicrously implicit faith that it is only what we do for our children that makes them turn out as well as they do, as the small boy had in the functions of a cat's tail. He was given that interesting animal as the subject of one of those tortures in infantile inquisition known as "essays in composition," and, after several trite and commonplace preliminaries, he achieved this masterpiece of insight and observation—strictly original: "A cat has a long tale which it raps round its pause when it sits down. I no a cat that has no tale and it is afrade to sit down in public for fear that its feet would skatter." Just where the wits and faculties of our amorphous offspring would "skatter" if we did not wrap and surround them with our most efficient and restraining family discipline, we do not and probably never will know, for we can no more refrain from "butting in" at every provocation than we can keep our tongue out of the hole where a tooth has been extracted, even with the certainty that a silver one will come in its place.

Interference just oozes out of parents like sap out of a maple tree in spring, and it would require great powers of self-control to maintain a consistent policy of "hands off," save in real emergencies or serious issues. The indifferent and wishy-washy father of today, with his lack of discipline and his unwillingness to compel his children to appear to respect him, whether they do or not, is inferior to the fathers of heroic times and the good old days of a couple of generations ago only in savagery and selfishness. In all other respects he is superior.

Fathers Changed for the Better

THE father of today has changed for the better in another important respect. Fathers, of course, have always—in the vast majority of instances—loved their children, since the world began, and always will; but some of them in the olden days had considerable difficulty in making the children believe it. When the "stern old Roman" type of father, with his power of life and death over his family, began to decline, the *potestas paterna* began to assume another undesirable and even more galling though less picturesque form—the form of a claim upon the child's earning power and wages.

Like the other form of paternal tyranny, it had a perfectly natural and even rational origin. As the power of compelling obedience in the family was, in unsettled times, a military necessity, so this right of controlling the labor and earnings was an economic necessity for the support of the family group in pastoral and early agricultural times. It rapidly grew past this, however, until it finally developed into a right—which, like that of life and death, was formally recognized in law—of absolute control over the time and earnings of all children up to a certain definite age. In good hands it was little more than a reasonable and bracing method of training for life, but in bad or callous hands it developed into a grasping and grinding tyranny, which the children not infrequently ran away from home to escape; whereupon, if they could be caught, they would be arrested and brought back and flogged like any other criminals.

Our fathers' generation, and even some of the older members of our own, can readily remember the time when to "give a boy his time" before he was twenty-one years of age—in other words, to allow him to go out and work for himself and keep his own wages—was regarded as an act of great generosity and liberality on the part of the father. This tradition and custom was one of the influences which both permitted and promoted those fine large families of an earlier time, whose disappearance or shrinkage is now so absurdly lamented. It is still to be seen in all its glory in some of our Southern cotton mills, which are a perfect haven of refuge for that small percentage of the "cracker" and "tar-heel" class whose only visible assets are a few bad debts, six or eight dogs and ten or twelve children, on which latter he proceeds to realize in cash. It is an admirable arrangement for the father and the manufacturer—but pity the poor children! Fortunately this tendency to regard children as a cash asset is rapidly dying out in America—indeed, has almost disappeared, with the exception of a few instances like the foregoing; but it is in full swing yet in the mass of the population over the greater part of Europe.

Father Has to Put Some Brains Into It

Only a few months ago, when calling upon some artist friends in Florence, they were in despair because one of those rare jewels, whose worth can hardly be estimated in gold—yea, fine gold—a first-class cook, was about to leave them. An inquiry into the cause of her departure uncovered a pathetic little domestic tragedy. The servant girl, who was twenty years of age, was, it appeared, engaged to be married; but, according to the romantic custom and tradition of the country, her lover's family felt that he would be sacrificing his self-respect if he married her before she had at least two hundred dollars. This sum she was within fifty dollars of having accumulated out of her earnings, and the day was set for the wedding, when suddenly her stern father appeared upon the scene with the news that her mother had met with a severe accident and was likely to be in bed for several months, if not crippled for life, and that she must come and keep house for him and her grown-up brothers until her twenty-second birthday.

Father and brothers were all earning good wages and were abundantly able to pay for a servant—indeed, there was a younger sister who would have been competent to take the mother's place, but she also was at work earning money which she was paying into the family exchequer; and, as they would have no legal control over the elder girl's time after about a year and a half longer, they were going to make use of her while they had the power, regardless of its effect upon her happiness. The girl was perfectly willing to go and keep house for the family; in fact, had no intention of refusing, should her mother's disability prove as serious as feared; but she was heartbroken at the thought of the delay which her period of labor without remuneration would make in her cherished plans.

It is really most gratifying to see to what extent this idea of making profit out of the labor of one's minor children has died out in America. It scarcely exists except in poverty-stricken and isolated communities and among our immigrant population. Even these last outgrow it with surprising rapidity when once they have fairly filled their lungs with the atmosphere of American life—so much so that, in some of the investigations as to the cause of child labor made by our American Committee on Child Labor, it was found, in some five hundred successive cases investigated, parental demands were responsible for only about thirty per cent of the evil. In nearly sixty per cent the children left school and went to work of their own accord, largely on account of the unsatisfying and purely literary and clerical type of instruction which they were given at the school. As a small "doffer-boy" whom I inveigled into conversation on a train put it: "I'd ruther be in the mill than in school; the work ain't so hard and it's more interestin'!"

It is no longer necessary for the American boy to regard his father either as a local representative of the Almighty and the personified "Don't!" in his scheme of life, or as a stern and grasping taskmaster. The American father has come down from his absurd pedestal of perpetual superiority and always knowing better, and is willing to meet and talk with his boy as man to man, and to treat his girls as charming little women in miniature, whose opinions and preferences are entitled to respect and affectionate consideration.

Family life has become a happy and peaceful republic, or a mild and humane constitutional monarchy; with the father as king and the mother as the power behind the throne, content to rest their authority upon the happy consent of the governed, reserving only a casting vote in a deadlock, and in extreme instances a practical veto through the power of voting or withholding supplies—whether of skates or of hair-ribbons. It is wonderful how the children respond to it—what perfect little codes of morals and manners they form for themselves—much better and more graceful than any that could be imposed upon them—to say nothing of their being genuine and "dyed in the wool." They get a polish which won't rub off, even in the rough jostling of the outer world, and a set of principles that won't break down in after life, because they are self-made and self-supporting.

In Bad Hands it Developed Into a Grasping and Grinding Tyranny

"But what becomes of parental authority in such a scheme?" some one will exclaim. The only earthly use of parental authority was to produce efficient, self-respecting children, with high courage and good character; and these can be secured far better under a rule of law and of reason than under one of sheer authority by brute force—whether personal or financial. It was not reason which led to the assertion of a supreme authority which must be maintained and a respect which must be insisted upon at all hazards from children, but tradition and selfishness, backed up by a large measure of self-conceit. "I intend that my child shall be a credit to me" was the attitude, though the thing we should have been most concerned about was that he should be a credit to himself.

We are desperately afraid that our children will not be so good as we are unless we strain every nerve to make them so, when, as a matter of fact, they will be better if we only give them the chance. The "reason" which leads parents to argue that they must know better than their children because they are older more closely resembles the cynic's definition of instinct in the classic dialogue:'

"What is reason? That which tells a man whether he is right or not. What is instinct? That which tells a woman that she is right, whether she is or not."

If we fathers will be perfectly frank with ourselves we shall, I fear, be compelled to confess, looking back over our most acute clashes of opinion with our offspring, that, though we firmly and sincerely believed ourselves to be right—and often were—we were inspired more by a determination to uphold our own authority and back up our own opinion—"to save our face," as the Chinese say—than by a disinterested and dispassionate desire for the best good of our children. The battle was far more one between old self-conceit and young self-assertion than between venerable wisdom and youthful folly.

Democratic Family Government

IF YOU are really wiser than your child there is seldom much difficulty in demonstrating it, even to his satisfaction; and one of the most effective methods is to permit him a little harmless experience of the unwisdom of his own view. It is said that we are perfectly right to insist upon respect from our own children. As we sometimes tragically put it: "If they do not treat us with respect, who will?" In fact, there is the nub of the whole trouble: so many people don't; but we can make our own youngsters go through the forms at least. The only sure way to insure respect from your children is to be respectable. If you really are that you needn't worry. They'll find it out and act accordingly.

Nowhere else can be found such devoted worshipers of the God of Things as They Are as healthy-minded children. They survey and transvalue everything with what Robert Louis Stevenson aptly calls "the pitiless eye of youth."

One great advantage of this modern method of democratic family government is that the father has to put some brains into it. It is no longer sufficient to provide liberally for household necessaries and schooling, then give your orders and expect the family machine to run itself within those limits, with a fair amount of supplementary and impromptu nagging, scolding and chastisements. It is necessary to study most carefully the idiosyncrasies and powers and tendencies of every member of your parliamentary body, to know how to steady here, to stimulate there, to conciliate yonder, in order to be reasonably sure of a working majority in a crisis and avoid resort to the veto power as much as possible. In order to do this it is necessary to get thoroughly and intimately acquainted with your own children. It takes time and trouble, but it is astonishing how your respect for and confidence in them will rise when you have done it—to say nothing of theirs in you.

What we are pleased to term morality is inherent—the result of the struggle for existence—a necessary adjustment of ourselves to our surroundings—both personal and elemental. Make the life within the family circle as free and as happy and within a few degrees of as bracing as that in the world outside, and our children will grow into

We are Desperately Afraid That Our Children Will Not be so Good as We Are

morals and into manners, and even habits of industry, just as naturally and as inevitably as they will grow into trousers and long dresses. Far from forming no moral standards of their own, it will not be long before you will find them pronouncing solemn judgment upon certain details of your own conduct; and you may have a hard time to justify yourself to the ruthlessly logical and clear-seeing eye of childhood. This is sometimes embarrassing, but it is exceedingly good for you; and you need not imagine there is anything new about it or that it would not have happened under the old-fashioned system of training or discipline. The judgments were formed just the same—only the youngsters were too discreet to pronounce them in public. For this intimate acquaintance with and loving study of his own children the American father has better opportunities than ever fathers had before. This may seem an extraordinary statement in view of the wail that is raised on all hands about the incessant rush and bustle of modern life and the absorbing demands of the American man's business upon his time and energy. As a matter of fact, never was a man less of a slave to his business or handicraft or profession than he is today. Never was it more difficult to determine a man's occupation simply by studying his appearance—never more impossible to pick out a man upon the street as a merchant, a doctor, a carpenter, a broker, a machinist. A man is bigger than his trade to a degree that he never was before; and he has more leisure to devote to the things that are really worth while, such as the society of his wife and children, than he ever had in any age before. The very vigor and intensity and high pitch of efficiency with which he works make it necessary for him to have longer periods of rest and that recreation which is change of occupation and interest; in fact, we are beginning to find that in proportion as a man becomes superior to his trade the better he is at that trade.

Our proudest boast, and rightly, is the huge sum of money we spend every year upon education. We should spend no less money; but what we most need is to spend more of our own time in the education of our children. We often lament, with but little reason in either fact or judgment, the huge preponderance of feminine influence in our systems of public education, but we need have no fear of this if it be only supplemented by an adequate amount of masculine influence in the family life itself. What our children need and have a right to demand from us as fathers is not our money but ourselves. If the sacred business suffers thereby then it must suffer—though, as a matter of fact, it won't, except perhaps in certain of its more savage and unscrupulous aspects. The master's degree in the university of life can never be granted to the man who has not held a chair in some family college.

The English Boarding-School Illusion

WE HAVE heard so much poetic outpouring and "fond recollection" rhapsody about the superiority of the home life of a generation or two ago over that of today that we are apt to overlook entirely the immense improvement which has actually taken place in the atmosphere of the modern home. To a cynical eye the most interesting comment upon the well-nigh celestial glories and unearthly bliss of the childhood homes of our parents and grandparents was how glad they were to get away from them and the exceedingly early age at which they usually effected their escape! The twentieth-century child thinks nothing of staying at home until eighteen, nineteen or twenty-two years of age, and continuing to enjoy himself thoroughly; while the child of the eighteenth century who had not either escaped from or been pushed out of the family nest before he was sixteen, and often before fourteen, was a rare exception; and, in the language of the advertisements, "There's a reason!"

Part of this early thrusting forth from the sacred shelter of the home into the wide, wide world was due to the bad manners of fathers—part of it to the stern necessity of that darling discipline and means of grace of the successful classes, who have never experienced it themselves—poverty, which compelled these little ones to take the burden of life upon their tender shoulders at this pathetically immature age; but no inconsiderable share of it was due to a singular tradition which grew up from Heaven knows where, that the worst place for a child after twelve years of age—especially a boy—was his own home! This tradition is still in full swing on the other side of the Atlantic and has a curiously equalizing effect in shortening the home life of both the wealthier and the poorer classes, in that, while the laborer's son leaves home to take an apprenticeship or a job at twelve or fourteen years of age, the boy of the merchant and professional classes also leaves the shelter of the parental roof at from ten to twelve years of age to enter one of those survivals of medievalism—European boarding schools. As the vacations of these institutions of learning are, to our American eyes, exceedingly short, averaging about a month in the summer and two weeks each at Christmas and Easter, and as the boy usually goes straight out into business or professional life on leaving school, it will be seen to what a large extent the children of the better classes, as well as of the poorer, for all practical purposes leave home and its influence behind them at the tender age of from ten to fourteen years.

Reason and common-sense are beginning to assert themselves a little, and the vacations in the best European boarding schools are now lengthening until in some cases, they reach nearly three months out of the year; but when the present generation was at school the conditions were far worse—only one vacation a year being allowed and that being of a month or less—and in the generation before this was cut down to two weeks. And, owing to difficulties of travel and distances to which children had to be sent, it not infrequently happened that the unfortunate little wretches did not come home at all for years in succession, but were left shut up in their boarding-school prison during the whole of their boyhood or girlhood.

Of course there were many homes of the humbler classes from which the children were not obliged to go out and earn their living at so early an age, or, if they did, in which they still lived at home; and of the better classes, in which the children were able to go to good day schools, or have good governesses or tutors at home. The effect of both these influences, however, in breaking up and shortening home life, until within the last fifty or seventy-five years, was very marked; and the decay of both, for which we can never be sufficiently thankful, has really for the first time provided an opportunity for full, adequate and happy home life, for the affectionate and enjoyable association of parents and children.

Much of our abject dependence upon formal or public education outside of the home was due to the narrowness and imperfection of home life in the past, and the coming movement of the twentieth century is unquestionably to rely less upon public education and more upon high-grade, intelligent, thoughtful home training for the best and happiest development of our children.

No small responsibility for the spread of this English boarding-school delusion must be accepted by fathers. It was so much less trouble to pay down a lump sum and shift all responsibility for their boys' or girls' education and training on to the shoulders of some supposed expert—save the mark!—than it was to undertake their training and submit to the burden of their companionship themselves. They were also largely to blame in another way, and that was in the extent to which they shirked the responsibility for actual and consistent family government and management, and left it upon the shoulders of the mother, confining themselves to stern and even ferocious interpositions with the strap and the slipper whenever things went openly and unmistakably wrong.

Thus, too often they came to be looked upon by their children as a sort of professional inflicters of punishment and family magistrates, and the threat, "I'll tell your father on you!" was one the significance of which there was no mistaking in a family fifty or a hundred years ago. This drove the mother unconsciously into an attitude of pitying protection and perhaps undue indulgence, and thus grew up the extraordinary old tradition that mothers would do nothing but spoil their children if they were left unchecked, and that it was better to send them out to boarding schools, where they would be under the charge of indifferent and supposedly impartial teachers. This tradition still survives and was publicly voiced in the astounding statement of the headmaster of one of England's greatest schools a few years ago: "A boy's mother is often his worst enemy."

English boarding schools, in fact, are a survival of the time when women were expected to be fools.

Instead of the influence of the home and parents upon children being on the decline in the twentieth century, it is greater than ever it was before and is increasing every day; and never was home life happier and more influential and more helpful than it is today. Now is the opportunity for fathers to redeem their shortcomings in the past, and nobly are they rising to it.

Never was there a time when fathers were more kindly and affectionately alive to the best interests of their children than today—more ready to sacrifice themselves for them and to do everything in their power to make their lives successful and happy. It would not be any exaggeration to say that the average American father of today knows at least fifty per cent more of what his boy or his girl is thinking and doing and hoping than did the father of a hundred years ago. And the effect of this changed attitude, this improved relation, upon the atmosphere of home life is something delightful to see. There is room for plenty of improvement yet however.

How Shorter Hours Bring Better Work

ONE of the most remarkable and hopeful signs in the business world today is the steady and progressive shortening of the hours of work. The business man, instead of feeling it necessary to be in his shop or factory by seven-thirty or eight o'clock in the morning, comes down at nine or nine-thirty and goes home at four-thirty or five, instead of slaving away until the six-o'clock whistle blows. Besides this, he has pushed his day of rest twelve hours in advance and holds his Saturday afternoon as sacred as his Sabbath. The laboring man, by combining with his fellows and fighting for the right to live like a human being, has succeeded in cutting down his hours progressively from twelve to ten, nine and even eight a day. Thus men of all classes have a better opportunity to be men instead of mere machines than ever before.

Nor is this a mere decline of habits of industry or a sign of increasing self-indulgence on the part of the modern man. Though often initiated for totally different reasons—such as, for instance, a desire to make work go farther, so to speak, and provide places for more men on the part of the employees—it rests upon the unexpected discovery, which one of our greatest political economists has rightly described as one of the most hopeful and cheering for the future of humanity ever made, that the efficiency of the worker and the amount and quality of the work done actually increase in proportion to the time allowed for rest, nutrition and recreation. Of course it must be within reasonable limits; but, so far as the experiment has been carried, those limits have not yet been reached.

(Concluded on Page 81)

"What is Instinct? That Which Tells a Woman That She is Right, Whether She is or Not"

THE BIG IDEA

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Mr. Humphrey's Insanity

A RING at the telephone called E. Addison Humphrey from the breakfast table. Returning a minute later, he looked rather troubled. "Joshua Reimer wants to see me right away," he explained to his wife and added thoughtfully: "I suppose there must be something up; but I can't remember—I can't remember that I've been forgetting anything lately."

"Did he say what he wanted?" Mrs. Humphrey inquired anxiously, for her husband's inveterate absence of mind was always betraying him into some unpleasant situation or other.

"Say what?" Addison inquired blankly. "Oh, no! He just said he wanted to see me right away." He frowned at the table in glassy-eyed abstraction. "It don't seem as though I'd been overlooking anything."

Leaving the house, the inventor kept searching his leaky mind; and so he proceeded to Main Street and up that thoroughfare in the drizzle of a raw March morning, with his umbrella tucked securely under his arm—greatly to the amusement of a number of his fellow citizens. Climbing the steps on the outside of Bane's feed store, he entered Mr. Reimer's office and found the lawyer standing in the middle of the room, with his hands in his pockets, awaiting him. The lawyer was a tall, portly, elderly person; and for a moment he eyed the lean young man in severe silence.

"If you have your wits about you this morning, Addison," he said finally, "tell me how many enemies you've got in this town."

"Enemies!" the young man repeated in surprise. "Why, I've no enemies. Of course," he corrected, "old Anse Soule hates me like poison just because I wouldn't lie down and let him walk over me. And there's Hi Colvard; he always goes around knocking me to everybody, though I never did a thing to him in my life. And there's Ben Stubbs; he's always knocking me too. And ——"

Breaking off, with a sigh, the inventor wandered over to the window, rested his thin hands on his umbrella handle and stared rather gloomily down into the bedrizzled village street.

"There are some people here, you know," he observed in melancholy speculation—"there are some people in this town who can't forgive me because I've struck out into a new thing and am pushing it along and making a success of it. That seems to grind 'em as much as though I was taking the bread out of their children's mouths.

"When my father died, you know," he continued more to himself than to Mr. Reimer, "and I came back from college and took over his hardware store, some people thought I was a freak because I wore green socks and a billycock hat. They told everybody I'd bust up in six months; and when I didn't bust up it made 'em sore. Then I invented my wooden oven and they said I was nutty and would be in an insane asylum in a year. Well, I've kept out of the insane asylum and I've made the ovens go better and better, and that seems to make 'em sorer and sorer. They tell everybody I'm crazy and knock me right and left. I suppose I've said things about 'em that have got back to 'em. Probably I've meant they should get back to 'em. The fact is, Joshua," he concluded, turning to his elderly companion, "I'm pretty sick of their everlasting knocking. But, after all"—his face cleared with an engaging smile—"let 'em knock if they want to. I snap my fingers at 'em. They can't touch me."

"Can't they?" the lawyer inquired with grave sarcasm. "Well, in my opinion, Addison, they can. In my opinion, Addison, under the able leadership of Anson Soule, they've got you this very minute sewed up in a strong gunny-sack, with a large stone tied to the sack, and they're just about to drop you into the millpond."

Addison gaped at the lawyer in half-incredulous alarm.

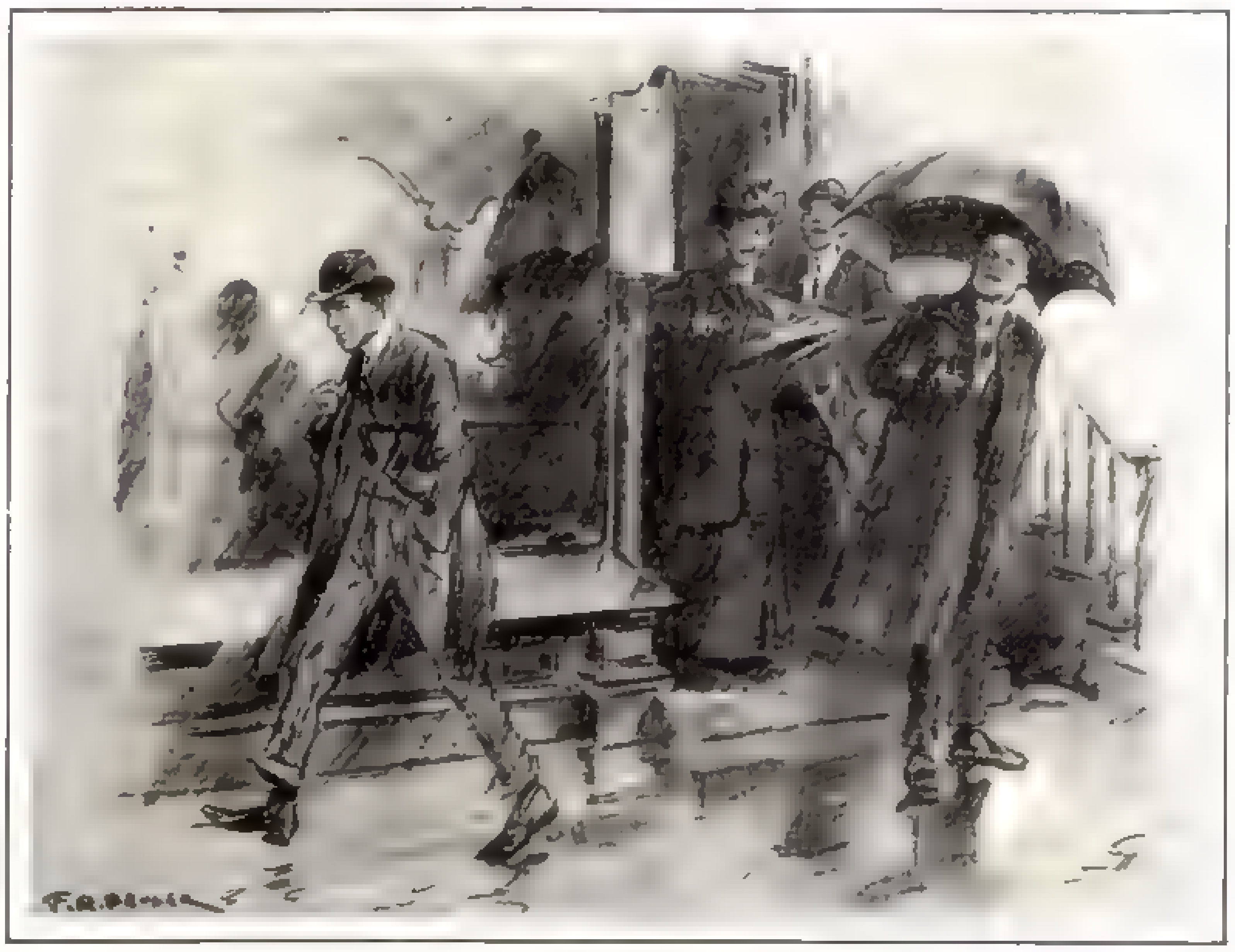
"I suppose," Mr. Reimer continued patiently, "you've forgotten all about what I called you up here to tell you just two months ago? I suppose you don't remember that I read you a decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Village of Hartwell versus Peckham and informed you that, under the aforesaid decision, this village of Vale owned the waterpower you run your plant by?"

"Oh, that!" said the inventor in a tone of relief. "Why, sure; I remember all about it and I tended to it right away—almost right away. I saw three members of the village board and I told 'em, of course, I'd always supposed I owned the waterpower and everybody else had supposed so; but it seemed by this decision the village owned it. I told 'em I was ready to do whatever was right and reasonable; and they said they'd take it up in board meeting and decide what I ought to do."

"And with that you dropped it," said Mr. Reimer severely.

"Why, you see," Addison apologized in some embarrassment, "I was just waiting for them to take some action—make me a proposition, you know. And then, I've been busy night and day pushing my ovens -I couldn't get a minute's time if my life depended upon it," he complained.

"Well, somebody else has had plenty of time—to wit, your friend, Anson Soule; also your friends Hi Colvard and Ben Stubbs. Pretty foxy old weasel is your friend Anson Soule." He nodded forbiddingly at the young man.



In the Drizzle of a Raw March Morning, With His Umbrella Tucked Securely Under His Arm

"Anson, in short, is going to elect himself and Ben Stubbs and Jim Pentwell to the village board. Hi Colvard is a member already. That will give Anson four members out of five; the other one, Ed Dowd, don't count for anything either way. And Anson's village board is going to shut down your waterpower, which will shut down your plant or else make you pay something for it that will just about skin you alive."

The inventor sat down limply on the corner of the office table.

"Pretty foxy old weasel is Anse Soule," Mr. Reimer repeated. "They've kept it all under their hats and got the wires all laid. They go to somebody like Tom Mason, who's so stingy it makes him sick to pay taxes, and they say they'll make you cough up enough for the waterpower so the village taxes will be cut in half. They go to somebody like Bill Long, who's very strong on local improvements, and say they'll make you pave Main Street. They've got a big bunch all lined up and they're going to carry the election sure as shooting—for two-thirds of the people don't care any more'n the man in the moon who's on the village board anyway. They're going to carry the election sure as shooting, unless—well, just unless, Addison. Now the election is on April seventh. Please don't forget that—not next fall, but April seventh. This is the twenty-eighth day of March; so you've got just ten days to save your hide in—provided you care to save it."

Sitting limply on the edge of the table and staring at the window, Addison speculated gloomily:

"I believe I could go right to the voters and put the issue before 'em and beat those pups. But I don't like to do that. Fact is, Joshua, though my ovens are going like hot cakes and I'm sure to make a fortune out of 'em if I get half a show, I began without any capital, and—well, I owe a lot of money. Seems as though, with the business growing night and day, for every dollar I can get hold of I've got a call for about four dollars and a half. I owe a good lot of money and if a question of shutting down my plant was raised I really don't know what my creditors might do. When a fellow's skating over thin ice, you know"—he sighed—"he's got to keep going like blazes or he breaks through. A holdup just now might bust me. I don't like to have that waterpower question advertised. It's a shame the way those fellows knock me," he commented absently "a real shame! I never did a thing to any of 'em except old Anse and he forced me to it. Old Anse and Hi Colvard and Ben Stubbs and some others the way they go round telling people I'm nutty and knocking me right and left—it makes me sick!"

When he was halfway to his oven plant it began to rain more smartly and Addison then recalled vaguely that he had left his umbrella in Mr. Reimer's office. The fact, however, made only a slight and transitory impression upon his absorbed mind. However, as he pushed open his office door, his brain did quite definitely take the impression of a figure by the slow-burning coal stove—a round-shouldered, stringy-necked figure in a rusty coat, wearing a yellowish celluloid collar and a derby hat that was a full size too large. The figure was that of Luther P. Morrow; and Addison frowned, because he had often requested Luke not to smoke his villainous corncob pipe in the office.

"Open the window!" he said almost with severity. "And I say, Lute, I don't want anybody to bother me for a while; keep 'em away." For tasks like that, which involved no bodily exertion, Lute was quite useful.

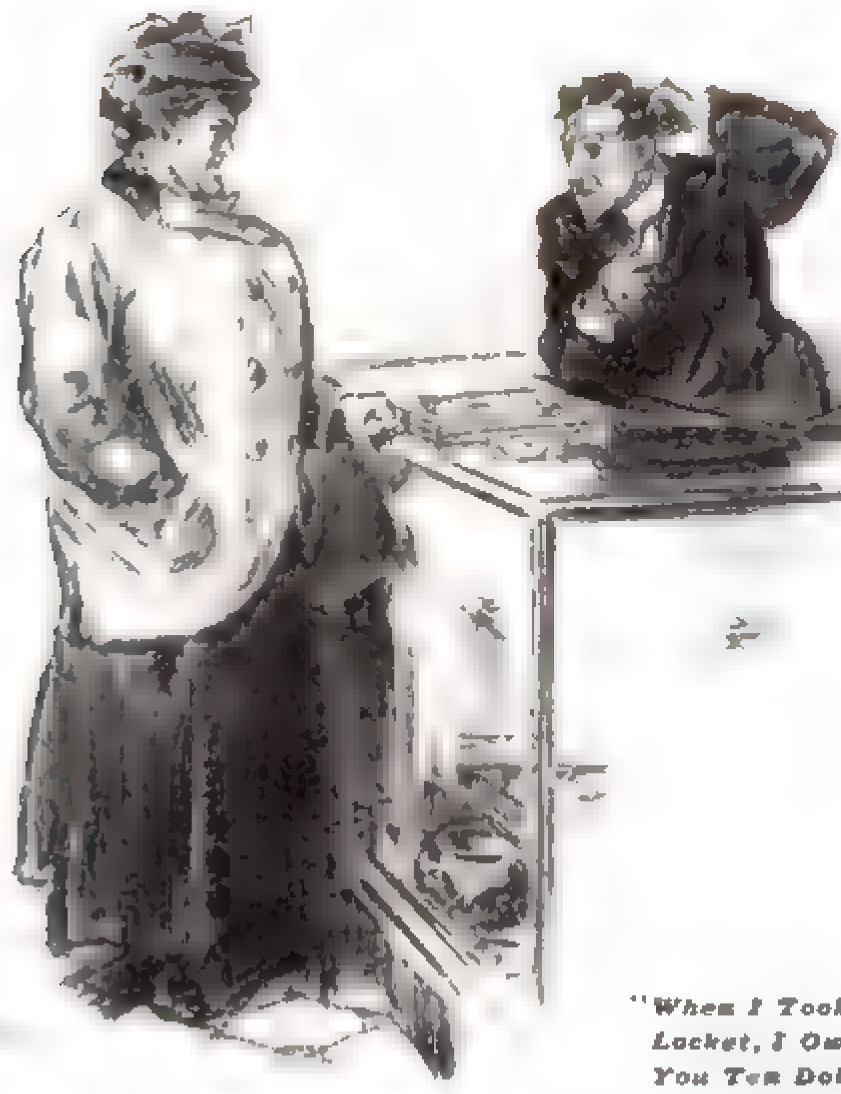
Being alone in the office, the inventor paced up and down with blank eyes, while his mind toiled at the problem before him. After a while he dropped into the chair at the desk and his mind, relaxing from too intense application, drifted aimlessly. Absently he drew a sheet of paper from one of the drawers and gaped down at the rather staggering procession of figures upon it, which represented his liabilities.

"If I could only be rid of my debts, now!" he muttered in dreamy affliction. "If I could sew up old Anse and those other pups! If I could only be rid of my debts ——" Two or three minutes later he sat upright in the chair, his eyes round and bright with an idea. He arose and paced the floor for half an hour, then stepped to the door and called: "Oh, Lute! Come in here!"

"I want you to do something for me," said Addison, when his disreputable employee shuffled in. "Sit down now and listen." As he explained, Lute now and then nodded gravely or rubbed his chin with his knuckles as a sign of general approval. At the conclusion of the explanation the inventor added cheerfully: "All right, then; you're fired! Go uptown and tell everybody so."

Being out of employment, Lute next morning shuffled down to the business establishment of Anson Soule, which was situated on the railroad track just beyond the Humphrey oven plant. Mr. Soule's business was extensive, prosperous and miscellaneous. He bought grain, livestock and produce from the farmers; sold them stone, sand, berry crates, fencing, fertilizer. Incidentally he acted as a sort of private banker, paying interest on money left in his hands and shaving notes. He was a harsh and angular old gentleman, with a long, slim beard and a high forehead.

"Fact is," Lute explained to him, "E. Addison Humphrey, Esquire, has fired me. I've served him faithful, Anson, and I've done things for him that he couldn't 'a' got any other man to do. Whether he oughta fire me or not ain't for me to say. Between ourselves, Anson, E. Addison Humphrey, Esquire, is gettin' plumb ——" He did not say what, but touched his forehead and nodded significantly. "So I gotta set up on my own hook and I made up my mind to go into collectin'. I've always been a good hand at collectin' old debts, you see; and that's what I'm goin' into. I'll collect on commission; so if I don't git the money it won't cost you a cent."



"When I Took the Locket, I Owed You Ten Dollars, Didn't I?"

Mr. Soule, of course, had heard of Lute's discharge within fifteen minutes after it happened. It had at once occurred to him that a person who had been more or less in E. Addison Humphrey's confidence for several years might prove useful, provided his services could be procured at a merely nominal cost. Moreover, he was quite willing to have some of his old accounts collected on a commission basis.

From Mr. Soule's establishment Lute proceeded halfway uptown to Hiram Colvard's agricultural implement warehouse, where he explained that he had been discharged and was about to set up in the business of collecting old accounts on commission. Ambling on to Main Street he visited successively the drygoods store of Benjamin Stubbs and the jewelry shop of James Pentwell.

While Lute was talking with Mr. Pentwell, Anson Soule was gazing rather excitedly out of the grimy south window of his dingy office, which commanded a view of the Humphrey oven plant. It was a raw March day and some soggy snow was falling; but Addison Humphrey was in front of the plant, in his shirtsleeves, industriously spading up a small plot of ground as though he might be intending to plant a flower-bed. Naturally Mr. Soule mentioned this interesting phenomenon to his friend Hiram Colvard, and next day both of them saw the coatless inventor plying a spade.

The forenoon of April first Addison resumed his gardening in quite a flurry of snow; but, after a few minutes, he abruptly swung the spade over his coatless shoulder and marched down the muddy road to Mr. Soule's office. He not only greeted the proprietor cheerfully but cordially shook hands with him; then stood his spade at the end of the desk and took the vacant chair beside it.

"The fact is, Anson," he said amiably, "I've got to have more credit. Otherwise my business is fine; but I haven't credit enough to carry it on. I figure that if I had just about twice as much credit as I've got now I could make a barrel of money; so I want you to help me out."

Twisting a bony hand into his patriarchal beard, Anson regarded the young man out of the tail of his eye. If he had retained the least doubt that the inventor was crazy as a loon this free and easy application to himself for credit would have removed it.

"Of course," Addison continued with a bright little nod, "I'd put it on a business basis; I wouldn't ask you to give me something for nothing. I've been thinking a lot about this credit business lately," he added with a wise smile, "and I believe I'm about the only man alive that understands it. You see, your credit must always be equal to your debts. For example, I owe about fifteen thousand dollars. Now I couldn't owe fifteen thousand dollars unless somebody had given me credit for fifteen thousand dollars, could I? Whatever your debts amount to, somebody must have given you credit for that amount. So your credit must be equal to your debts. Ain't that as plain as A, B, C?" he demanded.

"Sure! That's plain," said Anson, repressing a powerful tendency to grin.

"Well, what then?" Addison inquired with a bright, triumphant air. "If you want more credit all you've got to do is to get more debts. One side of the account must balance the other. Ain't that plain as A, B, C? It took me quite a while to think that out, Anson; but when you once get the idea it's plain as the nose on your face."

"Plain as the nose on your face!" Anson repeated, twisting his beard and wishing heartily that Hi Colvard and Ben Stubbs could be present.

"All right, then! Here I am," said Addison brightly, holding up his left hand with the fingers spread apart and indicating himself as the first finger. "I want more credit. Here you are." He laid the index finger of the right hand against the middle finger of the left to indicate Mr. Soule. "You don't want any more credit. You've got more credit than you need. But you've got debts. You owe wholesale houses for stuff you've bought of 'em; you owe farmers for grain—and so on. You owe for money that's been left in your hands at interest. So I buy from you two or three thousand dollars of your debts, which makes my debts just that much more; consequently my credit is just that much more. Ain't that plain as A, B, C?" As Mr. Soule looked amazed, he added triumphantly: "You can't get away from that proposition. It's plain as the nose on your face!"

"Well," said Mr. Soule soothingly, "I suppose it is." It had occurred to him, indeed, that a man in the inventor's condition might become dangerous at any moment, and he cast a sidelong, nervous glance at the spade; whereupon Addison picked up that implement and laid it across his wet knees.

"But here's one thing you mustn't overlook, Anson," the inventor warned with a shrewd look: "Your debts didn't cost you anything. They never cost you a cent. So it ain't reasonable for you to charge very much for 'em. I was thinking this over last night," he continued with a sagacious air, "and I figured that seven and a half cents on the dollar would be about the right price to pay. I made up my mind to pitch right in and buy quite a lot of debts, so I stopped at the bank and drew some money." Laying the spade on the floor, he stretched out his leg, thrust his hand into his pocket and produced a roll of bills. "Two thousand dollars of your debts at seven and a half cents on the dollar would come to a hundred and fifty dollars," he observed as he counted off the bills. "There you are."

Anson eyed the little pile of bills and glanced at the spade. Obviously it was perfectly good money. He counted the bills over, tucked them into his pocket and said amiably:

"Very well, Addison; very well. Just consider the debts yours."

Addison cocked his head thoughtfully to one side and frowned slightly: "But, you see, I ought to have some evidence of it," he objected—"something I could put in my balance sheet and file away. Like this, say." Reaching over, he rapidly tore a letterhead from the pad on the desk, seized a pen and wrote:

Vale, April 1.

For value received, I, the undersigned, hereby sell, assign, transfer and set over to E. Addison Humphrey debts which I now owe to the amount of two thousand dollars, to have and to hold, to him, the said E. Addison Humphrey, his heirs, successors and assigns forever.

"Something, you see, like that," Addison repeated, picking up the spade.

Mr. Soule glanced over this singular document and affixed his signature. He was a bit nervous until the inventor left the office with the spade tucked under his arm and the debt-assignment in his pocket.

From Mr. Soule's office Addison proceeded up the road to Hiram Colvard's implement warehouse, where he greeted the proprietor cheerfully with the statement that he wished to enlarge his credit by purchasing some debts.

From Mr. Colvard's he returned to the oven plant, where he removed the thick sweater under his shirt and thoroughly warmed himself. He was wearing an overcoat when he appeared upon Main Street and entered successively the drygoods store of Benjamin Stubbs and the jewelry shop of James Pentwell. The next day he went about his business in a conventional manner and seemed to have temporarily recovered his mental balance.

About seven o'clock in the morning of that day Luther P. Morrow—protected against the inclement weather by overshoes, a towsled felt cap, a knit muffler and woolen mittens—hired a horse and buckboard and drove into the country upon his new business of collecting old accounts. Night fell before he returned; and the next morning he was out early again.

Directly after breakfast on the morning of the fourth, he shuffled into Mr. Soule's office and sat down at the desk with an air of virtuous satisfaction.

"Well, sir," he reported, "I've been workin' about twenty-six hours a day on them accounts of yours and I've got a mighty good lot of 'em collected."

Mr. Soule looked surprised

"There was some," Lute explained, "that I couldn't git to see; but I landed pretty near every one that I did see. I always knew I had a special knack at collectin'." While speaking he drew from his coat pocket and laid upon the desk a thick handful of crumpled strips of paper. "There you are," he said cheerfully. "Let's check 'em over now."

Mr. Soule eyed the crumpled strips with astonishment; then reached over and picked up one of them. It was a printed form, executed in the workmanlike manner of the Vindicator job-printing office, the date, name and amount being filled in with indelible pencil, while the signature was in ink. It read as follows:

Vale, April 2.

This certifies that I have sold, assigned, transferred and set over to Wesley Potts twenty-eight dollars and sixty-five cents of the indebtedness of Anson Soule, the same having been duly sold, assigned, transferred and set over by said Anson Soule to me. E. Addison Humphrey.

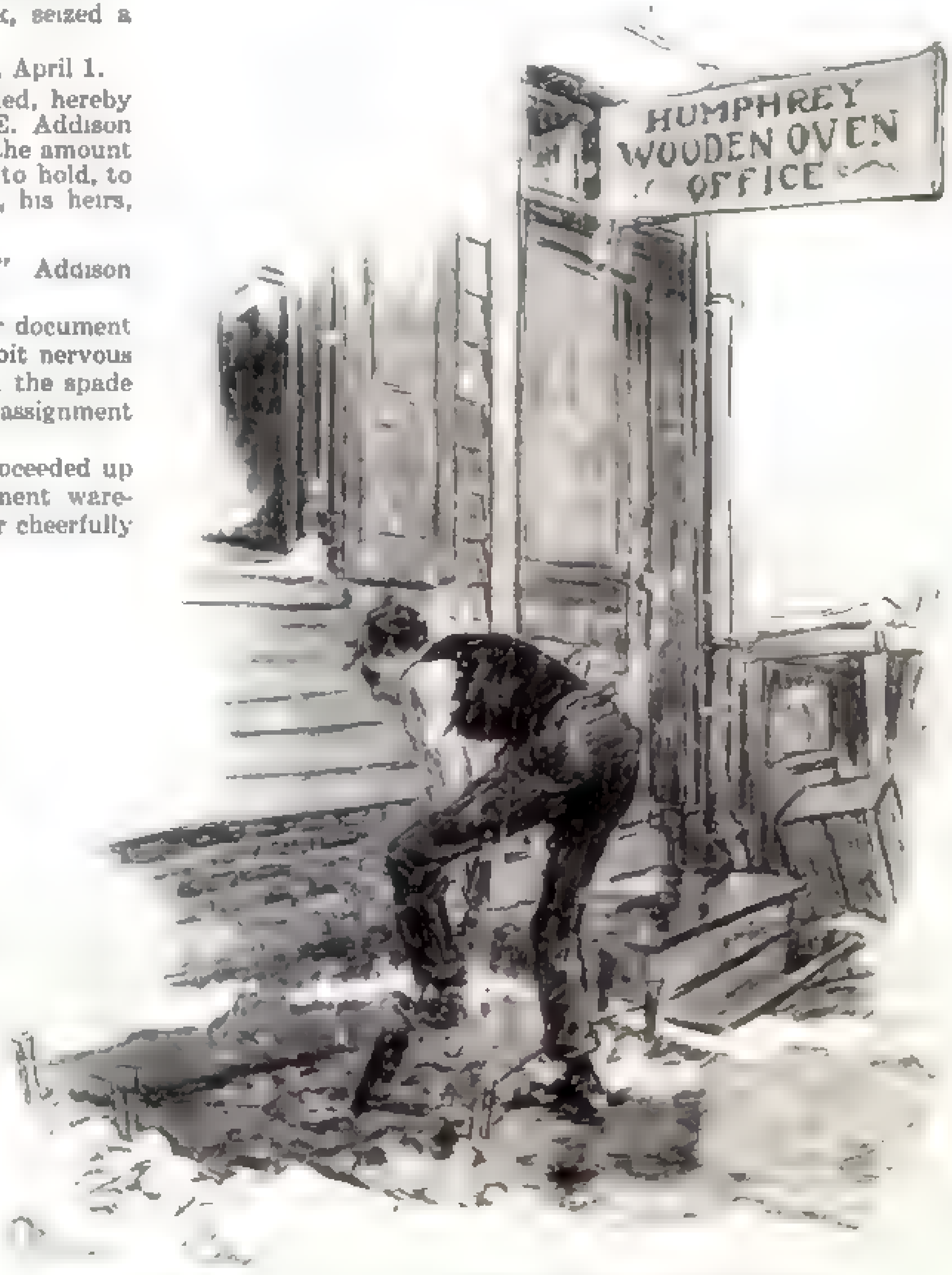
"What's that? What do you mean?" snorted Mr. Soule in anger and amazement.

Lute then looked surprised. "Why, you see, Wesley is payin' his debts to you with your debt to somebody else which he has bought offen Addison Humphrey," he explained innocently.

As Mr. Soule sat speechless and glaring, Lute continued, emphasizing his points by digging his right index finger into the palm of his left hand.

"You see, if you owe me ten dollars and I owe you ten dollars, then the debts cancel themselves and neither of us owes the other anything. Now, supposin' I owe you ten dollars and you owe Ed Dowd ten dollars, and I go to Ed and buy that debt of yours offen him and he signs it over to me. Then you hold my debt for ten dollars and I hold your debt for ten dollars, and the debts cancel themselves, and neither of us owes the other anything. Ain't that plain to you, Anson?" he inquired anxiously. "Now, it appears that Addison Humphrey owns a lot of your debts. So Wes Potts goes to him and buys twenty-eight dollars and sixty-five cents of your debts offen Humphrey, the same as Wes owes you. Then you've got his debt for twenty-eight dollars and sixty-five cents and he's got your debt for twenty-eight dollars and sixty-five cents—and you're just even. Ain't that plain, now?"

(Continued on Page 77)



The Forenoon of April First Addison Resumed His Gardening

Lessons From Our Alien Farmers

How the Dalmatians Have Made an Orchard Empire

By FORREST CRISSEY

A Typical Apple Orchard Near Watsonville, California

IN THE mind of the average American the word Dalmatian identifies a certain breed of spotted dog having pronounced stable attachments rather than a plucky race of mountain-reared people in Europe who have for five centuries consistently raised figs, and trouble for their neighbor, the oppressive Turk. But a busy little colony of these Adriatic people on the central coast of California is doing much to change the mental image provoked by the mention of their racial name from that of a polka-dot dog with horsey tastes to that of a type of swarthy immigrants who have developed a country with a few scattering family orchards into one of the greatest apple empires in the world and incidentally taught the native fathers and native sons of that region the value of their ocean-cooled hillsides.

Something like thirty years ago the first of these newcomers drifted into the Pajaro Valley. He must have found it a pleasant and a fertile land and so reported it to his countrymen, for soon these stocky, dark-skinned men became familiar figures on the Pajaro highways. The farmers, whose herds fed on the hillsides and whose grainfields filled the bottoms along the watercourses, were innocent of any knowledge as to who the Dalmatians were, and consequently set down their strange visitors as Slavs.

When the first scouts of the Dalmatians appeared in the Watsonville district the largest orchard in the whole region was one planted for his personal use by Judge Peckham, a pioneer who had brought his apple appetite with him from the East. This orchard contained eight acres and was regarded by his neighbors as a prodigal waste of land and labor. Few of the settlers had in all more than ten trees and most of them not more than five. But there were enough apple, pear, peach and apricot trees to catch the shrewd eyes of the Dalmatians—especially as the branches were almost literally bowed to the ground with their burden of fruit as the time of harvest approached.

The Coming of the Dalmatians

UNDOUBTEDLY these exiles from the eastern shore of the Adriatic—where all these fruits are produced in marvelous perfection—found a pleasant resemblance between the topography of the Pajaro and that of their own country. Both are nestled between the mountains on the one hand and the ocean on the other, and have the mild and moist climate calculated to mature fruits as no other climate can. But to the invaders the hills of Pajaro looked easy of cultivation by comparison with the rocky mountainsides of Dalmatia. So they decided that they could do things with those hills—but first they would do the trusting settlers, who had grown a harvest ready for their hands.

"The first Dalmatian to enter appearance in our valley," declares the son of Judge Peckham, "had easy picking—at least in a small way. It was at the very beginning of the fruit harvest following the season that had brought the first Slav among us. One day a settler was greeted by a round-faced, dark-skinned stranger who pointed to a heavily loaded apple tree in the dooryard and smilingly offered 'ten cent' for the fruit on the tree. The settler laughed and then said: 'All right—go ahead.' Instantly the Dalmatian produced a dime and went his way. Later it was found that the fruit picked from that tree actually brought its crafty buyer ten dollars. In another instance the prudent buyer paid eight bits for the apples on a big tree and sold them for twenty-five dollars. We didn't know then that the wits of these wanderers had been whetted by generations of trading with contentious Turks, so we were easy at the start. But after one or two of the more inquisitive settlers had traced out the returns received by these alien speculators the apple trade soon shifted to a commercial basis.

"The fact that those Dalmatians bought and sold our apples and made twenty-four hundred per cent on the transaction was the best thing that ever happened to the people of this valley. We owe the Dalmatians a debt of gratitude for it. I do not believe that the easy-going settlers would in any other way have become aroused to a realization of the possible profits in apple orchards. Without just this sort of a jolt it would have taken us many years to learn that our soil would grow nothing so profitably as apples and that it was wasting money to devote our lands to grazing and grain-growing.

"In consequence of this lesson orchard-planting progressed with a sudden and vigorous impulse. This is why most of us feel that we owe our orchard prosperity largely to these Dalmatians, who have steadily increased in numbers and later shifted their methods of operation from buying matured crops to renting orchards for terms of years. And they pay us good rental. Their profits are no longer twenty-four hundred per cent, but still they frankly say that they figure on one hundred per cent profit. They do not always realize this, but they make twenty-five to fifty per cent. The owners have no fault to find with this, for these foreigners are not only adepts at making an orchard produce, but they are just as skillful in finding a market for the crop. They are pushing the apple frontier farther and farther into the remote places of the Old World every year. England is the big market, but these Dalmatians don't stop there. Already they have invaded South Africa, and there is no telling when or where they'll stop. A Dalmatian can pry up the lid of a closed foreign market when a Yankee would meet with a flat failure. They are the best scouts for the American apple in foreign countries that we have, and they are doing a work in that field that will be felt by every American grower of apples of first-class export quality.

"Long-headed apple-growers are wondering if there isn't going to be an over-production when the thousands of acres of young orchards that have lately been planted come into bearing. If all growers and dealers had the Dalmatian's gift of developing foreign trade for American apples there would be no reason to fear an over-production within the next fifty years. Right here is where the native Americans can learn a big lesson from these strays from the Land of the Spotted Dog. About seven hundred cars of choice apples were exported from here during last year. And, remember, the apple-packing industry here is mainly in the hands of the Dalmatians."

Has the Dalmatian delivered the goods in net results in his comparatively brief occupation of the Pajaro hillsides? Taking a list of eight men who "came over in overalls," I handed it to a man who knows the financial secrets of the community and asked: "How much are these men worth? What would be their appraisement from a banking standpoint?" He did some figuring and then replied: "I make it about nine hundred and ten thousand dollars; but another man as well posted as myself might add a hundred thousand or more to that. This would give an average of one hundred and thirteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars to the man.

"The poorest Dalmatian in the list is worth twenty-five thousand and the richest two hundred and fifty thousand or more. If you can find one of those Adriatic Slavs here who hasn't enough money to buy a good Middle West farm you may be sure he hasn't been over long. They certainly do get on fast. They know both the growing and the selling of fruit, and they can't be beaten at either end of the game. They've shown us all along the line things we didn't dream of."

Hereditary Apple Experts

SUCH success is too distinct, too evenly distributed, to be accidental. A little digging into individual history, a few talks with the Dalmatians themselves, easily disclosed the secret. The art of growing and selling fruit is hereditary with them. Insight into fruit-handling is almost a fixed racial trait. It belongs to their race as definitely as do their dark eyes and swarthy skin.

Spraying Apple Trees Near Watsonville, California

Luke Scurich, one of the leading apple men of Watsonville, looks at the matter in this way:

"Why shouldn't the Dalmatian make the best grower and fruit-seller in the world? It would be queer if he didn't. If I could only show you the farm on which I worked before I came here you would see the reason. Talk about intensive cultivation—over there everything is cultivated intensively, excepting the children! I guess there's where they invented it. Anyhow, they've been at it for a good many centuries. They would have starved if they hadn't.

"American tourists, stopping at the big hotel down at Del Monte, often come here in their automobiles to see the twelve thousand acres of apples in the Pajaro Valley in bloom and in fruit. They declare they have never seen such cultivation before. Operating an orchard on one of our hillsides here looks like a tough proposition to them. But this idea makes me smile—the work over here is so easy compared with what we did at home.

"Why, back there we build our fields—lots of them—right on the sides of the mountains. Farms there are owned in spots. I know a man whose farm is in a dozen different places. As a farmhand I helped to build more than one field. It's done this way: Here's a little ledge on the mountainside, say half an acre in size. Quite a little soil has collected there. The dirt has washed down from higher up on the mountain and has collected a little more each season. A farmer from the San Joaquin Valley or from Illinois couldn't see anything but stones and rocks there.

"But to the Dalmatian farmer that little ledge is a big find. He hustles out the whole family—and the hired man, too, if he is well enough off to have one. The children pick up the smaller stones and the men and women take the bigger ones. Generally the farmer has to use a little powder to blast out the big rocks; but powder is expensive and muscle is cheap there, so he goes light on the blasting. If the job is a big one he calls in the neighbors to help out, later turning about and giving them an equal exchange in his own labor. The stones and rocks are carried to the edge of the ledge and built into a retaining wall from three to six feet high. Frequent loopholes are left in the face of this wall, especially if it happens to be a high one. Into every one of these holes is put a grapevine. But first the farmer has to build his field.

"He is a lucky man who finds soil enough on one of these ledges for a field. Generally it is too shallow. His next task is to fill in behind the wall. He has made the dish to hold his field, now he has to fill it with dirt. If he has a team of stunted little mules or bulls he is a fairly big farmer. Most of them have only half a team—one animal. When heavy hauling has to be done he calls on his neighbor for the other half of a team. They hook up together and go out skirmishing for dirt among the rocks higher up the steep mountain roads. Perhaps they may find the whole wagonload in one spot. If not they scoop it up from half a dozen places where it has lodged between the stones."

Hand-Made Farms

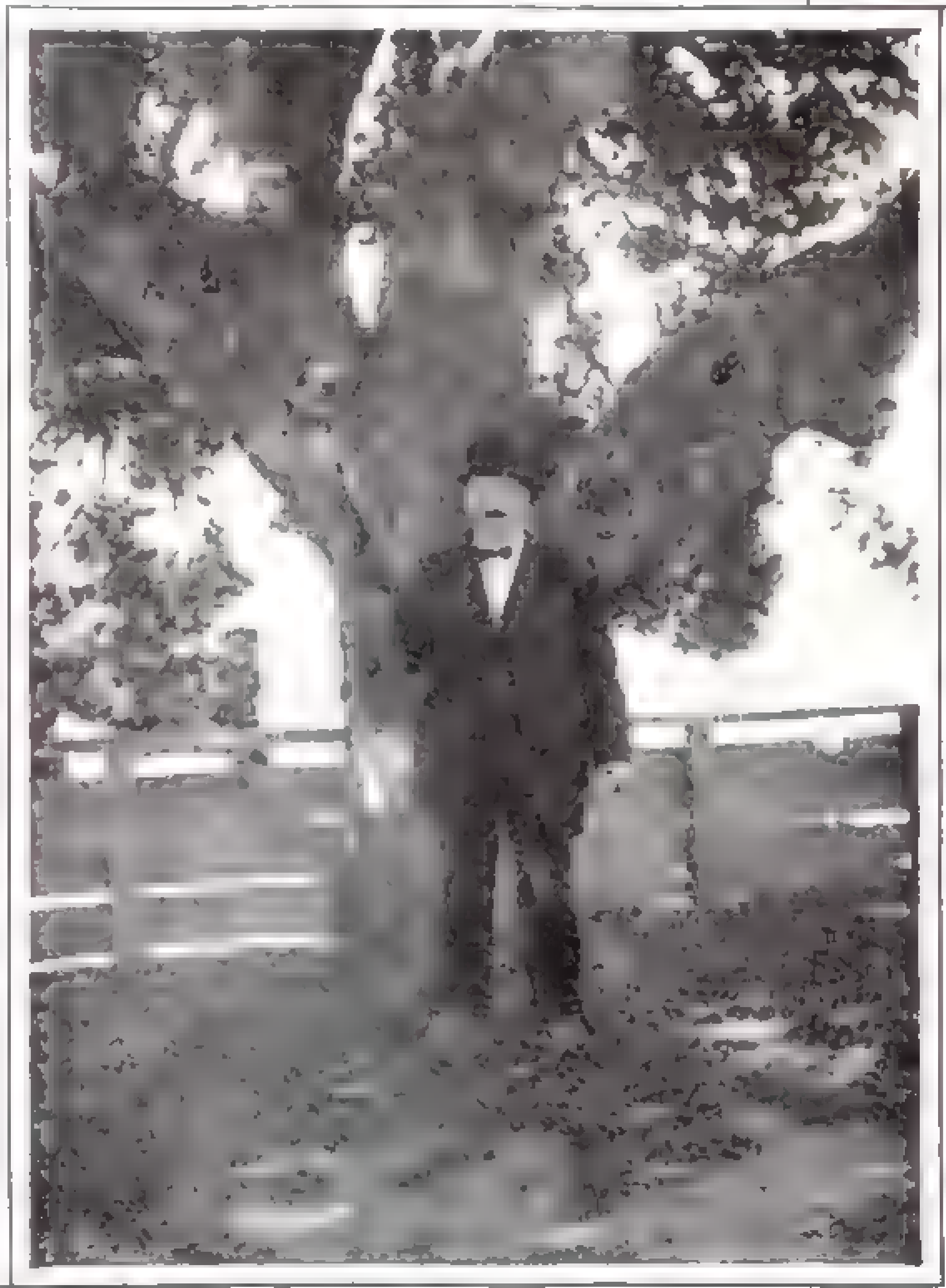
"BUT many a man who builds a field hasn't half a team. In that case he, his wife and every other able-bodied member of the family go out with sacks, fill them and pack the soil on their backs. Every spoonful of dirt procured this way is the best soil in the world. But this is only the basis of the field. In the fall, just as soon as the trees shed their leaves, the woods are full of men, women and children with wagons or sacks that are packed full of leaves. Stooped shoulders and bent backs are fashionable in Dalmatia. Balancing a bag of leaves as big as a feather bed on one's head and shoulders and carrying it down a steep mountain trail is a mighty serious part of intensive cultivation as we have it back there.

"These are put under a shed and a few handfuls of some sort of grain are scattered into them. Then the pigs are turned loose in this mass of leaves and they work it over and over all winter long in order to find the kernels of grain with which it has been baited. By spring it has been reduced to a fertilizer that would put sprouts on a telegraph pole. Then it is carried to the field and carefully worked into the dirt already inclosed by the terraced wall at the front and the mountainside at the back. Soil that has been compounded in this way has a strength and richness that enable a Dalmatian to grow more stuff to the square foot than the American grows to the square yard of his soil.

In the Dalmatian Apple Country

"All round the edge of the terrace, just inside the wall, a row of apple, fig and olive trees is generally planted. These trees not only are put close to the wall, but they are put much closer together than we would think of planting trees here in America. All this is to save space; and it can be done because the soil will stand it, with the cultivation and the fertilization that are maintained every month of the year. Not an inch of space is wasted in one of those gardens. The rows are so close together that you can just get a hoe between them. But the gardener over there isn't satisfied merely to save space on the soil; just as far as possible he grows the things that are what you might call continuous producers. For example, there is a kind of kale that is a great favorite over there. It sends up a tall stalk that keeps on sending out new growths as fast as you pick from it. One of these stalks will live for years. The quantity of fruit and vegetables produced by one of these little terraced patches is almost beyond belief. It would stagger an American from the Middle West, and so would the yield of grain from soil prepared as I have described.

"But to get back to the fruit trees. Every fruit tree in Dalmatia is a separate, individual and almost personal thing, and everything is given individual treatment too. Every member of the family knows each tree and its history and habits just as he knows every pig and sheep and goat by name. In the family talk a particular tree will perhaps be referred to as 'the one that grandfather planted,' or 'the tree that the Bishop sat under,' or 'the sick tree.' Now all this doesn't seem so very important, but just the same it counts for a whole lot in bringing up one generation of children after another who come to know the trees in a close, personal sort of a way. When a boy knows the history of a tree, and especially after he has carried one sack of manure after another and worked it carefully into the soil about the roots of each tree, a first-hand tree knowledge soaks into him. He can't help it. Then, too, when a farmer has only a few trees, and the biggest part of the money income of the family must come from them, the question as to what a certain tree will yield becomes a matter of considerable importance in that household. Every tree is watched and nursed and nourished like a baby. Taking care of a border of trees on a little mountain farm in Dalmatia will teach a boy more about making trees produce big yields than almost any other schooling I can think of; and selling figs, olive oil and wine profitably to Turkish buyers is as good an education in fruit-trading as anybody needs to have.



Matteo Lettunich, a Successful Dalmatian Apple-Grower in California

"Here I have two hundred acres of apple orchards under long-time lease, and I know that my training over in Dalmatia as a boy and young man is one of the biggest assets I have in the business, and my schooling there counts for just as much when it comes to buying the products of an orchard outright. I buy outright just as many apples as I raise in the orchards that I have under rental. In the Pajaro Valley the practice of buying the apple crop 'on the blossom' is common. All of the native Americans about here and many of the Dalmatians will tell you that this kind of buying is all a gamble. It may be with some buyers, but it isn't with all of them. I've watched and studied fruit buds and blossoms from earliest boyhood—too long to admit that I can't form any reasonable idea from a blossom whether it is going to bring forth a good sample of fruit. I guess there must be something of instinct or second nature about it, for I don't believe I could put into words just how my judgment is formed. I can only suggest it in a vague way by saying that the best blossoms are broad and have good long stems, while the false blossoms have a different look. The knack of judging an apple crop 'on the blossom' isn't a thing that a man can pick up in a day or get out of a book. My notion of it is that this ability comes from the kind of life that the farm boy lives in that part of Dalmatia from which I came. We were close up against the mountains of Montenegro, and our ancestors for a good many generations back have been building and working these little mountain-shelf farms and getting the biggest part of their money income from their hand-tended fruit trees."

Farm Girls in Dalmatia

Selling Crops on the Blossom

A CONFIRMED Wall Street speculator might get a very fair thrill from a transaction in apples "on the blossom" as it is done by the Dalmatians in the Pajaro Valley. When the orchard is a riot of bloom the buyer appears for an inspection, upon his analysis of which he stands to make or to lose thousands of dollars. Instinctively he makes his detailed inspection first to answer the question: Are the blossoms of a character and quantity to promise a full crop of standard grade? He pulls a few blooms apart, notes the number of them set on several fruit spurs, carries his calculations progressively from spur to branch and from branch to tree, and at length arrives at an estimate of the number of boxes of apples that the tree will yield. Then his eye takes in the general condition of the tree as to health and ruggedness. The color and texture of both bark and foliage are as significant to his trained eye as is the color of a patient's skin to a skillful physician.

Next he makes a general survey of the orchard as a whole, walking slowly between the rows and keeping a sharp eye out for signs of variation in the character or the abundance of blossoms or in the condition of the trees. He knows by heart the performance record of that orchard for several years back—probably ever since it came into bearing—knows its age, its varieties and the kind of care it has had. The Dalmatian buyer who resorts to the use of a pencil in making his estimate "on the blossom" of an orchard's producing power is an exception and new at the game. Almost invariably it is a matter of mental arithmetic—an offhand transaction closed as quickly and informally as a deal in the wheat pit.

These "on the blossom" trades seldom if ever fall below three thousand dollars, excepting in the case of very young orchards just coming into bearing, and they are more likely to involve two or three times that amount for each orchard.

Renting contracts run into larger figures, for the reason that they cover a term of years. It is an irresistibly comfortable feeling for the American who has reached middle life and seen his share of hard work to know that he can sit tight for several years and receive a sure and definite income from his land—and one generous enough to enable him to live abroad and travel the earth over if he likes.

This is, perhaps, the main reason why many native Americans who own orchard lands in the ocean-protected Pajaro Valley are content to turn them over into the hands of Dalmatians, when they know to a moral certainty that such a course is generally equivalent to dividing the returns generously with the tenant. An orchard doesn't have to be a large one to give its owner a good income. Under the terms of most of the Dalmatian leases, the tenant does all of the cultivating, fertilizing, pruning, spraying, thinning and harvesting.

Occasionally the American owner of a Pajaro Valley orchard may be found who insists upon keeping the pruning, fertilizing, cultivating and spraying of the orchard in his own hands, instead of delegating it to the Dalmatian tenant.

"Why do you do this?" one of these men was asked. "Because you think you can do it better than the Dalmatian?"

"No," was the quick answer; "nobody can beat those boys in the art of pumping apples out of a tree. But most good things can be overdone. When my orchard is turned back to me at the end of my lease I want to feel sure that it is in better and sounder shape than when the lease began. I don't say that all or many of our Adriatic friends would deliberately over-stimulate an orchard in the closing years of their lease; but I feel that some would do it, and so I take no chances. They are clever enough to do it to a finish if their scruples don't happen to prevent them."

If Matteo Lettunich were a Celestial he would be known as the "boss man" of his people in the Pajaro country. But, being a Dalmatian, he is simply a friend and adviser of his fellow Adriatics and is a splendid type of his race. His present worldly estate stands out in sharp contrast against the barren background of his boyhood and youth, and he looks to be still a young man at that.

At sixteen he left the little fruit farm in Dalmatia on which he had been reared, and headed for America. A cousin had come on before him, and he expected to look up his prosperous relative and achieve a little reflected prosperity. His own country having less than five thousand square miles of territory—not enough to make a really respectable county in a Western state—the task of crossing America to California did not seem a difficult one to the immigrant lad. But when he had passed through Castle Garden the immensity of the new country overwhelmed him. There was nothing to do but to get work at once and let the quest of the cousin wait. His first job was behind the handles of a freight truck in a transfer station. But soon he found an easier berth as water-boy with a construction gang. From his first month's wages of twenty dollars he saved six dollars—and fixed the saving habit. Later he shipped to Panama on a freight steamer, crossed the Isthmus and worked his way to San Francisco. Here he not only found work washing dishes in a restaurant, but found friends of his own race. It seemed something like getting home to hear his own tongue spoken again.

From dish-washer he advanced to waiter and then to cook. At the end of two years on the Pacific Coast he had saved enough money to join a Dalmatian friend at Eureka, California, where he started a coffee-house. It was small, but a money-maker, and he soon began to use his surplus profits in buying apples. Finally he sold his coffee-house and his other interests and returned to Dalmatia. But after the novelty of visiting had dulled he was drawn back to America again—this time to the Pajaro Valley, where with his cousin he went into apples in earnest.

Now he leases fully seven hundred acres of orchards, has one hundred and thirty acres of his own, and buys enough "on the blossom" to make up almost six hundred carloads in a season.

(Continued on Page 69)

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

JOHNNY GAMBLE INFLATES SOME INFLATED VALUES

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"I DON'T know much about bookkeeping, but I guess this will do," observed Johnny Gamble, passing over his first attempt for inspection.

Loring examined the little book with keen enjoyment. Johnny had opened an account with himself and had made five entries. On the debit side appeared the following items:

April 22.	To three working hours	$15,000
April 23.	Sunday.	
April 24.	To desk rent	38
April 24.	To seven working hours	35,000

On the credit side was this:

April 22.	By skinning Paul Gresham—good work .	$15,000

"How is it?" asked Gamble anxiously.

"Good work!" pronounced Loring with a chuckle. "They may not teach this sort of bookkeeping in commercial colleges. Their kind is stiff and dry. This has personality. Why am I two dollars shy, though? I thought you were to take forty days to make your million dollars?"

"That's right," admitted Johnny; "seven hours on weekdays and three on Saturdays—two hundred hours at five thousand an hour. I started on Saturday, however. Today is Monday. This morning is when I begin to use your deskroom. Here's your dollar a day until four P. M., May thirty-first." And he handed Loring thirty-eight dollars.

"You're not really going to try that absurd stunt?" protested Loring incredulously.

"I have to. Miss Joy will think I'm a four-flusher if I don't."

"Miss Joy again!" laughed Loring. "You only met her Saturday and I don't think you've thought of another thing since."

"Gresham and her million," corrected Johnny. "Also, the million I have to make to replace the one she loses if she should happen not to marry him."

"That was a queer will," mused Loring. "Her Aunt Gertrude must have been crazy to provide that she must marry Gresham or forfeit the inheritance."

"She was a bug about old families, Polly Parsons told me," explained Johnny wearily. "Gresham is eighty-fourth cousin to a lord. Great Scott! There's an hour gone! That's five thousand!" and he started for the door.

"Where are you going—if anybody should ask for you?" inquired Loring.

"Fourth National."

"To deposit that fifteen thousand you made from the sale of Gresham's property on Saturday?" Loring hastily inquired.

"No," laughed Gamble. "Polly took that away from me."

"That's a good, safe place for it," returned Loring, relieved.

"Safe as the mint," corroborated Johnny, and hurried out.

As he went up the steps of the Fourth National Bank a pallid-faced young man, with eyebrows, eyelashes and hair so nearly the color of his skin that they were invisible, watched him out of the window of a taxi which had been standing across the street ever since the bank had opened. As soon as Johnny entered the door the young man gave a direction to the driver, and the taxi hurried away.

"You Mustn't Wait! You Must Get Rid of it Right this Minute"

President Close was conservatively glad to see Johnny. He was a crisp-faced man, with an extremely tight-cropped gray mustache; and not a single crease in his countenance was flexible in the slightest degree. He had an admiration amounting almost to affection for Johnny—provided the promising young man did not want money.

"Good morning," he greeted his caller. "What can we do for you today?" And in great haste he mentally reviewed the contents of credit envelope G-237. That envelope, being devoted to Mr. Gamble, contained a very clear record; so Mr. Close came as near to smiling as those cast-iron creases would allow.

"Want to give the Fourth National as a reference," returned Johnny cheerfully.

"I see," assented Mr. Close, immediately ceasing to smile; for now approached the daily agony of life—the grudging of credit. "I see; I see. Do you propose engaging in a new venture?"

"Just as often as I can find one," stated Johnny briskly.

Mr. Close looked at him with stern disapproval.

"That does not sound like a very stable frame of mind," he chided. "What do you propose to do first?"

"A twenty-story hotel."

"That runs into millions!" gasped Close, and reached out to touch a button upon his desk; but Johnny Gamble stayed that hand.

"You're after my balance," he said. "It's twelve dollars and thirty-seven cents."

"Well, you see, Mr. Gamble, under the circumstances——" hesitated Mr. Close.

"I know," interrupted the applicant; "you can only say I'm good for twelve-thirty-seven. I don't ask you to back me. If anybody 'phones you, just say I'm a good boy."

Mr. Close almost smiled again.

"So far as the moral risk is concerned I shall have no hesitation in speaking most highly of you," he granted.

"And don't laugh when you say it," Johnny admonished, smiling cheerfully, for he knew that Close always did better than he promised. "Tell them this, can't you?—I've banked with you for five years. I've run about a ton of money through your shop. I've been broke a dozen times and I never left a debt behind me. I've been trusted and I always made good. I guess you could say all that if you stopped to take a couple of breaths, couldn't you?"

"I shall certainly say those things if I am asked about them," replied Mr. Close, considering them carefully, one by one. "Don't hesitate to refer to me. I'll do the best I conscientiously can for you."

II

JOHNNY stood waiting for the stream of the traffic to stop for the cross-current, so that he could go over to the subway, when a big blue touring car stopped just in front of him and the driver, a hearty young woman all in blue, including plumes and shoes, hailed him joyously.

"Jump in, Johnny!" she invited. "I found a four-leaf clover this morning—and here I'm lucky already. Sammy, run into the drug store for some chocolates. Johnny, sit up here with me."

Sammy Chirp, who tied his own cravats and did them nicely, smiled feebly in recognition of Johnny Gamble, lugged Miss Polly Parsons' bouquet, parasol, fan, handbag and coat back into the tonneau and went upon his errand.

"Thanks, Sammy," said Johnny, and clambered into young Chirp's place in the car. "Where are you going to take me?"

"Any place you say," rejoined Polly.

"Drive over on Seventh Avenue, then," he directed. "There's a lot of shack property around the new terminal station. I want to build a smashing big hotel over there. I don't see why somebody hasn't done it."

Polly puzzled over that matter considerably herself.

"It doesn't seem possible that New York would overlook a bet like that," she declared and, obeying the traffic policeman's haughty gesture, turned briskly off Broadway.

"Why not?" he demanded. "New York grabs a cinch. The cinch has been kicking around loose for fifty years. New York pats herself on the pink bald spot. 'Nothing gets by me!' she says."

"New York's the best town in the world!" Polly flared.

"I wasn't insulting your friend," apologized Johnny, and looked at his watch. "Great Scott! It's ten-thirty!" he exploded. "I owe myself seventy-five hundred dollars. All I've done is to decide on a Terminal Hotel Company. Want some stock, Polly?"

"I'll take all I can reach if you're leading it around," she assured him. "I can't take much, but I'll make Daddy Parsons go in, and I'll be a nuisance to every moneyed man I know."

"By-the-way, where's the fifteen thousand I made Saturday?" Johnny asked.

"In my bank," she replied. "I just deposited it."

"Why did you take it away from me—if it's any of my business?" he wanted to know.

"I was afraid they'd snatch it from you," she returned. "Gresham was all peeved up because you took fifteen thousand away from him in front of Constance at the races, Saturday. Loring saw Gresham and your old partner talking together immediately afterward; and he told me that they might frame up some crooked scheme to grab the money I didn't have a chance to explain, so I asked you to indorse the check to me."

"Do you think Collaton's crooked?" Johnny asked with a queer smile.

"I can think he's crooked without batting an eyelash. I can think it about Gresham too."

"Why do you have that idea about Gresham?"

"Because I don't like him," she triumphantly argued.

"Shake!" invited Johnny. "I know six reasons why I can do without him. What are your six?"

"One is because I don't like him, and another is because he's going to marry Constance, and the other four are because I don't like him," she carefully summed up.

"Does Constance say he's going to marry her?" he inquired crisply.

"Not in so many words."

"Then I don't believe it. I wouldn't marry him for six millions."

"Constance can't be so careless. If they break you they can't sprint fast enough to keep it; but if they take it away from Constance she's broke."

"It's ten-forty!" groaned Johnny. "I'm slow on that million. Constance'll think I'm loafing."

"Is she interested?"

"She promised last night to keep score. Gresham was there. I looked, any minute, to see him bite himself in the neck and die of poison. Polly, he can't have her!"

"You'd better tell Constance about that," laughed Polly. "Why, Johnny, you had never seen her or heard of her forty-eight hours ago!"

"I know; I didn't have the right chances when I was young!"

Polly gazed upon him admiringly.

"I've seen swift love affairs before, but you've set a new record!" she exclaimed. "Well, I'm for you, Johnny. Since poor Billy's parents adopted me and made me a cousin of Constance, I can trot up her stone steps any minute; and she treats me as if I'd had my first bottle in a pink-silk boudoir. I'll make it my business to run up there twice a day and boost for you."

"Don't be too strong!" Johnny hastily warned her. "Boost half of the time if you want to, but be sure and knock the other half."

"I guess it would be better," soberly agreed Polly—"even with Constance. Here's your terminal station. Pick out your corner and drive a claim stake."

Polly obligingly drove slowly around three sides of the huge new terminal. Directly opposite the main entrance was a vacant plot of ground, with a frontage of an entire block and a depth of four hundred feet. Big white signs upon each corner told that it was for sale by Mallard & Tyne. They stopped in front of this location, while both Johnny and Polly ranged their eyes upward, by successive steps, to the roof garden which surmounted the twentieth story of Johnny's imaginary Terminal Hotel.

"It's a nifty-looking building, Johnny!" she complimented him as they turned to each other with sheepish smiles.

"I'm going to tear it down and put up a better one," he briskly told her. "I'll hand you a piece of private information. If the big railroad company which built this terminal station don't own that blank space it's a fool—and I don't think it is. If it does the property will be held forever for the increase in value. Let's look at these other blocks. The buildings on the one next to it are worth about a plugged nickel apiece and that would make exactly as good a location."

"But, Johnny; you couldn't build a hotel in forty days!"

"Build it! I don't want to. I only want to promote it."

"Does a promoter never build?" asked Polly.

"Not if he can escape," replied Johnny. "All a promoter ever wants to do is to collect the first ninety-nine years' profits and promote something else. Drive me up to the address on that real-estate sign and I'll pay you whatever the clock says and let you go."

"The clock says a one-pound box of chocolates," she promptly estimated. "Wait, though. I did send for some!" And she looked back into the tonneau. "Why, drat it all! I mislaid Sammy!" she gasped.

III

BY THREE o'clock Johnny Gamble had acquired so much hotel information that his head seemed stuffed. Every bright-eyed financier in the city had nursed the happy thought of a terminal hotel and had made tentative plans—and had jerked back with quivering tentacles; for all the property in that neighborhood was about a thousand degrees Fahrenheit. The present increase of value and that of the next half century had been gleefully anticipated, and the fortunate possessor of a ninety-nine-year lease on a peanut-stand felt that he was providing handsomely for his grandchildren.

Mr. Gamble detailed these depressing facts to his friend Loring with much vigor and picturesqueness.

"The trouble with New York is that everybody wants to collect the profits which are going to be made," Loring sagely concluded.

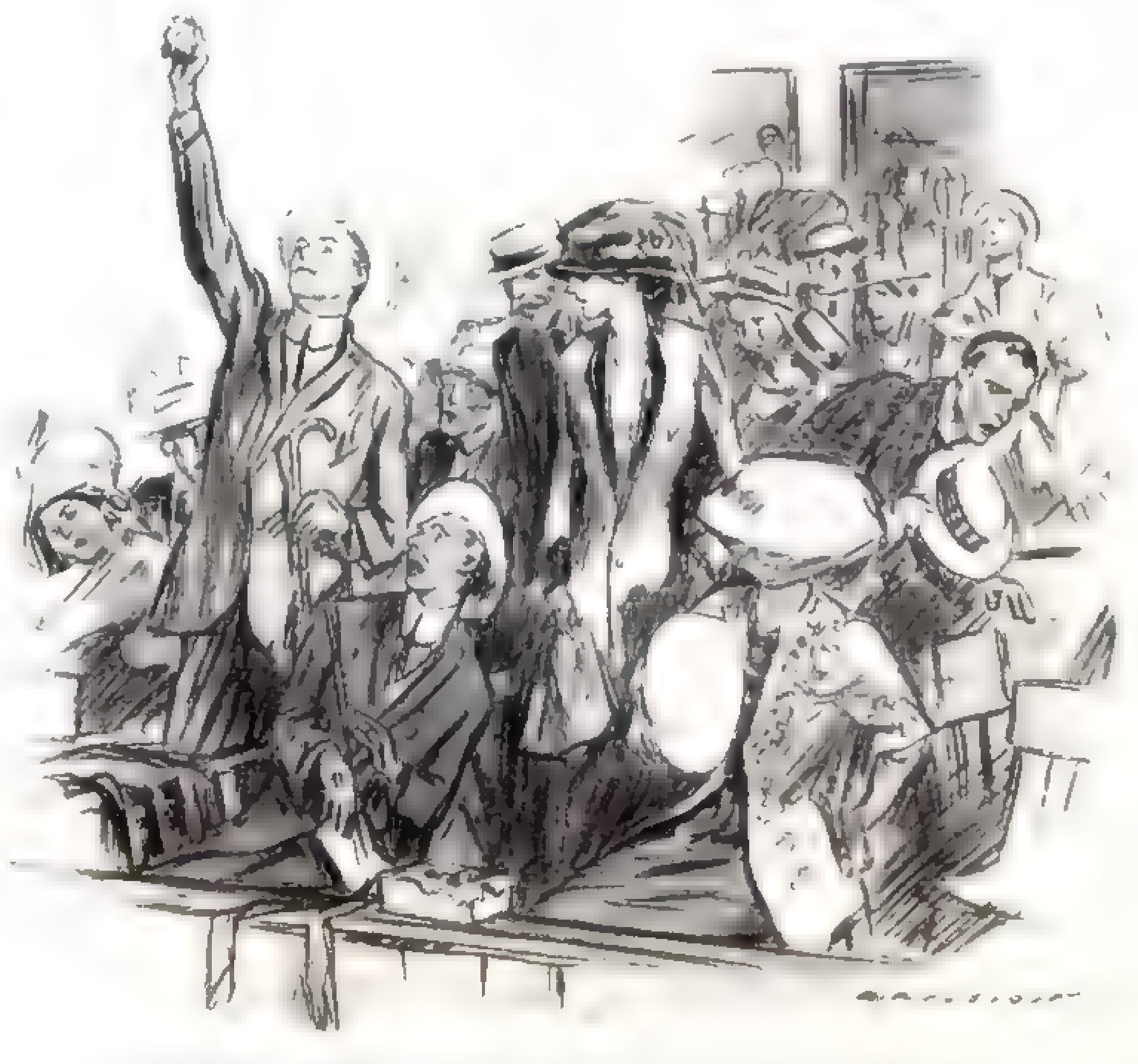
"It's the only way they can get even," Johnny informed him. "Well, that's the regular handicap. Guess I'll have to take it."

"You don't mean to try to promote a hotel against such inflated values!" protested Loring.

"Why not?" returned Johnny. "That section has to have a hotel. The sporty merchants from a thousand little cities will pay the freight."

"I guess so," agreed Loring thoughtfully. "Well, good luck to you, Johnny! By-the-way, President Close, of the Fourth National, has called you up twice this afternoon. I suppose he's gone by now."

"No; I think he stays to sweep out for the gold dust," surmised Johnny, and telephoned to the bank. Mr. Close, however, had gone home an hour before.



Gamble, Who Had Captained His Village Nine, Had That Ball Out of the Air

"He's sensible," approved Loring, putting away his papers. "This weather would tempt a mole outdoors. I'm going to the ball game. Better come along."

"Too frivolous for me," declared Johnny, eying his little book regretfully. "There's a thirty-five-thousand-dollar day almost gone. All I can credit myself with is a flivver. I'm going to stay right here and figure hotel."

At three-thirty Loring returned.

"So you're not going to the game, Johnny?" he observed with a sly smile.

"At five thousand an hour! Nev-ver!"

"Too bad," regretted Loring still smiling. "I just saw Constance and Polly. They're going out."

Johnny promptly slammed several sheets of figures into a drawer.

"Is there room for me in your car?" he asked anxiously.

"Val Russel and Bruce Townley are with me. There's plenty of room—but you really ought to stay here and figure on your hotel," Loring advised him.

"I can figure any place," stated Johnny briskly, and put away his little book. "Are we ready?"

IV

THE eyes of Constance Joy lighted with pleasure as she saw the group which filed into the box adjoining the one in which she sat with Polly Parsons, Paul Gresham, Colonel Bouncer and Sammy Chirp; and Gresham watched her discontentedly as she shook hands with Gamble. He did not like the cordiality of that handshake, or yet the animation of her countenance. Neither did he like her first observation, which consisted not of any remarks about health or the weather, but about Johnny's intimate personal affairs.

"How is the million dollars coming on?" she had interestedly inquired, and then sat down in Gresham's own chair, next to the dividing rail. "You know, I promised to keep score for you."

"You may mark me a goose-egg for today," replied Johnny, sitting comfortably beside her with only the thin board partition between them.

Gresham, his dark eyebrows meeting in a sinister line across his forehead, smiled with grim satisfaction.

"People with money seem to be watching it on Mondays," he observed.

"They have to sleep some time," Polly quickly reminded him. "Your day for a nap was Saturday."

"I'm guilty," admitted Gresham with a frowning glance at Johnny. "My trance, day before yesterday, cost me fifteen thousand. I shan't forget it soon."

"I'll bet you never will!" Polly agreed.

"Johnny was awake that day," declared Colonel Bouncer, laughing heartily and reaching over to slap Gamble affectionately on the shoulder. "He's fifteen thousand better off; and I guess he won't forget that in a hurry."

"I've forgotten it now," asserted Johnny. "Colonel, I want to talk with you about some stock in a big hotel opposite the new terminal station."

"Bless my soul—*so!*" almost shouted the Colonel. "I nearly got tangled up in my friend Courtney's terminal hotel scheme—and I'm scared yet."

"Courtney?" repeated Johnny. "That's the name they gave me at Mallard & Tyne's office this afternoon. They told me that he has tied up the only available block the railroad company overlooked."

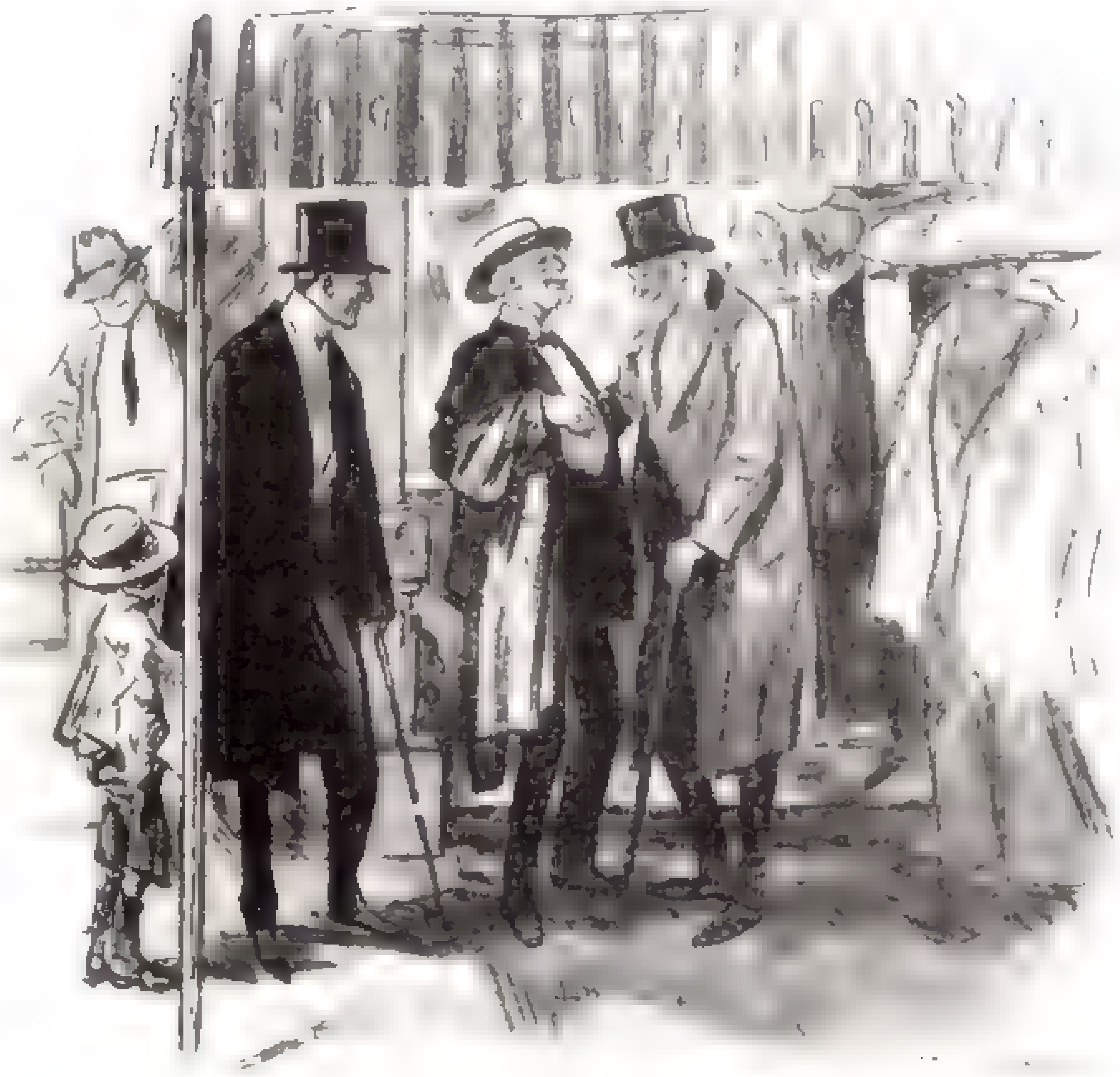
"Tied it up!" exploded the Colonel. "Bless my soul, it has him tied up! Courtney's company blew so high that none of the pieces have come down yet. Meantime his enthusiasm is likely to cost him a round two and a quarter million dollars."

"He must have had a high fever," commented Johnny. "How could a man be so forgetful of that much money?"

"He thought his friends were game," explained the Colonel; "and, in spite of his long and successful business experience, he overlooked the difference between a promise and a promissory note. He nailed his stock subscribers down with hasty conversation only, and then rushed off and grabbed the six collected parcels of that block, for fear it might get away before he had his company legally organized."

"And now he can't unspike it," guessed Johnny smilingly. "Watch out, Colonel."

There was a lively scramble in the two boxes as the first foul tip of the game whizzed directly at them.



"At That Hour We Sold it Outright to Morton Washer for a Cool Half-Million Profit"

Gamble, who had captained his village nine, had that ball out of the air and was bowing jovially to the applause before Gresham had quite succeeded in squeezing himself down behind the door of the box.

Naturally it was Polly who led the applause; and Constance shocked the precise Gresham by joining in heartily.

She was looking up at Johnny with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks when Gresham came out of his cyclone cellar—and, if he had disliked Gamble before, now he hated him.

It is a strange feature of the American national game that the more perfectly it is played the duller it is. This was a pitchers' battle; and the game droned along, through inning after inning, with seldom more than three men to bat in each half, while the scoreboard presented a most appropriate double procession of naughts. Spectators, warmly praising that smoothly oiled mechanical process of one, two, three and out, and telling each other that this was a great game, nevertheless yawned and dropped their scorecards, and put away their pencils, and looked about the grandstand in search of faces they knew.

In such a moment Colonel Bouncer, who had come into this box because of a huge admiration for Polly and an almost extravagant respect for Constance, and who had heartily wished himself out of it during the last two or three innings, now happily discovered a familiar face only a few rows back of him. "By George, Johnny, there's Courtney now!" he announced.

Gamble looked with keen interest.

"Do you mean that gentleman with the ruddy face and the white beard?" he inquired.

"That's the old pirate," asserted the Colonel.

"Why, that's the man you wanted to introduce me to at the racetrack in Baltimore Saturday."

"Bless my heart, so I did!" he remembered. "I thought it might relieve him to tell his troubles to you. It isn't too late yet. Come on up and I'll introduce you—that is, unless you want to watch this game."

"I'm pleased to pass up this game till somebody makes an error," Johnny willingly decided. "If they'll hand out a base on balls and a safe bunt and hit a batter, so as to get three men on bases with two out, and then muff a high fly out against the fence, and boot the ball all over the field while four of the Reds gallop home—I'll stay and help lynch the umpire; otherwise not. Show me to your friend Courtney." He turned to take courteous leave of the others and his eyes met the friendly glance of Constance.

"Let's catch Mr. Courtney at the end of the game," he suggested to the Colonel; and then, turning directly to Constance, he added with a laugh: "I think I'll play hooky. I don't want to break up the party."

"If you think you see an opportunity for that million, the official scorer insists upon saying goodby," she laughed in return, and held out her hand.

Johnny shook the hand with both pleasure and reluctance, and obediently left.

"I'm offering my pet vanity parasol against a sliver of chewing-gum on Johnny," Polly confided to Loring. "I could see it in his eye that Mr. Courtney will be invited to help him make that million."

"Somebody ought to warn Courtney," Gresham commented sarcastically.

"Why warn him?" demanded Loring. "I'll guarantee that any proposition Johnny makes him will be legitimate."

"No doubt," agreed Gresham. "A great many sharp practices are considered legitimate nowadays."

"I object, also, to the term 'sharp practices,'" responded Loring warmly. "I don't believe there's a man in New York with a straighter and cleaner record than Gamble's. Every man with whom he has ever done business, except possibly yourself, speaks highly of him and would trust him to any extent; and he does not owe a dollar in the world."

"Doesn't he?" snarled Gresham. "There's an unsatisfied attachment for fifteen thousand dollars resting against him at the Fourth National Bank at this very moment."

Loring's indignation gave way immediately to grave concern.

"So that's why Close was trying to get him on the 'phone all afternoon!" he mused.

"Mr. Gresham," called Polly sharply, "how do you come to know about this so quickly?"

Gresham cursed himself and the blind hatred which had led him into making this slip; and he was the more uncomfortable because not only Loring and Polly but Constance had turned upon him gravely questioning eyes.

"Such things travel very rapidly in commercial circles," he lamely explained.

"I had no idea that you were a commercial circle," retorted Polly. "I wonder who's crooked." Gresham laughed shortly. "It isn't Johnny!" she indignantly asserted. "I know how Johnny's fifteen thousand was saved from this attachment, but I wouldn't tell where it is—even here."

Polly and Loring looked at each other understandingly.

"I suppose that was an old Gamble-Collaton account," Loring surmised with another speculative glance at Gresham. "I am quite certain that Johnny knows nothing whatever of this claim—let alone the attachment. The operations of his big irrigation failure were so extensive that, with the books lost, he can never tell when an additional claim may be filed against him. If suit is made in an obscure court, and Collaton, who hasn't a visible dollar, answers summons and confesses judgment for the firm, Johnny has no recourse."

"Except to repudiate payment," suggested Gresham with a shrug of his shoulders.

"I wish he would," returned Loring impatiently. "I wish he would let me handle his affairs in my own way."

"He won't," Polly despaired.

"Tell me, Mr. Loring," interposed Constance who had been silently thoughtful all this while; "would this unpaid attachment at Mr. Gamble's bank interfere with his present success if Mr. Courtney—or any one else whom Mr. Gamble might try to interest—were to hear of it?"

"It might—and very seriously," returned Loring.

The long somnolent game was suddenly awakened by two blissful errors, which gave the audience something to jeer at. A tally slipped home for Boston. A sharp double play redeemed the errors and closed the inning. The first man up for the Yankees drove a clean two-bagger down the right foul line; the second man laid down his life nobly with a beautiful bunt; the Boston pitcher gave a correct imitation of Orville Wright and presented free rides to the next two Highlanders; big Sweeney stalked to bat—and the congregation prayed, standing. Under cover of all this quivering excitement, and with Gresham more absorbed than ever upon the foul which might yet slay him, Constance turned to Polly with an intent decisiveness which was quite new to her.

"Arrange it so that I may go home in Mr. Loring's car," she directed.

"Three cheers!" approved Polly, with a spiteful glance at Gresham.

V

MR. COURTNEY, a live-looking elderly gentleman who kept himself more carefully groomed than many a young man, shook hands with Mr. Gamble quite cordially, studied him through and through and through in about half a second of time, and finished the handshake more cordially than he had begun it.

"The Colonel has been saying all sorts of kind things about you," he very graciously stated.

"So he has about you," returned Johnny, smiling into Mr. Courtney's eyes and liking him.

"I suppose so," admitted Mr. Courtney. "The Colonel's always blowing about his friends, so we mustn't trust each other too far."

"That's a good way to start anyhow," laughed Johnny. "The Colonel's been telling me you're so trusting that you stung yourself."

"How's that?" asked Mr. Courtney, looking at the Colonel in perplexity. "I don't quite understand."

"On that hotel deal," the Colonel affably reminded him, and was unkind enough to laugh.

"You old reprobate!" protested Courtney. "I don't see why you want to publish my disgrace."

"You deserve it," chuckled the Colonel. "It won't hurt for Johnny to know it though. He's the shrewdest young man of my acquaintance, and he might be able to figure a way out of your dilemma for you."

"I might even be able to make some money out of it myself," Johnny frankly acknowledged.

"Jump right in and welcome, young man," invited Courtney. "If you can pull me out whole I don't care how much you make."

"We'll consider that a bargain," offered Gamble.

"All right," returned Courtney, smiling. "We'll shake hands on it in the good old-fashioned way." And they did so, under Colonel Bouncer's earnestly interested approval.

"Tell him your troubles," urged the Colonel. "If it were my case, Ben, I'd be yelling for help as long as I had breath in my body."

"It's very simple," explained Courtney. "I imagined that a big hotel at the new terminal station would be the best investment in New York. I spoke to a number of my financially active friends about it and they were enthusiastic. I had verbal promises in one day's work of all the money necessary to finance the thing. I found that the big vacant plot across from the station was held at a prohibitive price. Mallard & Tyne had, with a great deal of labor, collected the selling option on the adjoining block, fronting the terminal. They held it at two and a quarter millions. My friends, at an infernal luncheon, authorized me, quite verbally, indeed, to secure the cheaper site without a moment's delay, especially since it was rumored that Morton Washer was contemplating the erection of a hotel upon that very spot."

"I see the finish," laughed Johnny. "Mad with fear, you dashed right down there and broke yourself! Then Union Pacific fell off an eighth; they killed an insurrecto in Mexico; the third secretary of a second-rate life-insurance company died and Wall Street put crape on the door. All your friends got cold feet and it was the other fellow who had urged you to buy that property. The Colonel says you dropped a hundred and twenty-five thousand. That's a stiff option. Can't you get any of it back?"

"Get it back!" groaned Courtney. "They're after the balance. It wasn't an option—it was a contract. If I don't pay the remainder at the end of the ninety days they'll sue me; and I have three million dollars' worth of property that I can't hide."

Gamble shrugged his shoulders resignedly.

"Your only chance is to build or sell," he decided. "It's your property, all right. Have you offered it?"

"Old Mort Washer wants it—confound him! I've discovered that the day after I bought this ground he told my friends that he intended to buy the big piece and build in competition; and they ran like your horse, Angora, last Saturday, Gamble. Now Washer offers to buy this ground for two and an eighth millions—just the amount for which I will be sued."

"Leaving you to try to forget the hundred and twenty-five thousand you've already spent," figured Gamble. "Nice cheery thought of Washer's! Of course you applauded?"

"With a brick—if I'd had one!" declared Courtney still angry.

Johnny smiled and looked thoughtfully out over the sunlit greensward. There were electrifying plays down there; but, "fan" though he was, he did not see them. Something in the tingle of it, however, seemed to quicken his faculties.

"Sell me that block, Mr. Courtney," he suggested with a sudden inspiration.

The mad mob rose to its feet just then and pleaded with Sweeney to "Hit 'er out!" Shrieks, howls and bellows resounded upon every hand; purple-faced fans held their clenched fists tight to their breasts so that they could implore the louder.

"On what terms?" shouted Courtney into Johnny's ear.

"I'll take over your contract," yelled Johnny beneath Courtney's hatbrim.

"On what terms?" repeated Courtney at the top of his voice.

"Bless your heart, Sweeney, slam it!" shrieked the now crimson-visaged Colonel. He was standing on his chair, with distended eyes, and waving his hat violently.

"Your original price!" loudly called Johnny. "Pay you fifteen thousand now, fifty thousand in thirty days and the balance in sixty."

Sweeney fanned. The atrocious tumult was drowned, in the twinkling of an eyelash, in a dismal, depthless gulf of painful silence. One could have heard a mosquito wink.

"Where's my security?" bellowed Courtney in Johnny's ear, so vociferously that all the grandstand turned in that direction and three park policemen headed for the riot.

"Just come outside and I'll tell you," whispered Johnny with a grin.

VI

"ASHLEY, how do you like your car?" asked Polly in the groaning calm which followed Sweeney's infamous strike-out.

"I'm just designing a private medal for the builder," replied Loring.

"Self-cranker, isn't it?"

"Self-cranker, automatic oiler, and supplies its own gasoline. Why?"

"Well, Constance is talking of buying one, and mine is a little too muscular for her. Suppose you take her for a spin after the game and deliver her safely to her Aunt Pattie. I'll take the boys back in my car."

"I'm cheating you in the exchange, but my conscience doesn't hurt me in the least," accepted Loring with alacrity.

"I've never been in your car, Ashley," insinuated Gresham. "You might invite me to try it out too."

"At five-thirty tomorrow evening," Ashley coolly advised him. "I'd be very glad to have you come along now; but the car is engaged for a strictly private demonstration."

Since the others were prepared to guy him unmercifully if he persisted, Gresham hinted no more and, very much to his discomfort, saw Loring gayly drive away with Constance.

On Riverside Drive, Loring spent the first fifteen minutes in extolling the virtues of his car and Constance listened with patient attention; but during the first convenient silence she surprised Loring with a bit of crisp business talk.

"Would you mind telling me the history of Mr. Gamble's partnership with Mr. Collaton?" she asked.

"I guess I heard what you said," he returned doubtfully, and he looked at her in astonishment. "Of course you know that Johnny is a client of mine."

"I know that he is a friend of yours also," she reminded him.

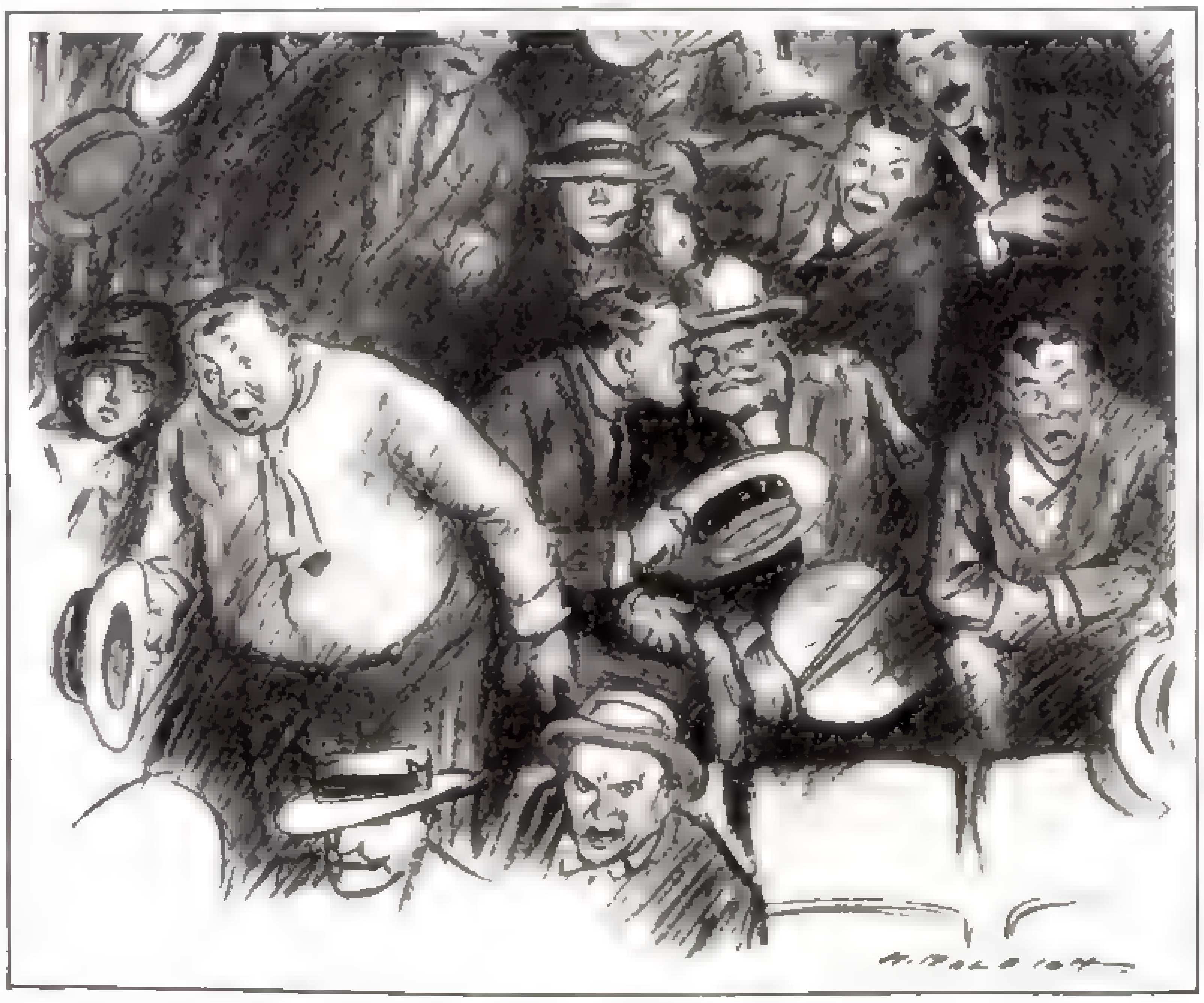
"On that basis I'll tell you anything you want to know," laughed Loring. "Johnny was doing an excellent business in real-estate speculation when this man Collaton came to him with an enormous irrigation scheme. They formed a partnership. Collaton went out West to superintend the reclaiming of some thousands of acres of arid land, while Johnny stayed here to sell rose-bordered farms to romantic city homeseekers. Collaton spent money faster than Johnny could get it, and operations had to be discontinued. Johnny has been paying the debts of the concern ever since. Every time he thinks he has them cleared off, a new set bobs up; and, since the books and all the papers are lost, he can't prove or disprove anything. Johnny can't even dissolve the partnership so long as there are indefinite outstanding accounts. Now, Constance, I'm not a good lawyer or I would not, even in strict confidence like this, say the following—to wit and namely: I think Collaton is a plain, ordinary sneakthief."

They were both silent for a little time.

"Doesn't it seem rather strange that the people who hold claims against Mr. Gamble should just happen to attach his bank account on the very day he was expected to make a deposit, and for the identical amount?" Constance asked in a puzzled way.

Loring gave her a startled glance.

"It does seem strange," he admitted.



"Pay You Fifteen Thousand Now, Fifty Thousand in Thirty Days and the Balance in Sixty"

"It would almost seem as if these people had been informed by some one who knew Mr. Gamble's circumstances quite intimately," she went on.

"That is a very delicate matter to discuss," Loring, with professional caution, gravely reminded her, fearing that she might mention Gresham's name.

"You are quite right," she agreed. "What does Mr. Gamble think about it all?"

"Johnny does a lot of thinking and a lot of talking, but you can't hear what he thinks," replied Loring with a smile. "He is outwardly assuming—and where Collaton is certain to have it repeated to him—that Collaton was merely unfortunate; but I believe he is only waiting for a proof—and then I imagine he will drop on Collaton and whoever is helping him like a ton of pig iron."

"I hope he does!" declared Constance with such sudden vindictiveness that Loring laughed.

"You seem to have acquired a violent partisanship," he charged her with a curious smile.

"Yes, I have," she admitted with a slight flush. "I like fair play. I believe I have a very even temper, but it angers me to see any one so open and manly and generous as Mr. Gamble made a victim of mean trickery."

"He's a handsome boy too," commented Loring, grinning.

"Well, suppose he is," she petulantly laughed.

"He has a right to be," granted Loring, looking at her with renewed admiration. With a slight flush of confusion upon her she was even more charming than he had ever thought her before. "If I had so tantalizingly pretty a girl so interested in my fortunes I wouldn't care whether they perfected aeroplanes or not," he ventured with the freedom of an old friend.

"You may come down now, thank you," she sweetly informed him. "Can't you get Mr. Gamble to make you his receiver or trustee, or something, for the irrigation company?"

"I might now," mused Loring. "He's so interested in the impulsive attempt to make his million dollars that I think I could persuade him. He seems to be really serious about that million."

"Of course he's serious about it," asserted Constance almost indignantly. "Don't you suppose he can do it?"

"Well, this is the age of financial miracles," acknowledged Loring, but with a shake of his head. "He can't do it, though, if Collaton gobbles up all he makes and injures his credit besides."

Constance drew a deep breath.

"I wish you to act as my agent, Ashley," she said crisply. "Mr. Gamble is certain to make some money, is he not?"

"Johnny will always make money," he assured her.

"If you bring in a bill against him for money you have expended, after you have wound up the Gamble-Collaton affairs, he will, of course, pay it."

"As quickly as he can find a fountain pen and a checkbook."

"I wish to loan him some money without his knowledge. I want you to take fifteen thousand dollars early tomorrow morning and pay that attachment, or whatever it is, at his bank. Naturally I do not want Mr. Gamble to know that I am interested; and I look to you to manage it so that, when the money is returned to me, he shall imagine that you have advanced the funds."

"I can arrange that easily enough," Loring promised her. "Constance, I suppose I ought to advise you that this is silly; but I'm glad you're doing it. Moreover, I feel certain that, if this entanglement is straightened out, Johnny may take a new interest in the irrigation company and, by handling it himself, may recover all his losses."

"I sincerely hope so," returned Constance earnestly. "You know I've taken a queer interest in this quixotic attempt of Mr. Gamble's to make his million. It's like a fascinating game, and I almost feel as if I were playing it myself—I'm so eager about it."

"And your spirit of fair play is aroused," Loring said.

VII

THE other terminal hotel projects had been kept very quiet, indeed, lest the jealous promoters of similar enterprises might be whetted into greediness; but no such modesty seemed to attend the plans of the Terminal Hotel Company; in fact, it seemed to court publicity—and, since Johnny Gamble was known and liked by a host of newspaper men, it received plenty of attention. After the ball game Johnny rode down to Mr. Courtney's club with him to dinner; and when he was through talking to Courtney he immediately called upon his newspaper friends.

When Loring arrived at the office in the morning he found Johnny immersed in a pile of papers—and gloating.

"Say, Johnny, I want you to give me power-of-attorney to wind up the Gamble-Collaton Irrigation Company," was Loring's morning greeting.

"Go as far as you like," Johnny told him without looking up from a glowing account of the magnificent new hostelry.

"Good for you!" approved Loring. "I'd expected to have half an hour's wrestle with you—and I couldn't afford it, for this is my busy day. I want you to understand this, Johnny: If I take that old partnership off your hands you're to ask no questions."

"Go twice as far as you like," offered Johnny indifferently. "I've forgotten there ever was a Gamble-Collaton Irrigation Company. Listen to this, Loring: 'Surmounting the twentieth story of the magnificent new structure there will be a combined roof garden, café and theater, running continuous vaudeville ——'"

"This agreement, entered into this twenty-fifth day of April," began the discordantly hurried voice of Loring. He was dictating to his stenographer a much more comprehensive agreement than a mere power-of-attorney; and as soon as it was ready Johnny signed it without a question.

"Get this, Ashley?" he remarked, handing back Loring's pen and reading gleefully from another paper: "'A subway entrance into the new terminal station is being negotiated ——'"

"All right," said Loring, putting on his hat. "Goodby!"—and he was gone.

If Loring professed but slight interest in the flamboyant plans for the new hotel, there were others who were painfully absorbed in the news of the project. Gresham, for one, read the account with contracted brows at his late breakfast; and at noon, inspired by a virtuous sense of duty, he sauntered over to Courtney's club.

"I see you're involved in another hotel proposition," he ventured.

"I hope involved is not the word," returned Courtney with rather a wry smile.

"Is your company fully organized?" asked Gresham with a trace of more than polite interest.

"I think not," answered Courtney. "I'm not in a position to state, however, as the matter is out of my hands. I am taking some stock in it, of course; but I have nothing to do with the organization of the company, since I have sold the ground to Mr. Gamble."

"Gamble?" repeated Gresham. "Oh!"

His tone was so deprecative that Courtney was sharply awakened by it.

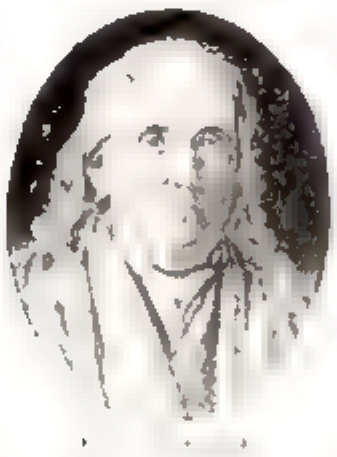
"Do you know anything against Gamble?" he quite naturally inquired.

"Not a thing," Gresham hastily assured him. "Anyhow, you have sold him the property and are fully secured?"

"I've sold it to him under contract," replied Courtney, ready, in

(Continued on Page 72)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 7, 1911

The Right to Light and Air

THE nub of the city-housing problem is this: As population increases in a given area, land values rise. In order to make his land yield a reasonable return upon its market value the owner must build over the entire lot with ill-lighted, ill-ventilated tenements, except at the front and rear. Often, where tenement lots were built upon before land reached its present value, a vacant space was left at the rear; but as land values rose the owner—under a painful necessity of extracting a correspondingly greater rental from the lot—"improved" this vacant space at the rear with inexpensive but rentable cowsheds, rabbit-warrens and pigsties for human occupancy.

One who has long studied this housing problem concludes: "We should frankly recognize that the common, unskilled laborer cannot afford to pay for vacant land at the front and rear of his dwelling. It is too great a drain on his scant income." So Mr. Veiller proposes that city lots in the tenement district shall be only twenty-five or thirty feet deep, precluding dark, airless inside rooms; but it is pointed out that this would double or treble the cost of street paving, street lighting and street cleaning; so that the maintenance of a given strip of land in the form of a street would be a heavier burden than if it remained mere unoccupied back lots.

A simpler solution occurs to us. If the state inflexibly required that every living room receive abundant outside light and air, landlords could not build over the entire lot; but, as the value of real estate would fall, they would no longer be under a painful necessity of constructing lightless and airless tenements in order to extract rental commensurate with the market value of the land. Formerly, of course, a landlord's right to extract the utmost possible rent was considered infinitely more precious than an unskilled laborer's right to light and air; but that view is slowly changing. That landlords have any right whatever to the vast increment in city land values which come about simply by growth of population is now seriously questioned.

Some Church Statistics

THE census of 1890 found one hundred and forty-five religious denominations in the United States, classing "independent churches" as one denomination. By 1900 four of them had disappeared through consolidation with other denominations, and sixteen had ceased to exist independently from other causes; but sixty-one other denominations had appeared, making the total number one hundred and eighty-six.

These many denominations claimed thirty-two million communicants, and occupied church edifices with an aggregate seating capacity of more than fifty-eight millions. This was equal to sixty-nine per cent of the total population of the United States in that year; but just what proportion of the population might be found in church on an average Sunday is a very different matter, with which the census does not attempt to deal.

The various Protestant denominations claimed over twenty million communicants; but the average membership of each Protestant church organization was only one hundred and four. There were one hundred and forty-six thousand Protestant ministers in the United States; so the average Protestant minister's flock numbered one hundred and thirty-seven souls on the church register—with perhaps half that number of really active members. Evidently, under such conditions, the average Protestant minister's lot leaves much to be desired.

Many census figures nowadays reflect a tendency to consolidate and cooperate. Religious statistics are in striking contrast to that tendency.

In Competitionville

YOU live, perhaps, in a good, typical American country town. Passengers alighting at the railroad station are met by two or three dilapidated, dirty and uncomfortable hacks, any one of which will haul them to a hotel for a dime. Discriminating passengers would prefer to pay fifteen cents and ride in a clean, swift motor bus. There is business enough to support one such vehicle; but, if Hackman A bought a motor bus and made ever so little profit, Hackman B would at once set up a competing bus, insuring a loss to both. So passengers ride in a lurching, unclean hack.

Inquiring as to a hotel, the passenger learns there are two or three, all considerably run down at the heel and barely making a living. One really good hotel, getting all the business, would prosper. Three competing hotels give the traveler little pleasure and the proprietors no profit. The passenger learns there are four drygoods stores; but the wives of the local merchants, lawyers and doctors do most of their shopping in a bigger place, fifty miles away. Their own town might support one store as good as that which they patronize at a distance; but, of course, it cannot have such a store if the local trade is divided by four. There are thirty or forty or fifty automobiles in town and as many more in the surrounding country; but for certain repairs and supplies the owners go to the bigger place, because there are two or three competing public garages and no one of them can afford to lay in a complete stock and equipment, as a single public garage with a monopoly of the local business might well do. If the passenger's thoughts rise above bed, grub and punctured tires, he finds there are six or eight competing churches, each one poorly attended and poorly supported, though there is certainly enough religious interest in the town to maintain one fine, powerful organization. If his inquiries extend further he discovers that ambitious young men and women generally leave for a bigger place as soon as they are able, because everything is already overdone at home.

There is another side. A great many people do manage to make a living in your town; but competition's blessings are of a limited and relatively meager nature.

Class Consciousness

IT SEEMS quite possible for the class consciousness of wage-earners to reach a stage of militant development where it defeats itself. Probably the nearest approach to a really general strike occurred in Russia during the abortive revolution that followed the Russo-Japanese War. It was short-lived and it convinced some radical observers that so tremendously destructive a weapon can be employed successfully only very rarely and under very exceptional conditions, if at all. A tolerably general transportation strike in France was ruthlessly crushed by the radical ministry with much public approval. The general strike in Sweden two years ago was opposed by volunteer associations of citizens in many walks of life, who took up and carried on certain necessary businesses that the strike had paralyzed. To a limited degree, that is, the public turned strike-breaker.

England's recent taste of a short-lived general strike on transportation lines has provoked a mild agitation—partly through the constitutional method of letters to the Times—for adoption of the Swedish expedient. It is seriously urged that well-disposed Englishmen of all classes forthwith organize themselves into a sort of weaponless militia, whose ranks may be drawn upon to carry on necessary public service in the emergency of a general or widespread strike. This suggestion must be judged in the light of the fact that the recent strike cut short the food supply in many localities.

This extreme and aggressive form of class consciousness on the part of wage-earners, in short, provokes an opposing class consciousness on the part of all those who suffer by the strike.

The Everlasting-Sucker List

THERE seems to be no historic foundation for the notion that anything whatever can discourage capital. So long as there is an idle dollar it will seek investment—a word, by-the-way, which was quite unknown as a financial term when Doctor Johnson wrote his famous dictionary. The thing itself was only beginning to be known—in its early form of loans to the Government. Having succeeded in borrowing thirteen hundred thousand pounds from the goldsmith bankers, and seeing no convenient way of meeting the obligation, Charles II, in 1672, shut up the Exchequer and repudiated the debt. Yet he again succeeded in borrowing and again, six years later, repudiated. This goldsmith's debt was finally compounded, the Government agreeing to pay three per cent interest instead of the eight originally promised, and reserving the right to discharge the obligation at any time by paying half of the principal; but, in 1694, at the founding of the Bank of England, twelve hundred thousand pounds was promptly subscribed as a loan to the Government. A year after Law's Mississippi Bubble half ruined France the similar South Sea Bubble was offered to British investors and they enthusiastically ran its hundred-pound shares up to two thousand pounds. The Government itself was deeply implicated, but within ten years of the bursting of the bubble it was able to float a loan at three per cent. Within fifteen years, early in the nineteenth century, twenty-six loans of foreign Governments were floated in London. Five years later, interest had stopped on all but ten of them, and of those ten a number defaulted later on.

This is only a casual glance at the everlasting-sucker list; but out of this undiscourageable determination on the part of capital to invest itself wealth has come. The new East India Company, chartered at about the same time as the South Sea Company and on about the same plan, became the most popular symbol for opulence. Buying English Government bonds at about fifty cents on the dollar, when they looked to many even more hopeless than Charles II's debts to the goldsmiths, was an important source of the Rothschild fortune.

The World's Cotton Trade

FOR two years American cotton has ruled above fourteen cents a pound. In the last crop year, ending August thirty-first, the average was fourteen and a half cents, compared with nine and a half cents three years ago. This high price curtailed consumption somewhat, except in England. Last year British mills, working on fourteen-cent cotton, used within a hundred and twenty thousand bales as much as two years before, when the price was about nine cents; but American mills used four hundred and thirty thousand bales less. The year before—the first fourteen-cent year—English consumption decreased quite as much as our own; but last year English mills regained nearly all of this lost ground, while our own mills lost a little more.

When we seek an explanation the most obvious fact is that our exports of cotton goods, meager even in 1909, dwindled still further when the price of the raw material advanced; while English exports of cotton goods in the crop year ending August thirty-first last were greater than in 1909 by nearly a billion yards. We read: "Great Britain's cotton-goods trade with foreign countries has increased to a quite satisfactory extent during the year. Shipments in almost all directions have been larger than in 1909-10."

As to why England can sell the world goods made from fourteen-cent cotton while we cannot, the following from a British review of the year may be suggestive: "Though high prices for the raw material proved prohibitive to the trade in the coarser counts of yarns, the effect upon the finer trade was much less marked. . . . Statistics compiled by the Manchester Guardian prove that year by year there has been a distinct movement in favor of the higher-grade piece goods. . . . It shows that the increasing attention paid by Great Britain to scientific processes is making her competitive ability in foreign markets more formidable than ever."

The Incentive for Tax-Dodging

AN INVESTIGATION by the Department of Commerce and Labor shows that the actual rate of taxation varies comparatively little from state to state. The nominal rate, of course, varies widely; but a high taxrate is almost invariably accompanied by a low assessed valuation, and a low taxrate by a high valuation. Thus a thousand dollars' worth of realty may be assessed at a thousand dollars in one state, where the taxrate is one and a half per cent, and at five hundred dollars in another state, where the rate is three per cent. In both cases it pays the same tax; and the extraordinary thing is that a vast number of taxpayers are happier under the second condition than under the first, though, obviously, to cut the valuation in half and to double the taxrate makes their locality look as though it were half as rich and twice as extravagant as it really is. The everlasting pressure upon assessors to cut down valuations furnishes one of the reasons why the direct property tax falls far short of complete success. Assessments at actual value are the exception. As the assessed value decreases relatively to the real value, the taxrate goes up automatically; and the higher it goes the greater the incentive for tax-dodging. When everybody's property is assessed below the legal rule everybody is in a futile conspiracy to defeat the revenue laws. Low-valuation assessors ought to be unpopular with taxpayers; but they are not.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Youngest Federal Judge in Captivity

Red-Letter Days

BILL DAY, III, was playing ball on a vacant lot in Cleveland when his mother came out and called: "Willie! Oh, Will-e-e-e! Come right here this minute and get ready to go and see your father sworn in as judge!"

"Aw, pshaw, maw!" protested Bill Day, III. "What's the use? Seems to me I'm always havin' to get cleaned up to see pop take a new job. Why can't he stay at one thing a while?"

Of course Bill Day, III, was right in a way, but he is not yet mature enough to know he was exclaiming against the inevitable. You see, it comes natural to the Days to be judges. Some people are born with one predilection and some with another. There are men who are fond of dill pickles because the lust for dill pickles was born in them; and there are men who take the keenest delight in playing the trombone, it having been decided by Nature, eons and eons ago, that they should be trombone players. It runs in other families to be plumbers and in still other families to be undertakers. The law of heredity is, as the saying goes, immutable.

Wherefore, there is nothing to it—so far as the Days' becoming judges is concerned. They have to do it. Some of them may have protested and cried out against this stern decree, but to no avail. As soon as a Day is ripe he is picked for a judge. There is no escape. Some, it has been claimed, were picked before they were ripe; but this is neither the time nor the occasion for casting up. To the proof:

Harking back to 1723, which is some hark, we find recorded the birth of one Zephaniah Swift, who, indeed, was rightly named, for he zephaniahed into Yale at the tender age of fifteen, graduating four years later and becoming in the course of time chief justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. Zephaniah had a daughter who married Rufus P. Spalding, who became a justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio. Their daughter married Luther Day, who became chief justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio. Their son, William R. Day, is now an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; and his son, William L. Day, concerning whom these few lines are written, is a United States judge for the northern district of Ohio. What chance has Bill Day, III—what chance, I ask you? Undoubtedly he desires to be a policeman or a fireman or an engineer or a cowboy; but the moving finger writes and presently Bill Day, III, will be a judge. It is inevitable. The Days have the habit.

William L. Day marched to the front and grabbed his judgeship at the tender age of thirty-four or thereabout, being probably the youngest Federal judge in captivity and, likely as not, the youngest that ever was. Observing the family trait, he deemed it unwise and unnecessary to linger round until old age came stealing—and took his judgeship in the full flush of his youth. Of course it may very well be that he wouldn't have taken it so early in life had not papa and grandpapa and a dozen or so others of the collateral lines taken theirs previously; but there is no going behind the returns. The basic fact is that William L. Day, II, annexed the ermine and that Bill Day, III, is bound to do the same.

Whooping Things Up at Michigan

TALK about fixed affairs! That Day family is as fixed as Electric Peak. Not mentioning the lawyers back of the line, Mr. Justice Day has three brothers who are lawyers and most of his mother's male kin are bright and shining lights in the same noble profession. Then, too, Mr. Justice Day has three other sons besides the new judge who are lawyers. Bill Day, III, might as well resign himself to it. He is now aged seven; and if he doesn't ask for a copy of Kent's Commentaries in a year or so his uncles and grandfathers and all the rest will call in a specialist and operate if necessary. Perish the thought that there should be any person in the Day family so heretical as not to study law and practice the same until elevated to the bench. It would be preposterous!

Certain rules and regulations are observed by all Days. Mr. Justice Day obtained his legal and other education at the University of Michigan, and all the other Days go there too. William, II, the new judge, graduated fifty years after his father completed the course. He is the youngest of the brothers, who are all husky citizens, the four having a combined weight of some nine hundred pounds. Mr. Justice Day, the father, weighs one hundred and thirty-two when fit.

The new judge, William L., or Bill, II—it all depends on whether you are an alumnus of Michigan or not—is the largest of the Day outfit. He weighs about two hundred and twenty-five; and it isn't so long ago—indeed, it seems like only yesterday—when he was going back to Michigan to the big football and baseball games and leading the cheering. Bill—I declare in on Michigan for the moment—is the most popular citizen who ever received a degree at that university. At least, that's what all the younger set say. Every Freshman with red blood in him looks longingly at the marks set by Bill and vows to shoot at them during his college career.

When he was in college Bill was more or less of a thorn—a large, well-panoplied cactus bush, let us say—in the various sides of the various authorities, being Supreme King of the Amalgamated Association of Hellraisers and achieving the great distinction of election as President of the Ram Cats, which was a great honor in those days. No college function where noise was required was complete without Bill; and when he came back to the football games the sturdy warriors of the gridiron, looking up at the student section and seeing Bill Day there with a megaphone leading the cheering, girded up their loins afresh and went in and ate 'em up!

Canton is the home of the Days. It was from Canton William R. Day emerged, after William McKinley became President, to be Secretary of State, Federal judge and associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. After Bill, II, had finished taking the University of Michigan apart to see what made it tick, he returned to Canton and acquired the city solicitorship. Then he was made United States district attorney for the northern district of Ohio. He was still cheer leader for Michigan at that time. He moved to Cleveland. The big attorneys of Cleveland thought it a rare joke that a boy like Bill should be district attorney, and a few of them dropped round pompously—out of sheer regard for his distinguished father, Mr. Justice Day—to tell him how to run the office. One of the most pompous began putting out a line of advisory and patronizing conversation.

"Do you know," said Bill with that rare smile of his, "I think the best way for us to get acquainted will be across the trial table. For the present, let's talk of more impersonal matters."

Bill went at his new job and convicted a lot of people who had broken the law in and about Cleveland, including a gang of blackhanders who seemed immune; and when he was made Federal judge it was agreed on all sides that he was up to the requirements, not only of the position but of the Day family, which, as I have pointed out, runs largely to judges—and very good judges at that.

Bill is a big, broad-shouldered, two-fisted, burly citizen, with a lot of brains, a lot of legal ability and plenty of courage and determination. He is open, aboveboard, hates shams and shammers, and has a habit of saying what he thinks. When he first went to Cleveland he met some of the leading snobs of that town who were impressing Bill with the costliness of their automobiles and other appurtenances.

"By—ah the way, Mr. Day," said one supercilious dame, "what kind of a machine does Mrs. Day drive?"

"She drives a sewing machine," replied Bill succinctly.

The new judge is wholesome, hearty, manly and the best kind of a friend. When he was a boy he was a real boy; and now that he is a man he is a real man, but a good deal of a boy just the same, which adds forty-seven to his string. Also, he has the keenest sort of a sense of humor. Once, years ago, his father, Mr. Justice Day, offered Bill five cents apiece for each rat he would catch in the barn at Canton. Mr. Day could not abide rats. Bill worked industriously with traps and poison and accumulated enough rats to take down two dollars in cash from his learned father. Having acquired the two dollars, Bill went downtown to an animal store, bought a flock of pet white rats and installed them in the judge's library!

Teaching Teacher

THE teacher of the first grade in the district school on Spanish Creek in the Gallatin Valley, Montana, had much trouble with the six-year-old boy who was the sole member of that grade. She was trying to instil a workable knowledge of the alphabet into the boy's head, but he would not learn.

The boy is the son of a cattleman. After a week or so of refusal to learn the alphabet the teacher said: "Johnny, if you do not learn your letters you never will know anything."

"Shucks!" replied Johnny, "I know more'n you do."

"Why, Johnny, what do you mean by such talk?" gasped the teacher. "I never heard of such impudence."

Johnny bolted for the blackboard and drew half a dozen cattle brands, the Flying D, the Lazy B, the Triangle Dot, The Lazy Crutch, the Bar 7, and some others.

"What's them?" he asked.

The teacher couldn't guess.

"Well," said Johnny, "don't you talk to me no more about them things you call letters when you can't tell cattle brands apart."

Whist

FORMER Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Mr. Shiras, is set in his views about the sphere of woman. Mrs. Shiras is a devotee of whist, and was at one time a member of a whist club that met on several evenings each week.

After a club meeting Mrs. Shiras asked one of the club members to drive home with her in her carriage. When they came to the Shiras house the escort stepped to the door with Mrs. Shiras.

The Justice opened the door himself in answer to the ringing of the bell, but as the hall was dark it was not certain who was in the hallway.

"Is that you, Mr. Justice?" asked the person who had driven home with Mrs. Shiras.

"Yes," he replied; "this is the old man waiting for the new woman."

An Apt Answer

AN ATTORNEY for a Western railroad was arguing before the Interstate Commerce Commission for postponement of the enforcement of the safety-device regulations, so far as they applied to his road.

He said the road was in the hands of receivers and the court that appointed the receivers would not sanction the issue of certificates for the purpose of buying automatic couplers.

"So you see, your Honor," he declaimed, "we are between—between ——" he hesitated and concluded lamely, "the upper and the nether millstone."

"Why didn't you say what you started to say?" asked Chairman Knapp.

"Very well, your Honor," replied the attorney blandly, "we shall, in that case, consider your august body the—deep blue sea."

The Boy Who Stayed at Home

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HAMBIDGE

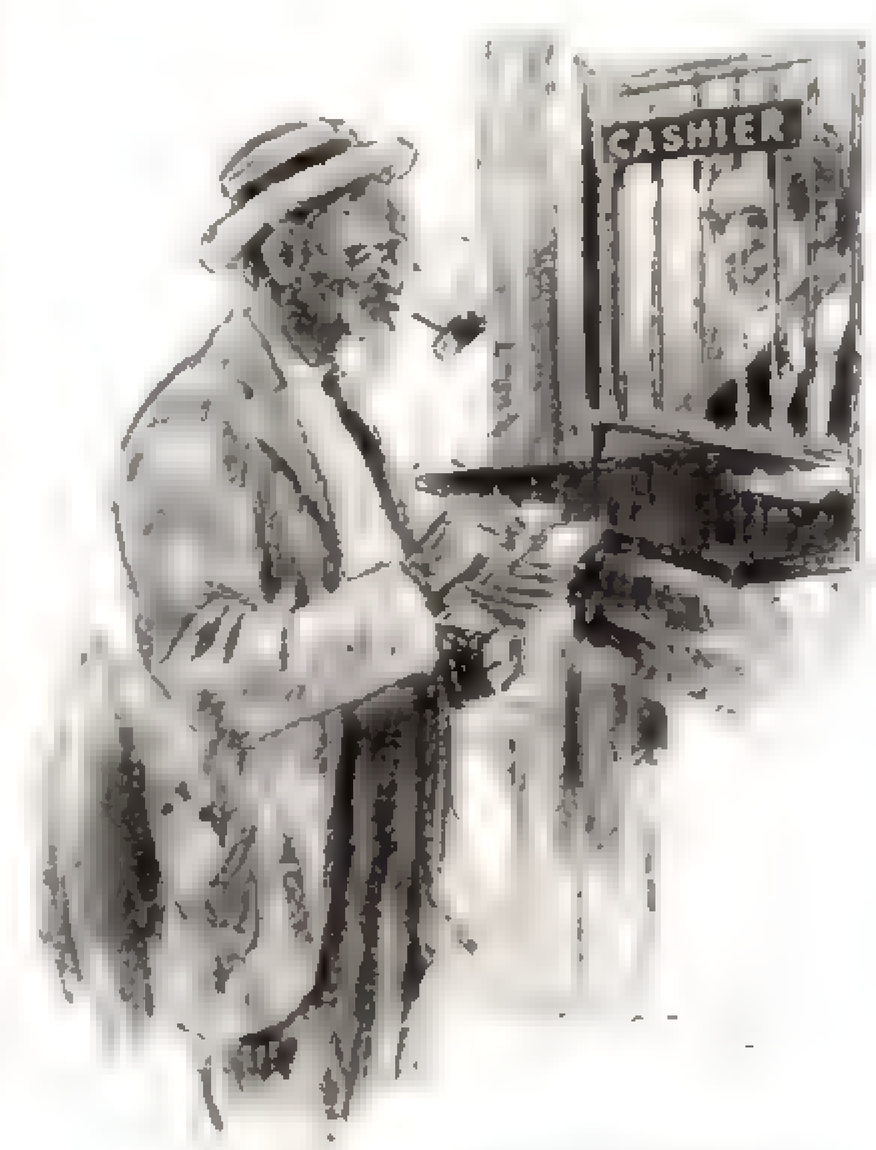
WHEN my old father passed away he left his family of three a farm of fifty acres and the general store in the hamlet of some four hundred inhabitants where we lived. The farm, at his demise, showed the results of having been run by one who was far more of a merchant than a farmer by taste, and the store looked as if it had been managed by one who was far more of a farmer than a merchant by inclination. Frankness compels me to say that my poor father, whose life was one long self-sacrificing struggle devoted to making ends meet that had a mean habit of flying apart, was fitted by nature for some profession or other that bad luck never would let him discover.

My two older brothers, who were respectively twenty-two and twenty-four years of age at the time of my father's death, looked at the mess, threw up their hands and, agreeing to let me have their share in the estate for four thousand dollars' worth of very easy payments, rushed back to their jobs of clerk and bookkeeper in the big city near by. Urban life had spoiled them for rural; and, besides, it was their idea that I, who had on my shoulders only nineteen years and who couldn't earn a living in the city if I went there, could afford to stay at home and get experience at the expense of time; and so they handed me the poker—I quote a neighbor who afterward quoted them—to have and to hold until I cut my eye-teeth or found a substitute by judicious advertising.

The Poker a Divining Rod

HOWEVER, young as I was, I had sized up the situation shrewdly and I intended to waste no money in seeking a successor for a job I was perfectly willing to fill myself. That poker I saw was a divining rod that would turn up gold if one used it aright; and I meant never to let it go out of my hands until, at any rate, I had satisfied myself I was the fool of my fancy as well as what everybody voted me—the fool of the family. I had a suspicion to the contrary, myself. If I hadn't migrated to the city, like my brothers, to work for a pittance for somebody else, it wasn't that I was short on confidence in myself or afraid to test the mettle I wasn't supposed to have, but because there was only one boss for whom I was willing to work when I reached maturity—namely, myself—and because I saw so many opportunities right at home that I didn't intend to leave for some stranger to gobble up while I scampered around the city like mad seeking for what ninety-nine out of a hundred never find, even if they are given the leisure to look for them.

Any fool, provided he was not handicapped by blindness besides, ought to have seen that, if my dear old dad made a fairly good failure out of it, it was his fault and neither the fault of the township, which was quite prosperous, nor of the people who stood waiting to be separated from their money by anybody who could give them just values for it.



Counted the Currency Two or Three Times and Made Sure That None of it Was Counterfeit

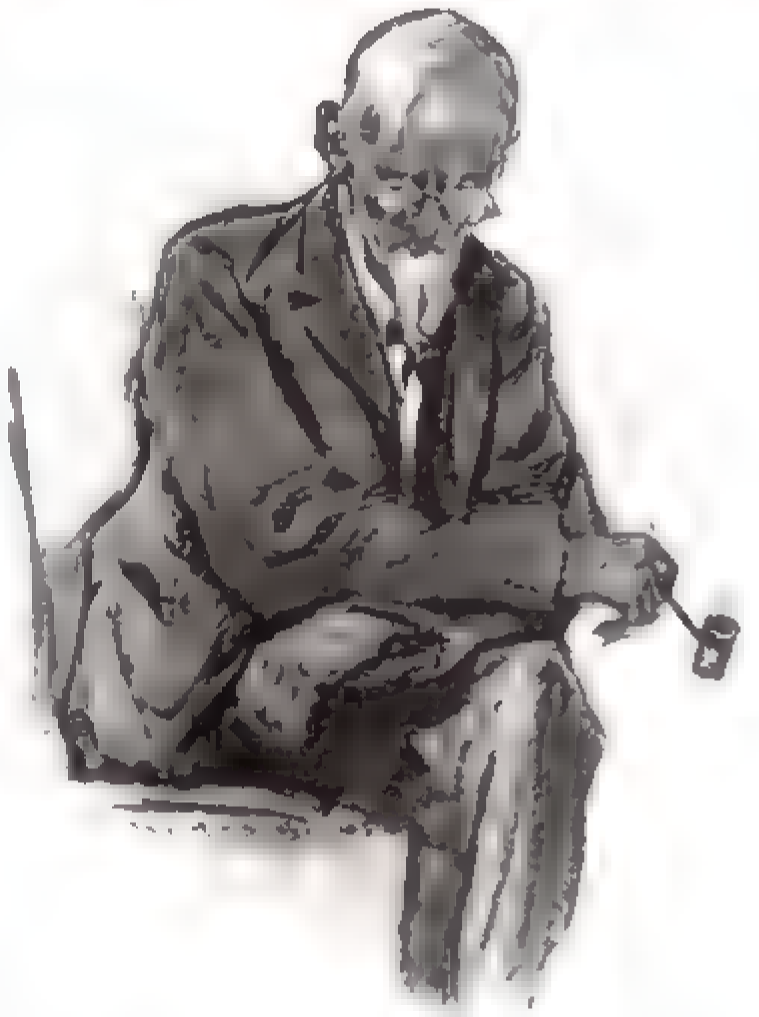
Not counting the privileges of the post-office as an asset, my father's whole stock of merchandise, in patent medicines—my mother used to doctor us with the stuff, whether we needed it or not, when he couldn't sell it—in feed, agricultural implements, hardware, calicoes, candies, shoes and sundries, amounted to five hundred dollars in round numbers, most of it out of date, shop-worn and flyspecked. And then he used to inveigh bitterly against people for rushing off to the city to buy what he didn't carry in stock, or for turning up impertinent noses or shaking dubious heads at what he did happen to have for sale—especially after he had worked himself into a perspiration in half an hour's search for the given article and drawn it forth triumphantly, dirty and dusty, from the last place in the world it ought to have been.

He kept his meager stock of legal and note paper, for instance, inside the little showcase with the candies, a few odd bottles of perfume, the cigars and the stogies, the shoestrings and several bolts of faded ribbons. You can imagine what the paper looked like at the end of its tenth year in those overcrowded quarters—also the candies! It was father's idea that all things—no matter what they were—of a certain size and shape belonged in the showcase; and, if he kept the plug tobacco and the nails out of it, it was only because he wasn't altogether consistent and because he had certain esthetic notions—very bad ones, but his own. I often wish I had had a photograph of that showcase taken; it would have been a perfect prize for a commercial museum. The juxtaposition of the calico and the kerosene, like that of the feed and what he so pompously called the hair goods, used to give me the shivers; but when, in my eighteenth year, I took courage enough to suggest a natural as opposed to an artistic arrangement, he scolded me severely for dictating to my elders and warned me tersely that what was good enough for him would have to be good enough for all others; they could take or leave it. They left it, of course. He had learned independence in Germany and he didn't intend to surrender it in America. He kept shop on that theory, which would have been a fairly good working hypothesis if his had been the only general store within a radius of five hundred miles—but unfortunately it wasn't; and our neighbors would drive twenty-five miles to patronize distant merchants whose interpretation of the Declaration of Independence was a little more liberal and a good deal less dogmatic.

And this tendency my father ascribed to human cussedness, human depravity and, above all, to human restlessness. They didn't do their shopping in Centerville, according to him, because they wanted the goods, but merely because they wanted the journey. My comment to the effect that, if this were true, it ought to have worked the other way around and brought the inhabitants of Centerville to his shop almost cost me a thrashing. After that I suppressed my logic and applied all my wits to the mastery of my lessons for the high school, where father, let his other shortcomings be what they may, was wise enough to send me. It seemed to be his notion that the fool of the family should have the best education. Probably he was right—the fool may need it most.

And when it came to farming my father prided himself that all his ideas on agriculture differed from those of his neighbors completely. This was fortunate for our neighbors, as their growing prosperity witnessed. Here his independence of judgment and procedure showed themselves in a truly sublime manner. If he wanted advice—which was mighty seldom—he refused to consult his near-by fellows, but, instead, poked his nose inside of some obsolete German work on agriculture and applied its mistaken precepts with a conscientiousness that would have delighted the author. His one general theory in agriculture—gleaned, I presume, from these wiseacres—was that Nature, as far as possible, should be left to care for herself. And Nature did care for herself, as the tares and weeds and scanty crops amply testified. With his livestock, however, for reasons I never could fathom, he was peculiarly successful. It may have been because, luckily for him, the authorities mentioned above preserved a dignified silence on the raising of stock. And this success he proudly pointed to as an illustration of the fact that nobody understood agriculture so well as the ancients.

When I came into the mastery of the estate I resolved to bend all my energies toward the mercantile end of it, at least for the present; and accordingly I hired a farmer who had lost his property through sheer hard luck and through no fault of his own, to work my acreage on shares. This farmer, you may be sure, knew nothing about the ancients and cared less; he was after so many bushels of corn and wheat to the acre—and he got them.



"Didn't I Tell Ye He'd Overreach Himself?"

This part of my problem settled, I started out to make a clean sweep of the truck bequeathed me at the store. The broom I used, figuratively speaking, was a placard announcing that, owing to the settling of the estate of the late Gustav Schmidt, all goods would be sacrificed for cash or its equivalent in butter and eggs. Candor compels me to say that the sacrifice was chiefly on the side of the purchaser. It is wonderful what people will buy if they can get it cheap enough; it is more wonderful still that they will buy, for butter and eggs, which are money, those unnecessary articles for which they never would expend hard cash. What use they found for patent medicines, at ten and fifteen cents a bottle, which they never would touch at fifty cents or a dollar, is beyond me! Perhaps they went on the principle that they could afford to take chances on curing rheumatism, consumption, hay fever or what-not at such a small cost; whereas, rather than let go larger sums, they might better take chances with the disease. On the whole, though, they were a healthy lot around our place and I rather think they bought the stuff to be prepared at a bargain for the uncertainties of the future. I remember one good old Swedish woman who purchased a bottle of every nostrum. Afterward I learned she took a sip of their varied contents each day. Before she passed away finally, from old age, she remarked that individually all the cures worked as advertised; but collectively she considered they were sure to prove fatal to any one over ninety years of age.

A General Overhauling

EVEN the calicoes, to my unbounded surprise, went with the medicine; the cigars I gave away as a premium for each purchase of over a dollar—it was really repaying good with evil. The candy I distributed to children accompanying their parents; it may have helped the sales of the medicines, but that was quite unpremeditated on my part. The perfumes I raffled at ten cents a chance; the lucky winners remarked afterward that they took one whiff and buried the bottles before another whiff could bury them. Some of the stuff nobody would have at any price, and I sent it to the poorhouse with my compliments. This was deemed erratic; and it was proclaimed that, though I had displayed more enterprise than anybody gave me credit for, my methods were too extravagant to ever permit my making a success as a business man.

The paints I held out, using them to redecorate the store after the sale was over. The post-office, which I painted carmine, I moved over to where had stood the desk of the justice of the peace, which I painted white; and the desk of the justice I moved over to the spot occupied by the post-office. There was really no advantage to be gained by this disturbance of the old order, except that it looked like a change—and I knew it was highly necessary that people should think a change had come with the new management, otherwise the new management would be doomed at the start. The justice, used from time immemorial to his corner, raised a row and threatened to pull out altogether. He couldn't consent to sharing quarters with a vandal who had no respect for tradition and the monuments of ancient history. Being glad to get rid of him, since he subtracted more from my convenience than he could add to my profits, and since I knew he would throw a wet blanket over any innovation I should inaugurate, I let him pull. This gave me the excuse to post another placard to the effect that, in view of contemplated extensions and improvements, Justice of the Peace

Moses Feltner had found it necessary to remove his office to his house. This infuriated Mose and he went about predicting that I wouldn't last two weeks. On the whole, his listeners were disposed to agree with him; but still they were curious, and curious persons always make prospective customers. They come in to see how poorly you're doing—but, then, they come; the rest depends on the man behind the counter.

Meanwhile, leaving my store in charge for the day of Widow Briggs, who was the biggest gossip and the worst pessimist in the whole village, I slipped off to the city to make purchases and to establish a credit. Incidentally, I wanted the widow to brag for the rest of her life about the big business she had done during my absence. She was flattered by the honor, of course, and she repaid me for it by exaggerating to a degree that wouldn't have been believed had it come from anybody else. Some advantage accrues to pessimism. Some ought.

The Wonder and His Methods

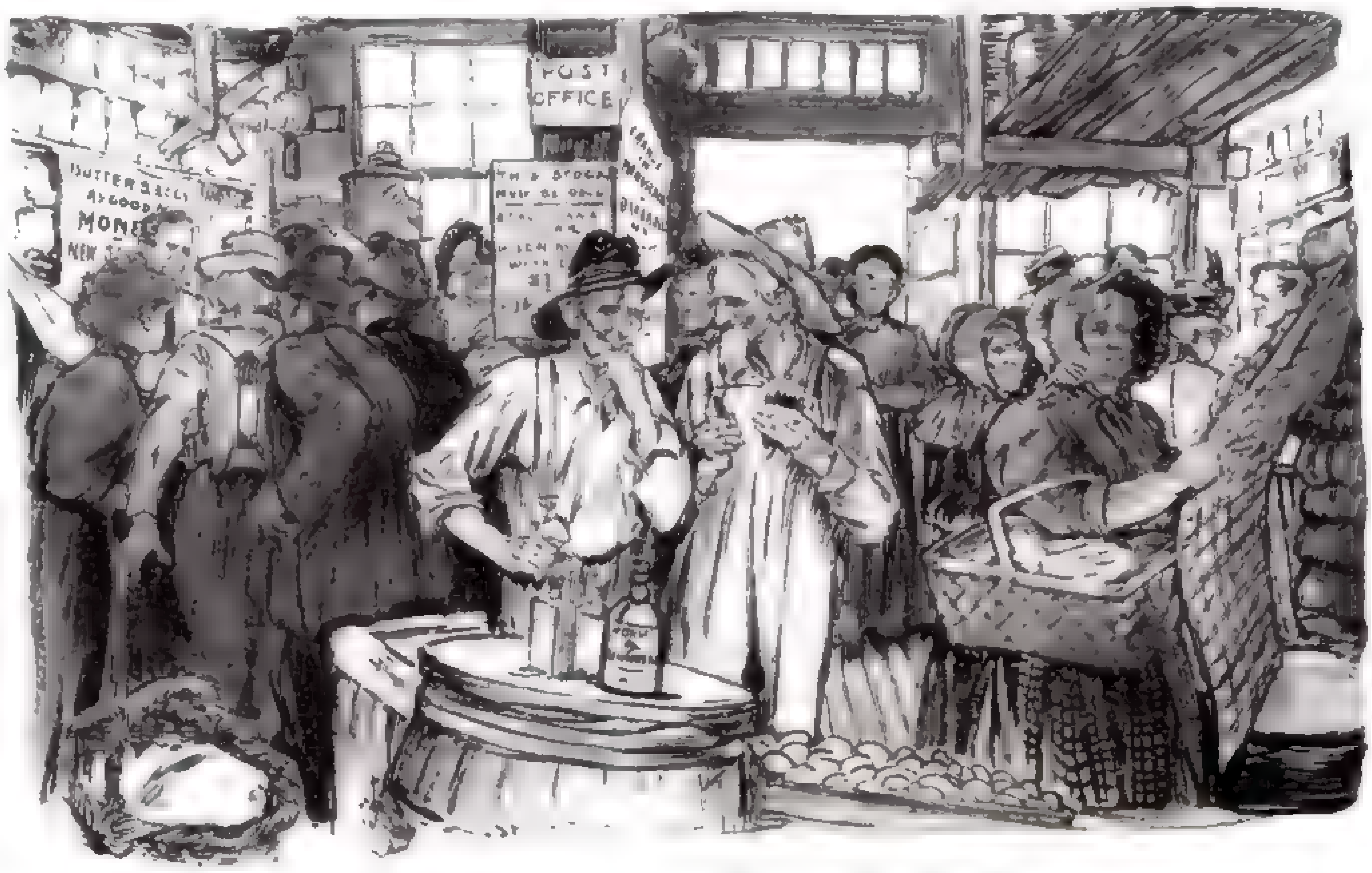
I WENT at once to the wholesale drygoods house from which I had done some small purchasing through correspondence and spent there what was left of the one hundred and seventy-five dollars I had cleared up from the sale. They pronounced me a terrible stickler for price and a hard one to sell; and on the strength of that I asked for a credit. They hemmed and hawed and finally said: "Well, we'll take a long chance. You can have two hundred dollars." I jumped at it before they could decide that the chance was too long. The amount of merchandise I shipped home was larger I believe than ever went to the village at one time. Before I left, the chances they took loomed up bigger and bigger; and, to make sure, they suggested that they send one of their men down to visit me, just to see that I was started off right. I wanted nothing more; I recognized my total inexperience and, unlike my poor father, I was willing to take hints, especially when the other fellow would foot the bills. I glimpsed another placard to the effect that Mr. So-and-So, of the great drygoods house of Messrs. Careful & Cautious, was hired by me at a terrific outlay to arrange my windows and install my colossal purchase of all those necessaries and luxuries demanded by the thrifty housewife.

The young man that drygoods firm sent down, to help put me in a position where I could pay back that two hundred dollars, was a wonder. I use the common parlance because no other term I know will describe him. Before he left, I offered to make him a partner in my business; but he turned down the offer with the remark that there wasn't sufficient in it to be capable of being divided by two. He has lived long enough to recognize that his mathematics was fallacious. However, he did his work while he was at it in the grand style. He piled up my shipment of goods, and all the old and empty boxes we could find, on the sidewalk in front of my store and labeled that tottering mountain in big black letters: "First shipment. Other carloads to follow!" Then he trimmed my window in cheap black and white lawns, making it look twice its natural size by the use of mirrors, stuck a couple of wax figures draped in other dressgoods against that flattering background, and hung out the signs: "The window that made the reputation of Worth, of Paris!" "Nothing too good for our customers—while it lasts!" "We have overbought—prices slaughtered!"

Old Mose Feltner, the justice of the peace, wagged his scraggy gray beard at the display and denounced it in one breath as immoral—the combination of wax figures and Paris was too much for Mose—and in the next breath he proclaimed: "Didn't I tell ye he'd overreach himself? He's got to allow, himself, he's overbought; so you kin see fer yourself what's going to happen to him."

Mose, in his rapturous enthusiasm for a literal interpretation of my announcements, couldn't have done better for me if he had tried; and my first shipment of new goods went with a rapidity that astonished my creditors, myself and the window-dresser. The last mentioned, unfortunately, was so pleased that he wrote me he was sure I could get along without his future assistance, and it was several years before I saw him again. Still, what I learned from him in that one visit put me on a path which, with some deviations and turnings, I have followed ever since.

I almost forgot to say that, before taking the train back home, when I went to the city to make my first purchases I dropped in on a commission man and struck with him an advantageous bargain for handling such produce as I might consign to him for sale. This commission man, as I knew from my father's relations with him, was a first-rate seller and a mighty slow remitter; but, when I threatened to take my growing account elsewhere, he promised to do better in both the size and the frequency of the remittances. The moment I reached home I hauled out of the barn the ramshackle wagon my father had allowed to go to decay through disuse; and, sending for the blacksmith, I gave him the job of restoring the thing to life. After that artisan, who was something of a jack-of-all-trades, had finished painting it, I hired an ambitious boy, desirous of paying his own way through the high school, to haul a load of my goods through the adjacent country and barter them for butter and eggs. That wagon paid for itself and his education in less than no time. It did more than that; it invaded the territory of my competitors and taught them there was an aggressive merchant in our village and that they would have all they could do to hold their own trade instead of making sly descents on mine. I looked on everything within a radius of twenty-five miles as my legitimate field, and I took care to cover it as thoroughly as printer's ink, trees, telegraph posts and tacks would let me. Of course those days of barter are over and entirely an incident of the past; for folks nowadays are properly averse to letting the rural storekeeper make two profits out of them; but, all the same, it was mighty remunerative on the scale I conducted it and while it lasted.



It is Wonderful What People Will Buy if They Can Get it Cheap Enough

Naturally I was considered progressive instead of crazy now—for what is dubbed "crazy" if it fails is termed "progressive" if it succeeds. In less than three years' time I put up a creditable building and tripled my floor space. Messrs. Careful & Cautious gave me a credit as ample as my needs—more ample, in fact; for I always discounted my bills. They had had faith in me from the start, they said; and it worried them considerably lest I might get away from them. During those years, whether it was due to my activity—business drawing people, just as people draw business—or whether it was due to other causes which I cannot pause to discuss now, the population of our village grew from four hundred to six hundred and fifty. This increased my trade by something like the same percentage, and I soon saw that having double the number of people to buy is quite as good as doubling your sales to the customers you already have. Accordingly I pulled off my coat and began to hustle for new settlers. When the trolley line ran through our village, by the example of a liberal subscription I induced my fellow citizens to make the place offer attractions as a sort of summer resort.

The effect of this growth was quite other than I had anticipated—it brought immediate competition in the shape of a combined drug and grocery store—and my monopoly was gone; yet I was wise enough to know that I couldn't sell all of the goods to all of the people all of the time. Old Mose Feltner, who had been biding his opportunity to get me on the hip, was so much more pleasant when he met me than he had been since the parting of our offices that I might have suspected he held an unpleasant surprise up his sleeve. The last Presidential election had given a sweeping victory to the Democrats and Mose was using his political influence, which was considerable, to swing the post-office over to the druggist. It seemed that the druggist, who saw things coming, had changed his politics just before he opened his shop. I give myself credit for having seen things coming too; but I might as well have left the village as to have swapped sides for the post-office only. I stayed awake nights pondering how I could prevent the loss of prestige and patronage that would follow Uncle Sam's stamps; and finally I hit on a scheme that should have been perfectly obvious. I hired our Congressman's son, whom ordinarily I wouldn't have taken for a gift, to work for me as a clerk. The clerk became postmaster ostensibly, the office remained just where it was, and Mose wrote a long letter to the chief paper in the county, in which he declared bitterly that this was proof positive of the corrupt practices of our national representative.

On the eve of the next election, the country showing a decided partiality for the Democrats, I let my worthless clerk go; and Mose, red in the face with righteous anger, went about shouting: "I told ye so! I told ye so! He only hired that feller to git the post-office! This shows ye what politics is in America. The country is going to the dogs! They ought to take the post-office out of politics and give it to the man that needs it most. That's the solution of the problem." A year later, when I married the niece of the Congressman aforesaid, who didn't happen to be on speaking terms with her uncle, Mose predicted another tremendous Democratic victory

Cut Profits

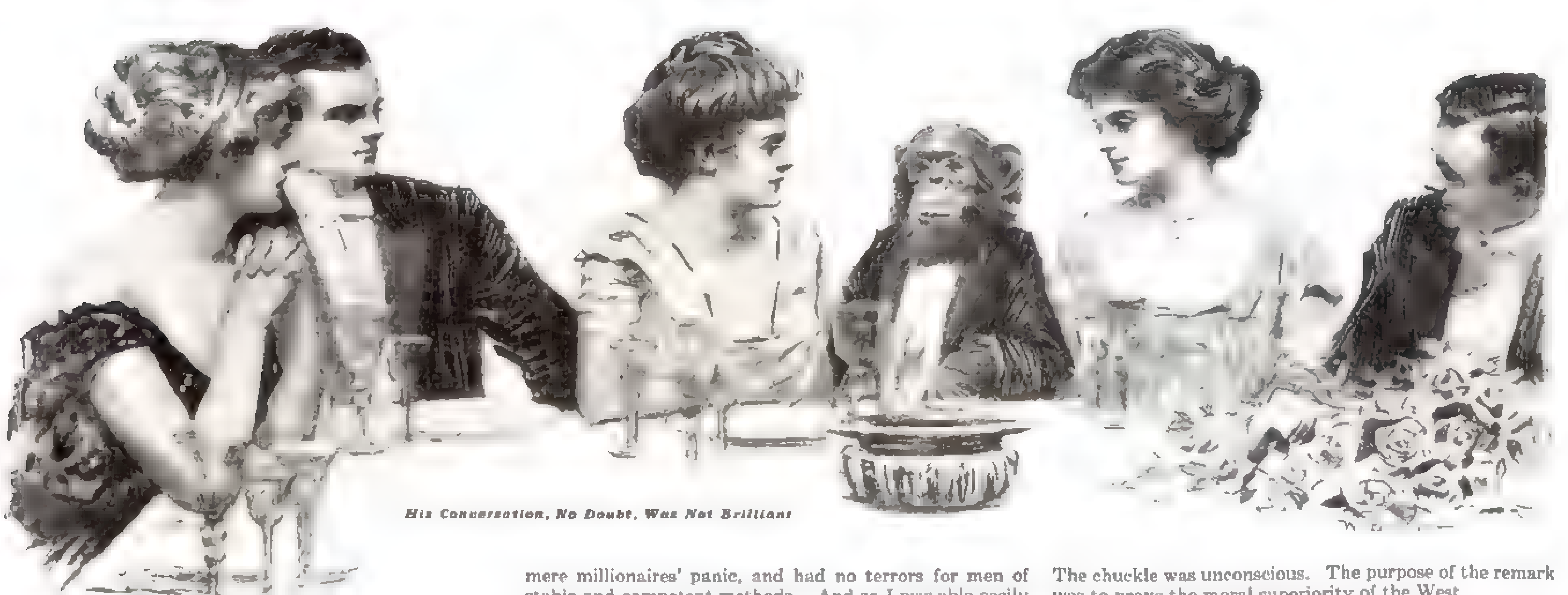
THE quick and cheap transportation to the city furnished by the trolley, to return to that subject, gradually cut into my trade at a rate that forced me to see there would be nothing left of it unless I found some way of stopping the gap. To tear up the tracks or to get a permanent injunction from the court restraining the cars from running, and so save the big business I had built up at the expense of such energy and patience, was of course impossible and out of the question. And, even had it been easy or possible I absolutely would not have made the attempt. I never believed in fighting the inevitable or in setting one's face like flint against progress in any form that redounds to the welfare of the many, though it may cost the ruin of the few. This was due to no magnanimity on my part; it was merely a common-sense attitude. The man who wastes time railing at the moving procession instead of marching with it or scheming in some way how he can get his due share of the perquisites that follow in its wake, even if it be only by establishing a lemonade-stand for the thirsty somewhere along the route, is an idiot. He might just as well squander his energy inveighing against the appearance of a comet in the skies—the comet doesn't care, and he is out just that much power which he might have applied better in a more telling direction.

Therefore I planned to get around the trolley just as the trolley had got around me. I had observed, since the new road had tied our village to the city, that our inhabitants had more money than ever; and this increase was not due to the fact that they earned more but that by purchasing cheaper in the great department stores of the metropolis they saved more. This information I was in a position to gather at first hand, because I had the only burglar-proof

Continued on Page 48.

The Myth of the Four Hundred

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING



His Conversation, No Doubt, Was Not Brilliant

IT TAKES courage to admit that one is a New Yorker. In the eyes of the country at large the character of the New Yorker is bad. He is the narrowest and most ignorant of cockneys. He is more than insular, for his interests stop far short even of the narrow limits of Manhattan Island. North of Central Park and west of Sixth Avenue his imagination goes out of business. If he sets foot on the mainland it is only to take ship from Hoboken. In the inhabitant of a truly metropolitan city this might be forgiven. All roads lead to Rome—and to any real capital. Paris may be France, and London England; but New York is not even a twospot in the national deck. It is the dead center of provincialism.

Yet, in some way that has never been explained, this inconspicuous, this inconsiderable city manages to be a monster in its vices. Wall Street is the fountainhead of watered stock, the frenzied geyser of finance. Broadway is the national hotbed of flashy vice and extravagance. The so-called Four Hundred is the quintessence of all that is vicious in New York life, the negation of all sweet and pure Americanism.

Personally—and such a discussion, I fear, must be largely based on personal experience—I once took these charges seriously. In a vague and helpless way I was sorry. A man must love something, and quite obviously he cannot love that which his cockney imagination has no power to grasp. Whether provincial or metropolitan, virtuous or sunk in Babylonian sensuality, New York seemed to me a great and brilliant city, an inspiring city—yes, with all its extravagant crudities, a beautiful city. Always, in returning from Hoboken, the sight of the tower of Madison Square and the lovely Diana of Saint Gaudens gives me a sharp little thrill of delight different from anything I ever felt abroad.

Transients Known by Their Cocktails

IN TIME I learned to question this city's evil reputation, to regard it as moonshine, a mare's nest—the creation of a childish, myth-making fancy. When a truth is self-evident nobody goes about proclaiming it. Almost everybody not a New Yorker proclaims this. And they are always coming to New York to proclaim it. No city in the world, I believe, has a larger transient population the year round. Arriving at the Waldorf, the first thing a Westerner does is to take a Manhattan cocktail. The second is to curse out the rottenness of Manhattan. Why is this? And why is it that no New Yorker ever drinks a Manhattan cocktail?

In the early stages of a recent panic a few observations on such matters were thrust upon me. I was sent West on an urgent financial mission; in short, to raise the wind—or, as it may be more accurately expressed, to temper the wind to a certain shorn lamb. Chicago was jubilant over the plight of Wall Street, and without the first premonitory qualm of its own. Once it may have been true, a business acquaintance told me, that what Wall Street feels of a Friday will afflict the rest of the country on Saturday. But in this crisis Wall Street could fry in its own fat for all the West would care. The panic was a mere millionaires' panic, and had no terrors for men of stable and competent methods. And so I was able easily to raise the wind.

This particular wind, I found, had blown in from the prosperous farmers' banks in that large region west of the Mississippi where they require to be shown. I was surprised at this, for before the first public evidence of trouble we had offered these same banks seven per cent for precisely this money, and on precisely the same security. They had refused to have any dealings with so iniquitous a place as Wall Street. But they had loaned the money to Chicago at five per cent. Their belief in the myth of Wall Street had cost the sturdily virtuous Western bankers two per cent on a very considerable sum—and the smoke blew up the chimney just the same.

I commented on this, and my ignorance was brilliantly illumined. The recklessness of New York financiers had very naturally alarmed the staid and sober West. I asked the names of the monsters. In the list of plungers and wreckers with which I was confronted four out of five were, if I may be permitted the expression, from the hinterland. The most reckless of all had founded their fortunes beyond the Mississippi. Ultimately one man, by the sheer force of his known honesty and passion for stability, checked the panic and restored prosperity. He was a New Yorker, born and bred.

But I am anticipating. Business took me westward. My journey lasted longer than I expected, and I returned to Chicago short of traveling expenses. Not wishing to confess to my banking acquaintances the need of so small a sum, I presented a check for thirty dollars to the friend of whom I have spoken, who was the head of a mercantile firm. He looked glum, and went himself to the till. The total available cash was twenty-five dollars. "If you had given us a few days' warning," he said, "we could have got the money by adding your name to the salary list we send the bank." What New York had felt on Friday had not troubled Chicago on Saturday; but by Tuesday the financial qualm had been so great that all was up with the sturdy city; everything had gone over the rail. Not even a financial stomach-pump would raise the price of a ticket to New York. A profoundly interesting phenomenon, this myth of Wall Street.

There is a sister myth of Broadway. In New York the virtue of the dramatic muse is even easier than the virtue of stocks and bonds. The pinkly proper West is in revolt against drama as exported from Manhattan. Chicago has become a producing center, and in this respect also is destined to be independent of New York.

On a subsequent trip to the West I went with my friend to the theater. Great producing center though Chicago is, there was nothing to be seen that had not been on view in Broadway the year before for months together. One of the plays, however—a musical comedy—I had not seen. My friend became soberly moral. It was a bad play. Such things, he intimated, may delight New York, but will no longer go down in the West. Man, woman and child, the critics had roasted it. And deservedly. Yet he insisted on taking me to see it—though, as subsequently developed, he had already seen it on Broadway. The theater was tolerably well filled. As the tawdry, cheap, indecent thing unfolded he told me with a chuckle of certain lubricities that had been removed before exporting. The chuckle was unconscious. The purpose of the remark was to prove the moral superiority of the West.

Another flash of illumination! Such plays are not produced for New Yorkers. They are produced for transients from the hinterland. Men who at home hold up the palm of holy horror run wild among the broiler shows and lobster palaces of Broadway. It used to be said that good Americans when they die go to Paris—and bad ones when they are most alive. In book, play and boulevard, the indecency of Paris is very largely a reflection of the indecency of the transient public. It mounted to its height during the Paris fair—or rather sunk to its lowest depth. Broadway is a nearer Paris. And, like the plungers and wreckers of Wall Street, the managers who produce these tasteless vulgarities, almost to a man, hail from the West, to which they pander.

I sounded my friend to see whether he had seen the really artistic productions of the past season in New York, musical and dramatic. Not he! De Bussy and Richard Strauss, Charpentier, Von Hoffmanstahl and Maeterlinck were unknown names to him. One of the plays of that season had been accepted on Broadway, and subsequently on the road, as among the most original and significant of modern American dramas. He had missed it, he explained, because when originally produced in Chicago—that center of chaste, high art—it had been stigmatized as melodrama. Sometimes, methinks, the lady of Western virtue doth protest too much.

Wash Day at the Western St. Regis

TAKEN off their guard, in moments when there is no question of civic or territorial rivalry, the preponderance of the hinterland in Broadway and the Tenderloin is frankly admitted. "I got a pearl out of a blue-point oyster," one of the chorus girls used to remark in a Weber and Fields show. "That's nothing," said her vis-à-vis; "I got a diamond necklace out of a Pittsburgh lobster." Throughout the country that line got a laugh of recognition. High up in the Rocky Mountains is a tiny bungalow on which the owner has placed the name, in large letters, The Waldorf. That is, of course, an amiable jest at his own expense and at the expense of the bungalow. But the point of the joke lies in the assumption that the hotel named is quite the most gorgeous thing extant. In a Southwestern city I was advised to put up at a hotel that rejoices in the name of a New York hostelry which was built to eclipse the Waldorf. Hot and dusty from the railway, I asked for bath towels. It was Monday morning, the chambermaid informed me, and the towels were all in the wash. It is a delightful picture that she unconsciously drew of Saturday night at this hinterland St. Regis.

Of all the myths of Manhattan the most amusingly false, and at the same time the most deeply corrupting, is the myth of the Four Hundred. In New York one never hears of the Four Hundred—at least among folk who are socially current. Except for the visiting critic, one might live and die without knowing that the word of mystery and scorn exists. But to him it has a thousand horrid connotations. The Four Hundred is a gangrened mass of folly, extravagance and moral filth, corrupting all our pristine national virtues. Under the power of telepathic suggestion—the psychology of the crowd—I myself believe

No City in the World Has a Larger Transient Population

all this. If ever it occurs to me that the people I know present no such hideous mien I at once become inwardly humble. Socially I must be most unfortunate. . . . Unconsciously I have written "unfortunate." I should, of course, have written "fortunate." But at the moment I was perhaps under the influence of the crowd of which I am writing, for in their eyes, strangely enough, nothing is more desirable than to be hand-in-glove with the monsters they so roundly condemn.

The origin of the term tells the whole story. A quarter of a century ago an astute publisher who had observed the social awe, the insensate curiosity, with which the country at large regards the leading families of New York, induced a cotillon leader to write a book on society as he had found it. The author remarked that the people who were indisputably leaders in society did not number over four hundred. The remark was perfectly true and perfectly innocent. The same might be said of London, of Paris, of Vienna. If the estimate erred at all it was on the side of inclusiveness. There is probably no organized social body anywhere that numbers so many as four hundred people of established and generally recognized position. For even in these days of palatial private residences there is a limit to the number of folk with whom it is possible to maintain the social relationship.

The editor of a daily paper, astute as the publisher of the book, perceived that the phrase had a satirical value. We have no nobility, no aristocracy. Up to then we had had no term for the social leaders of that generation. He dubbed them the Four Hundred. It was an old game. Washington Irving satirized the pretensions of the aristocratic leaders of a former generation in his Knickerbocker History of New York. They resented the liberties he took with their ancestors and put him under a social ban. But he had given them the title that was destined to make them famous, their only possible title of distinction.

The country at large bowed down before the Knickerbocker aristocracy.

No one in New York resented this new satiric epithet. The joke was too obvious, too impersonal. Though established leaders are necessarily few, society in any live city is as necessarily vast and multifarious. The Social Register includes some thirty thousand names. The number of those who know members of the principal set is smaller, but still vast. The gentlewoman who, throughout her long life, was recognized as the leader in society, was accustomed to give a grand ball yearly. To this she invited in the neighborhood of a thousand guests. Probably she would have invited more if a greater number were compatible with a dignified and distinguished function. Nothing was more remarkable about her successive balls than the changes in the personnel of the guests. It was evidently her aim to keep in touch with all the new elements that are constantly coming to the surface in the life of the city. Since her death New York society has had no recognized leader, and probably never will have another. The social body is too large, too complex, too constantly shifting. In a nobility it is one of the few remaining functions of royalty to create a recognized social body. The whole spirit of a democracy is against this sort of thing. The idea that we have a social aristocracy has always been and must always remain a joke.

The biggest joke of all, however, is that the hinterland has ended by taking it seriously. Social awe is a very serious thing—to those who are socially awed. And the natives of the hinterland are apparently lost to all sense of dignified self-sufficiency the moment they learn how to eat peas. Many papers throughout the West print a letter several times a week that is signed by the Marquise of Something-or-other, and is exclusively occupied, I am told, with the doings of European nobility. The doings of social New York occupy columns daily, and in the Sunday editions whole pages of gossip and photographs. In a thousand unconscious ways the power of the New York tradition is manifest.

Buffalo's Social Speed Record

IN A SWISS pension I once met a lady from Rome, New York, whose conversation was yea, yea, and nay, nay except on the subject of society. In a discussion that she fomented it appeared that her traveling library consisted of the Almanach de Gotha and the Social Register. Standing in sight of the strangely, exquisitely blue waters of Lake Michigan, I was told that Lake Forest is the Newport of Chicago. With the Pacific majestically booming in my ears I was told that San Mateo and Burlingame are the Newports of San Francisco. Why this banal, this meaningless name for something near and precious? To the hinterland the idea of New York is an obsession, a crushing, awful nightmare.

To feed the insensate social curiosity of the public is one of the many grave problems of Sunday journalism. The fact is—and it must be obvious upon a moment's sane reflection—that society in New York is essentially the same as society anywhere in America. There is more wealth and more leisure; and with it is to be found a higher degree of the consequences of wealth and leisure. Those who care for the high art of living excel in it. Those who have no resource but vanity and the follies of self-indulgence live accordingly. But to the socially overawed of the hinterland sane reflection seems impossible. They see everything in glaring lights and crude colors. They have an appetite that craves monsters, and with monsters they must be fed.

The lives of the socially overawed are the logical result of their mental diet. Voltaire, rebelling against the medieval conception of an anthropomorphic deity, remarked that, in point of fact, mankind had created God in its own image. However that may be, the myth of the Four Hundred has been created in the image of the hinterland; and social aspirers there worship their self-created deity with fit orgies. In a buffet car I once fell into conversation with a native of a little city near New York. He was a commercial traveler, and deeply interested in Four Hundreds; for the term has a plural number. The Four Hundred of New York, he remarked, might be going some; but the Four Hundred of Troy! New York couldn't see it for the dust. But of all Four Hundreds, he added, the Four Hundred of Buffalo had made the record for speed.

Bound up with the idea of speed is the idea of exclusiveness. The most portentous thing about Four Hundreds is the way, the superbly cruel way, they have of keeping outsiders out. A New York gentlewoman on her travels fell in with a lady from Denver who, learning the name of her new acquaintance, aired a social grievance. Against the outside world, said the lady from Denver, it was necessary to put up the bars; but she did think that the members of one Four Hundred should recognize and welcome the members of another. Her idea was, apparently, that they should be like college fraternities. There should be a secret Four Hundred grip. It was a difficult remark to respond to. Were there not already, the New York gentlewoman asked, certain signs by which congenial people found it easy to recognize one another? "Oh, you mean this," the lady from Denver rejoined, waving her fingers aloft as if for a handshake. "But everybody does that now. They've even got it on the stage."

If New York fails to live up to this idea of exclusiveness it pays the penalty in reputation. Some years ago a Newport hostess invited her friends to dine with one of the celebrities of the moment, who happened to be an uncommonly well-educated ape.

Throughout the country the incident created a furore of rage and derision. The Four Hundred had at last found its level! Even today it is hard to speak calmly and reasonably of that dinner; but let us endeavor to do so.

This is a free country—a truth that is nowhere more loudly vociferated than in the West. Modern scientific thought has given us all a very real and vivid interest in our nearest kinsman among the animals. Who has not from childhood poked his nose between the bars of the zoo and made responsive faces at his Simian cousins? If one chooses why shouldn't he meet an ape at dinner? What more intimate or agreeable manner of satisfying a curiosity, a capacity for delight, which is as natural as it is universal? The manners of that monkey, I am credibly informed, were far superior to those of men and women who pass socially current in all countries. His conversation, no doubt, was not brilliant; but he must have been a decided advance on people who, having as little to say, insist on talking.

Because one belongs to a certain set, is it necessary to take oneself seriously in every action? John Keats once covered his tongue with red pepper in order to feel how deliciously cool claret can be. The incident does not describe prettily. If he had reflected that he was one of the great poets of the world he would probably not have put that pepper on his tongue. But, on the other hand, if he had been always thinking of the figure he was cutting with posterity he would have been quite a different man—a man in whom posterity would not have the slightest interest. A recent memoir describes a *salon* scene in which Taine and De Maupassant sat together on the floor and played with a box of children's blocks. They enjoyed it hugely. If there had been a yellow journalist present their names would now no doubt be as familiar to the hinterland as the name of that Newport monkey.

I do not deny that the monkey incident resulted unfortunately. But the trouble was all with the hectic imagination, the abasement of social awe, that gave to the

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"YOU think you don't care much for tomato soup. That's because you never tried Campbell's.

"I was the same way. I used to prefer chicken or pea or celery soup. But tomato soup—why you don't know what it is until you eat

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TOMATO

SOUP

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"It brings out the perfect tomato-flavor seasoned just right—fresh and spicy and appetizing

"I couldn't make such perfect tomato soup. I don't know anyone that does.

"All the Campbell 'kinds' are good—pure and wholesome and tasty. But the Tomato seems to fit more occasions and please more people than any soup I know.

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"'Twas *Campbell's Soup*
That made me bold
To breast the foaming sea
However cold
The waters rolled,
'Twas warm inside of me."

functions of Newport a preposterously fictitious value. Why should one care who or what Newport asks to dinner? There is only one possible reason: one feels it a personal disgrace that one is not asked. At the last analysis all the pother about that monkey reduces itself to this: Man, woman and child, they felt that the social injustice of not being asked to dine at Newport was now obvious. Perhaps they were right.

A young New Yorker gave a ball costumed in the period of Louis XIV. His guest of honor was a visiting French actress—the leading exponent of high comedy the world over. At supper she read a poem, and to be better heard stepped from her chair upon the table. The ball as a whole was one of the most distinguished artistically in modern memory. The only possible criticism was that, in the effort to keep to the spirit of the Grand Monarque, it became a trifle pompous and dull. The actress was costumed with the utmost simplicity and decorum, and she read her piece with an air of pretty innocence that was delightfully childlike. Throughout the country the occasion was depicted in the most lurid colors. The guests were debauched, bacchanalian. The actress mounted the table in an indecent costume, with a bottle of champagne, and executed a sensual dance. Toward morning, I am told by those who remained, the company became less frigid; but it was never indecorous. At daybreak only the host and his aides remained. They put a period to their Ludovican masque by ordering an American breakfast of buckwheat cakes and country sausages. And they ate it, unpunished. I can imagine no better evidence of the prevailing temperance of the occasion.

Manhattan Mania

This social awe of New York, and the apelike orgies that result from it—I say it with apologies to the ape—are a comparatively recent phenomenon. In a former mood the Western boast of independence and originality was at least an honest boast. This was the mood that Robert Grant has recorded in Unleavened Bread. In that era cities attested their faith in local sculptors and architects by employing them on soldiers' monuments and public buildings—with results that are still, alas, to be seen. Chicago evolved a new and native style of residential architecture, the horizontal lines of which were supposed to interpret the life of the prairie. The women's clubs carried aloft the social as well as the intellectual standard. It was not a mood of beauty—artistic, social or moral; but it was strong and sincere. If the West had persisted in it it might have evolved something really illustrative of our national virtues. But all that remains is the blustering condemnation of the fetish of New York society, which the West created and which the West, secretly or openly, worships.

Manhattan mania takes forms which, if subtler and less obviously vicious, are perhaps more broadly dangerous. A gentlewoman, who had at least the virtue of frankness, told me that though she knew no one in New York she always spent her vacations at the Waldorf. It seemed a lonesome holiday. Not at all! She had made many friends among fellow guests who did the same. The hotel clerk was most helpful. As soon as she arrived he would say: "Mrs. Jones of Richmond is here, Mrs. Brown of Worcester, Mrs. Robinson of Houston and Mrs. Smith of Seattle." It was the most social season of her year.

May it be suggested that all of these ladies have a home and a family, that all the cities from which they register have a social life that needs their loyal devotion if for no other reason than that it is less amiable and gay than it might be?

The aspiration of such women, and often of their husbands, is to live permanently in New York. Their first step, on making their fortunes, to be sure, is generally to build in the city to which they owe their prosperity; but by degrees they succumb to the lure of Manhattan. In every Western city there are palatial residences that are either vacant or occupied by tenants. It is well known where the owners go. The transient hotels of the shopping district and the apartment hotels of upper Broadway are full of them. Many build splendid houses on the Riverside Drive. A few have built pretentious houses on Fifth Avenue. But all this outward show only emphasizes their failure to become a part of the true social life of the city. In nine cases out of ten their new existence, for which they have abandoned their native cities, is of precisely the same kind as that of the ladies of the Waldorf. It may not be lonesome. It may, in a way, be cosmopolitan. But it is the absurdest possible travesty of what social life might and should be.

The loss to their home cities is more than a social loss. The West is, and must always remain, the source of all, or almost all, our national prosperity. Potentially, it is the source of the great national virtues; for there is a solidity, a dignity, in the character of those who labor face to face with Nature, that communities of middlemen tend to modify, even to lose altogether. What is potentially true would be true in fact if it were not for this mania of simian imitation. Just as socially the West needs leaders true to the best native spirit, so in business and in civic affairs it requires, above everything, capital controlled by enlightened and enterprising public spirit. But where the man is lives the power of his millions. A country from which the leading citizens migrate is like a farm that sells both crop and manure. In the present it may seem prosperous; but the future is gravely problematical. There is a reason why Westerners hate New York—until they can go there to live.

New York has less reason to hate the West, for the West has created it, and is maintaining it, the thing I have hitherto refrained from calling it—the metropolis. Yet New York has not purchased its wealth and its national distinction without paying the price. It has ceased to be a livable city, even a wholesome city. What charm have its noisy, treeless streets for childhood? What chance has a boy of maturing in the solider virtues where the lights of Broadway glare near by, up every side street, and the Tenderloin lures mysteriously from beyond? What chance has a girl of finding a worthy mate among the youths whose diversions are in broiler shows and lobster palaces? Even their elders find it hard, with the best intentions, to maintain any real home life. But the plight of New York is not peculiar: it is that of every metropolis. The life of the world, whether vital or vicious, burns to a white-hot flame, in which the tender and delicate values of daily life all vanish.

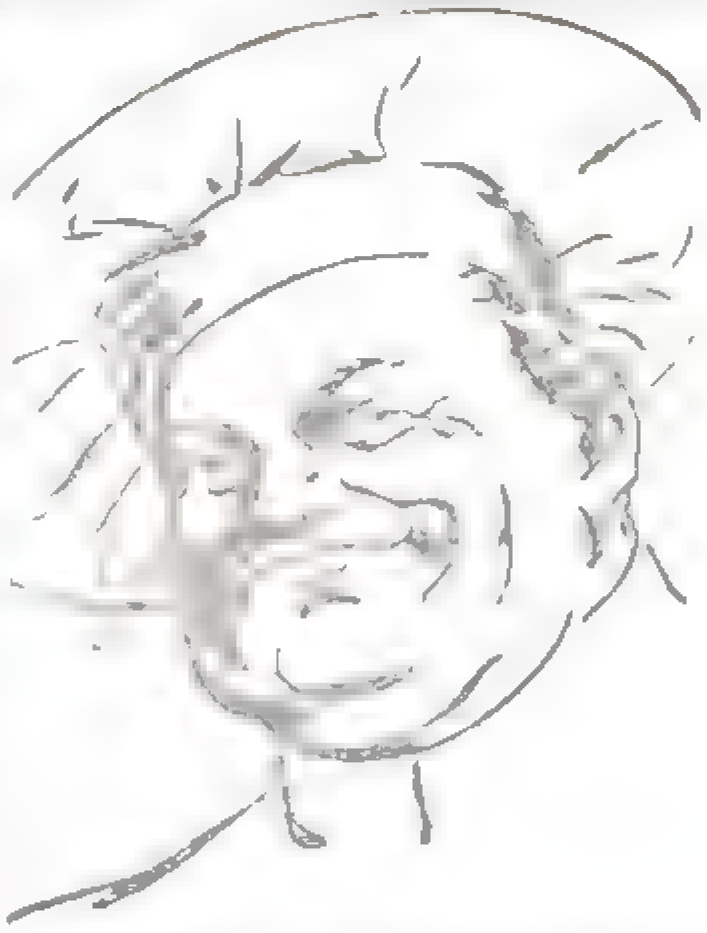
A City of Homes No Longer

A generation ago and more New York ceased to be a city of homes. People of moderate means fled to Brooklyn, to Harlem, to New Jersey. People of wealth transferred their homes to Long Island, to upper Westchester, to the high land beyond the Hudson. They have apartments or houses in town, into which they move for the social and artistic season in winter. But year by year this season is becoming shorter. More and more New Yorkers are living in the country and giving Manhattan over to spenders from the hinterland.

In its turn fashionable society also has suffered. Even people who have deserved positions of fame cannot always stand the test of notoriety. Here is a set who deserve no such prominence as is thrust upon them. Many would prefer to keep out of the public eye, but they have been forced by repeated and probably intentional misrepresentation to take the reporters into their confidence. Following the better part of valor, they have made friends of society reporters—invited them to receptions and luncheons. The harm of all this, of course, is its effect upon the hostesses. Insensibly they come to regard themselves as figures of national distinction.

Social climbers have no such ready means of obtaining invitations, but their activities are as persistent and as harmful. Common courtesy to a fellow member on a charity board or to a chance acquaintance in traveling is likely to involve a claim for social recognition. To resist such a claim is practically as necessary in the fevered rush of modern life as it is ungracious; and a lifetime of keeping the outside world at bay does not sweeten the disposition or ameliorate manners. It is inevitable and all too natural that aristocracies become aloof and supercilious. And nowhere are the vices of aristocracy as little in place as in the citizens of a republic. Yet, if by nature the people of a republic are socially eager and ambitious, the leaders of society are perhaps justified in being supercilious.

In New York the leaders have suffered in more than their characters—a circumstance of which we have of late had striking evidence. They have attempted to found a theater, as they have already founded an



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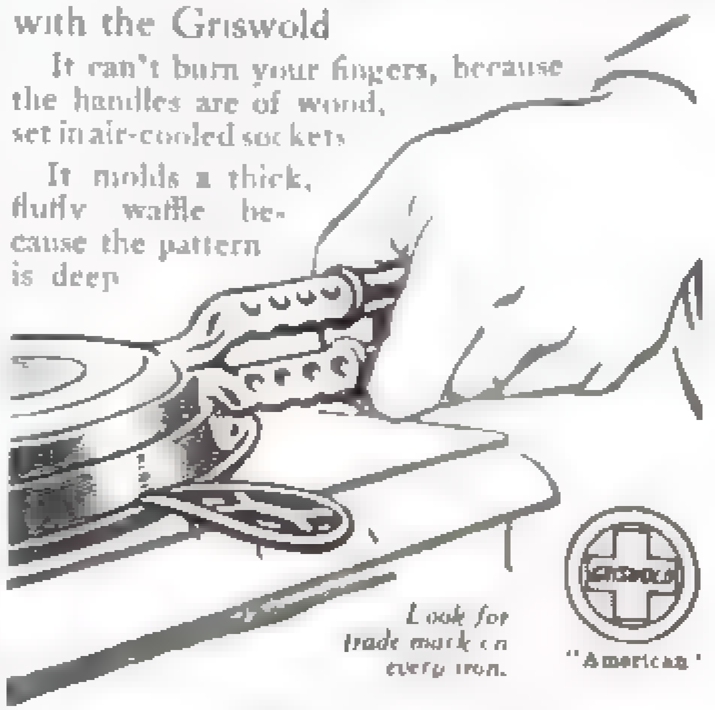

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opera, to rival the great national artistic institutions of Europe. The promoter was an Austrian. Mr. Conried, who had risen from the directorship of a German theater on the lower East Side to the directorship of the Metropolitan Opera. His belief in the myth of the Four Hundred was absolute, and he persuaded the set who had created the opera that they had only to put their hands to their checkbooks in order to create also a Théâtre Français. Corral the Four Hundred, and the Four Million will flock to the pen! The specifications he gave to the architects called for a seating capacity adapted to a commercial, not an artistic, ambition—namely, two thousand five hundred, or over double that of the ordinary playhouse in London, Paris or New York. He died before the house was built.

His successor, a Bostonian, seems to have been no less under the influence of the myth of the Four Hundred. To emphasize the social character of the institution the founders had been given a deep tier of boxes, as at the opera. But drama is a very different thing—a much more intimate art. The occupants of this golden horseshoe were virtually beyond sight and sound of the stage. Over the founders' boxes was a balcony. Now American playgoers do not take naturally to sitting in the gallery. The new director called these seats foyer stalls, because they opened upon the foyer or grand parade. By means of elaborately engraved stationery he offered them to the socially elect, not founders, at more than twice the price of the best seats on the floor, the price of which had not yet been announced. The proposition, as subsequently appeared, amounted to this, that the few were to pay through the nose, as the French say, for the privilege of being conspicuously seen in the close proximity of the boxholders. They could neither see nor hear all that was most delicate and precious in the acting; but what would they care for art with the founders so near?

The response to the engraved invitations was almost unanimous. Many of those who failed to get seats in the allotment offered double and treble to their successful friends. But with the first performance the bubble burst. An amazing thing became evident: the subscribers cared more for seeing than for being seen, for hearing the play than for talking to the founders! People who had been accustomed to pay the ticket agencies a premium for seats down front, and who never went to a play unless they could get them, found themselves in a gallery the front row of which was behind the last row on the floor. And the general public, who had been honored with no exclusive offer on embossed paper, had the best seats in the house at the price of two dollars. The rage of those stalled above can best be imagined.

The institution itself has come to stay. The opera has had its ups and downs, and has even been suspended for a season for lack of public support. Yet the men behind it have persisted until it is now recognized, even abroad, as among the very foremost organizations of the kind in the world. But I find myself speaking of the real character of the leading citizens of New York. It is an interesting subject. Without the least pretension—civic, artistic, intellectual—they have created a metropolitan life of the very first order. To the arts of painting and sculpture, music and the drama, they have rendered a service such as no other private citizens have ever rendered, here or abroad. To find the equals of the institutions of Manhattan one must go to the capitals of the Continent, where the arts are subsidized by the state or by royalty. But that is another story. My present melancholy purpose is only to show the harm that is being wrought, to New York as to the country at large, by the myth with which democratic envy has enveloped it.

Editor's Note—The Myth of the Four Hundred is written by a Westerner who has lived in New York for many years. Next week we shall publish an article entitled, Reuben in New York, that is written by a Westerner who still lives in the West but who makes frequent visits to New York

Food for Thought

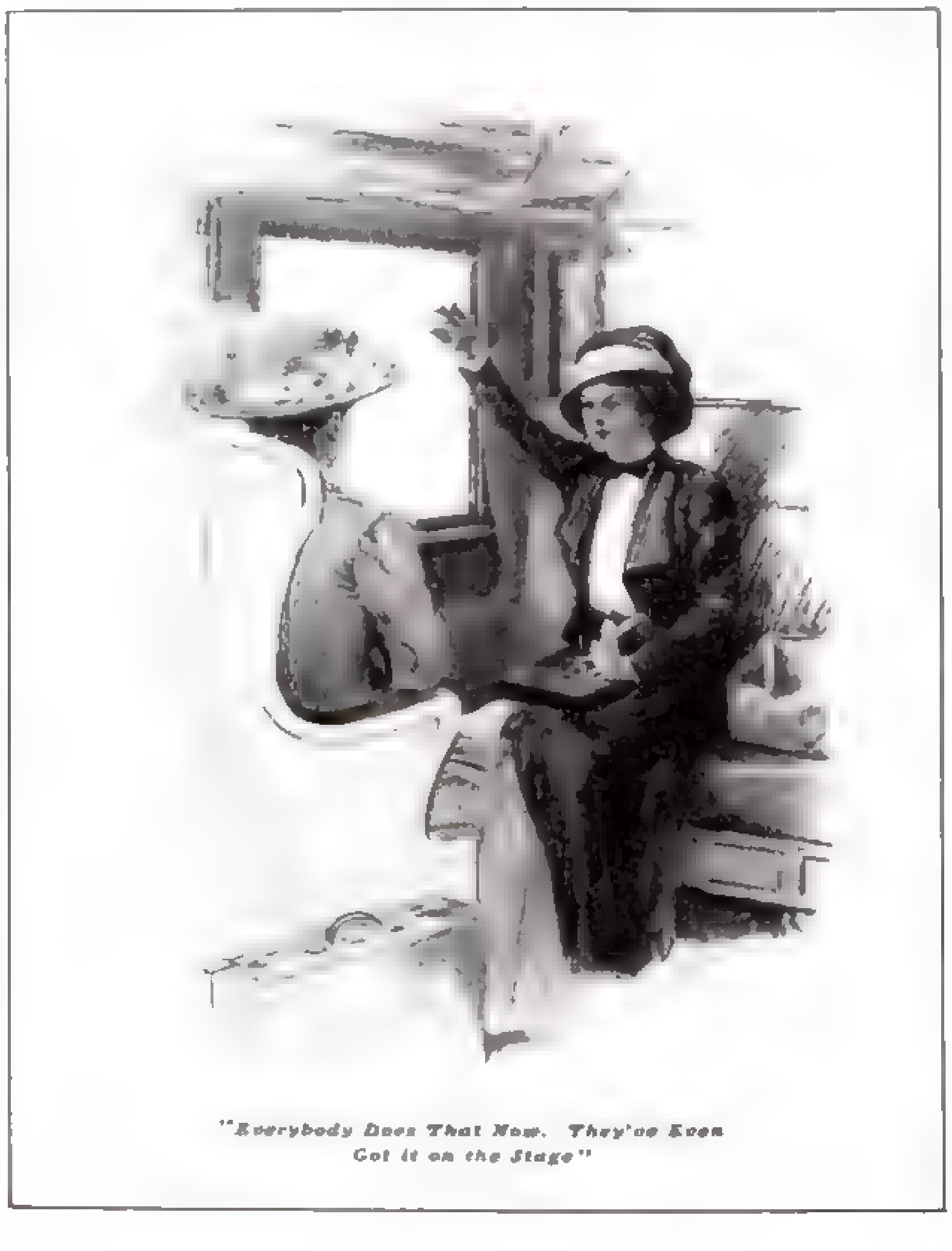
CAPTAIN PRESCOTT, of the Fifth Infantry, was leading a long hike in the Philippines. Food gave out and his command was forced to resort to the emergency rations, which consist of condensed food of one kind and another.

The captain was riding past some negro soldiers at breakfast time one morning. An old negro sergeant saluted.

"Cap'n," said the sergeant.

"What is it?"

"Cap'n, we-all don't like these yere imaginary rations!"



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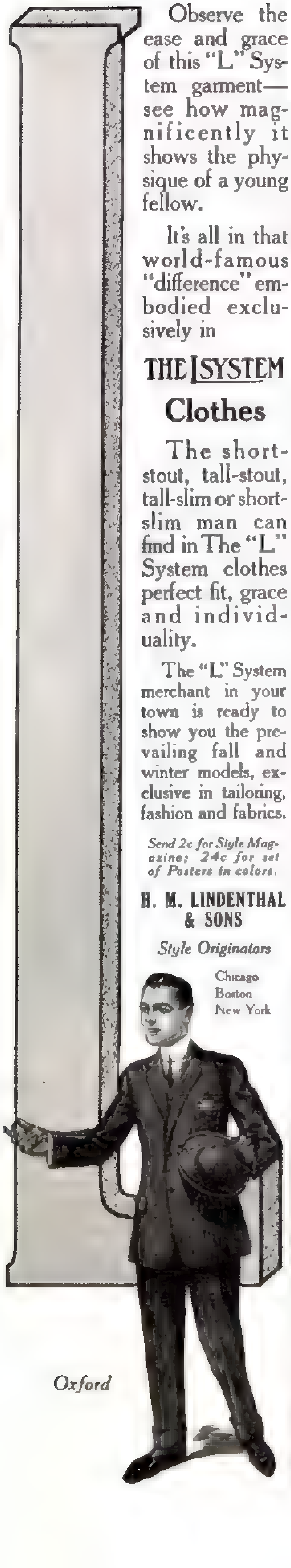

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Dining-Car Problems

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

A MAN coming up into New York City from the South the other day leaned across the table of the dining car and called our attention to the price list of the menu card he held in his fingers.

"This gets me," he said. "Seventy-five cents for bacon and eggs—and nothing thrown in except the bread and butter! I live in the town where this car was stocked early this morning, and I happen to know that bacon sells there now at twenty-six cents a pound retail—eggs at thirty-two cents a dozen. A pound of bacon and a dozen eggs should feed six people, and for them the railroad would receive four dollars and fifty cents—a profit of nearly four dollars, which ought to leave a comfortable opportunity for the upkeep of the service. The service ought to do pretty well. The orange with which I opened this simple meal costs ten cents *au naturel;* if you want it sliced it costs twenty-five cents—a remarkable raise in price. I sliced my own. I never earned fifteen cents more quickly."

He tossed his check over to us. He had eaten an orange at ten cents, two eggs and three slices of bacon at seventy-five cents, and had washed these down with a pot of tea at fifteen cents. Here was a simple breakfast—simple to the very point of skimpiness—yet it had cost him a dollar, outside of the necessary tip for the waiter. Of course his rolls and butter were included, as well as the inevitable two toothpicks in their white paper pajamas—but any hotel would do as much for him. We thought of the average hotel and remarked:

"You would have paid as much as that and perhaps a little more on Broadway for that same breakfast."

His eyes twinkled.

"But I can dodge the hyphenated hotels when I go to New York if that suits me best," was his reply. He lowered his voice. "The old fellow who was sitting across the aisle a moment ago has come through from New Orleans. He had to save and to scrape together the money for the expensive railroad ticket between that town and New York. The sleeping-car berth was another hard tax. On top of that came the six meals on the way, and these will average him about a dollar apiece, manage as he will. The railroad either has abolished the eating houses where the charges were fairly moderate, or else no longer halts its trains long enough to enable through passengers to eat at them."

Square Plates That Save Space

Now there is the dining-car problem from the viewpoint of the passenger. Take that problem with you into the private office of any big general passenger agent—this fellow sitting in control of four thousand miles of line will do. He shakes his head slowly as you tell that doleful story to him—it must be that he has heard it before.

"We lost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars last year in our efforts to run a hotel business for the benefit of our passengers," he says with a wry face; "and what the big boss didn't say about that dining-car deficit isn't worth printing. He groans every time he has to buy a new car, and last year we bought eight—the folks up on the branches are beginning to demand them now. It is the one feature of the railroad passenger service that today demands most urgently an overhauling for the sake of economy—and it is also the one that seems to present the most obstacles toward revision."

Then he begins telling you of the efforts that the railroads are making toward bringing down the cost of the dining-car service to themselves, without bringing it up for the passengers or lessening the quality of the service. The New York Central Lines, after sharply abolishing the old-time "dollar meals," are again experimenting with them. Another big railroad is seriously considering stopping its slower through trains—those having coach equipment—at the eating-stations so as to take care of just such cases as the man from New Orleans bound north on a forty-eight-hour trip; and a wise head on a Western system has experimented with every shape of table, and has even hit upon a scheme of square and oblong plates and platters for a greater economy of space in front of each diner. Having been sharply rapped over the knuckles by a gentleman from Boston the railroads are almost falling over themselves in a search for methods of further economy in operation. And when they come to square plates and platters in the dining cars their methods of scientific economy are to the methods of ordinary businesses as integral calculus to vulgar fractions.

When your grandfather went for a ride on the cars for the first time, the dining car was unknown. He edged along somehow without that institution, even if grandmother had to stuff a few cookies into the carpet-bag. In the first place grandfather stayed home more than you do. But when he did travel grandfather was a real traveler. He knew what bully meals they served you at the smoky old depot at Springfield, Massachusetts, particularly if you were over-generous and winked at the sable servitor, handing him a dime as the concrete expression of that wink. You were served with the fat of a land that had not yet been cramped for food. Why, there was a town down in the Southern tier of New York State—we dare say that you would never have heard of Hornellsville if grandfather had not told you of the waffles and chicken they served in the depot there in those days. But they were not all Springfields and Hornellsvilles, those restaurants in the old railroad depots; yet even the worst of them had their place in the formation of a great nation. They were the very foundations of American humor—indeed, one might say that the railroad sandwich was the real cornerstone of that scintillating edifice.

Good Eating at the Junctions

Almost all of these old fellows are gone. Here and there a landmark remains hugging the railroad tracks, its grimy self seemingly sighing for the days that were. When you go West on the Baltimore & Ohio you can see today the Queen City Hotel, at Cumberland, Maryland; and the Logan House rises above the busy rails of the Pennsylvania at Altoona. In its great rooms it hides real secrets of the Civil War, for to them came time and time again the governors of the Northern States and the tired man from Washington—to take counsel with one another. Along the Union Pacific the staunch red pioneers—the combined depots and eating houses at places like Grand Island and North Platte and Denver Junction—still stand, and make gray-haired overland travelers wish that the trains again stopped long enough for them to eat of their bounty. On many sideline railroads, where the busy dining car with all its clatter and convenience has not as yet come, you find the eating houses. Far from the cities things change slowly with the years. There is one up in the northern part of New York State that has never yielded its supremacy to any circuit-riding café on wheels. When a certain high officer of the busy railroad that spreads itself apart at that junction goes up there, he orders the cook of his private car to shut up the kitchen.

"Do you suppose that I would pass by that town," he says, "and the best square meal in the whole state?"

Certain railroads in the far West still cling to the rather gentle and graceful old-fashioned custom of maintaining eating houses along their lines. One past-master of railroad eating in this country—Fred Harvey, of the Sante Fe—came to his glory in the development of railroad eating houses and railroad hotels in the Southwest. Harvey has been given glory because of the fact that he revised the old railroad rule of cutting pie into six sections and merely divided the dainty by four. But it was more than pie that made Fred Harvey. It was infinite attention to the vast details of feeding a traveling army so that each wanderer in that army might think that the meal had been cooked for his own single delight—the sort of thing that is sometimes known as genius—that brought fame to the Sante Fe man. It was the same sort of thing that took George Rector from the

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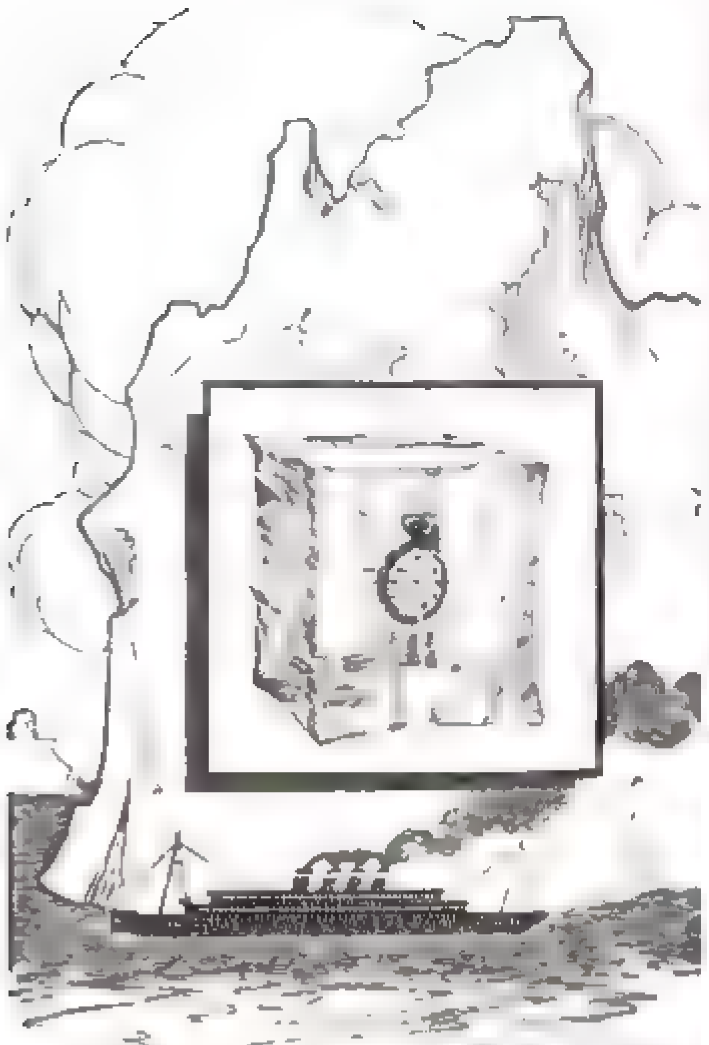

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A South Bend Watch, frozen in ice or immersed in boiling water, will keep perfect time. And every South Bend Watch is given *equally extreme* temperature tests before it leaves the factory. For, in satisfying ourselves that our watches *will stand* such severe trials for accuracy, we know that they will be accurate under *ordinary* conditions in the ordinary *wearer's pocket.*

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Every South Bend Watch gets 411 inspections in the making and then passes through a Special Inspection Department for its final O. K. It must run 700 hours without variation before it goes out. It is thus that *we built* the reputation of South Bend Watches and thus that we must *maintain* it.

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That "personal adjustment" to your personality is absolutely necessary because good watches run differently for different people. If you walk much, ride a great deal in motor cars, move quickly, etc., your watch is affected and should be regulated to offset the general condition under which you carry a watch.

Only a good jeweler can do this, and it can be done only with a good watch, for common watches are not sensitive enough for such delicate regulation—hence, seldom keep time for anybody.

Write us for the free book, "How Good Watches Are Made." It tells all about watches and will help you get the right watch for your needs. You can get a South Bend Watch in a solid gold case for $75, or in gold-filled and other metal cases at reasonably low prices.

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dining car wherein he was presiding and made him one of the greatest restaurateurs in the land.

The dining car came into its own about forty years ago. It was in 1867 that the Great Western Railway of Canada built the first of these comfortable cars—the President. The President—it was called a hotel car in those piping days of magnified titles—was operated by the Pullman Company, a concern that has waxed fat by extending a degree of comfort to traveling Americans. It was a sleeping car with a kitchen equipped in one end, so that meals could be served to passengers in their own sections—very much after the fashion of the buffet sleepers of today. It was a tremendous success and people began planning their trips so that they could ride on it. The first nail in the coffin of the old-time railroad eating house had been driven home. People began asking why all meals should not be served while a train was in motion. "Steamboats do not tie up at a dock every time dinner is ready," they argued.

Mr. Pullman was delighted with the success of his new car, but not satisfied with its type. So it was only a few years later that he evolved the Delmonico for the Chicago & Alton Railroad. It was devoted exclusively to restaurant purposes and was the forerunner of a mighty army of dining cars. The star of the old-time eating house began to sink. When car vestibules were perfected, along in the eighties, and the railroad began to encourage folks to go from one car to another instead of frightening them out of their seven senses if they attempted such a thing, the star had almost reached the horizon. The dining car had come into overwhelming popularity, and people began asking one another where the limit of luxury might be set.

Profits Become Deficits

But about the time that the dining car reached the height of its popularity there came a new and important factor into its history. At last the steady inpouring at the gates of the land was beginning to fill its once seemingly inexhaustible acres. Food costs began slowly to take the upgrade, and the profits of the Pullman Company from its traveling restaurants began to diminish. There came finally the day when the margin of profit on these was wiped out and the Pullman Company left the catering business. The railroads might open up the eating houses again for all it cared. It never was an eleemosynary institution.

The railroads accepted that challenge with alacrity. They seized upon the dining-car business as a splendid competitive feature, and many and many a general passenger agent went in to his president to explain that, even if they did lose a little on the dining-car business they would more than make it up by the increased traffic that their own particular and excellent restaurant service would bring to their lines. So for a time the man who traveled received for his dollar a meal such as no other land on earth could offer him.

The railroads made their eating facilities their great pride, and of such a generation was Fred Harvey.

Folks began eating regularly at his restaurants in the towns through which the Santa Fe passed, and Harvey had to put little signs up on his restaurant doors saying that his places were only for travelers. The Pennsylvania Railroad maintained in Philadelphia a station restaurant that was the pride of that staid Quaker community. It had another in Jersey City that used to tempt New Yorkers all the way across the Hudson River at lunchtime—and there were no tubes in that day and generation.

If the prices of food had been content to stand still at that level we today would probably continue to have the finest railroad restaurant service in the world. But unfortunately Ellis Island continued to pour its hosts into the land, and the railroads began to draw in on their dining-car expenses. They were fearful. More than one road was serving for a dollar a meal that cost more than that to buy and prepare and serve—and there was, besides, the cost and the upkeep of the cars themselves to come out of the reckoning. The dollar dinner languished and some of the railroads quietly dropped it and substituted the *à la carte* service.

"Bully," said the average railroad president to his G. P. A., when such a change

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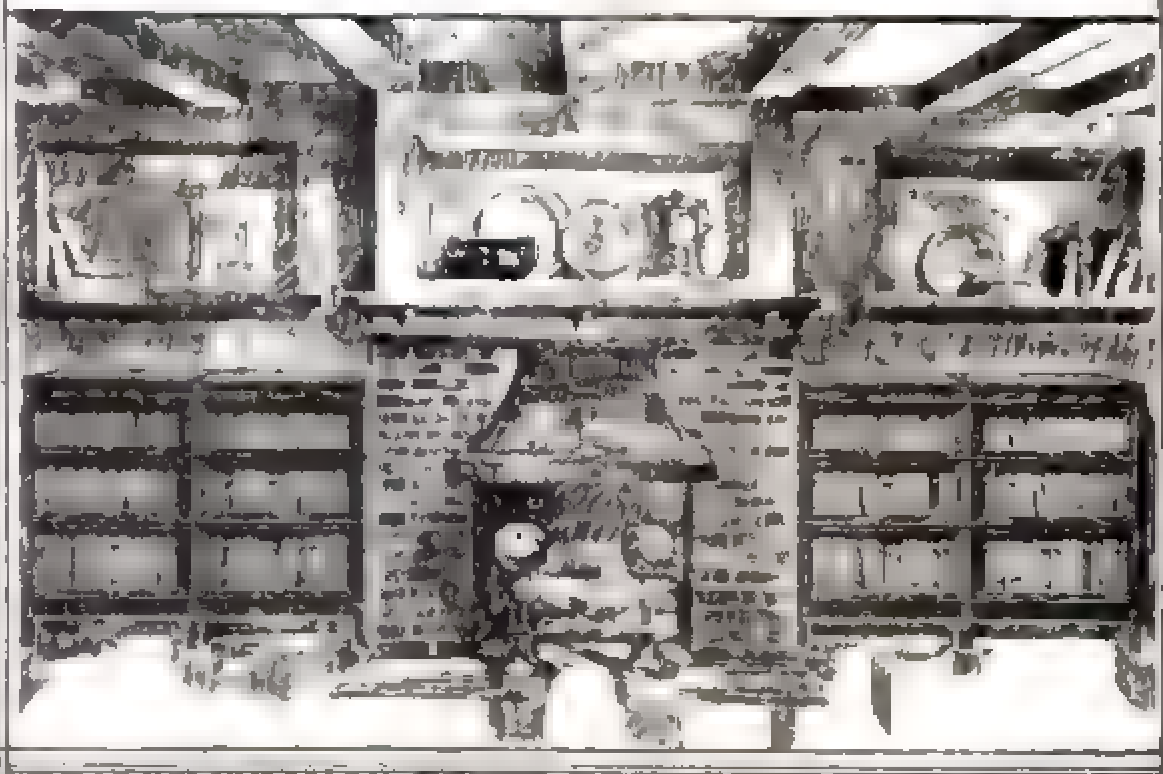

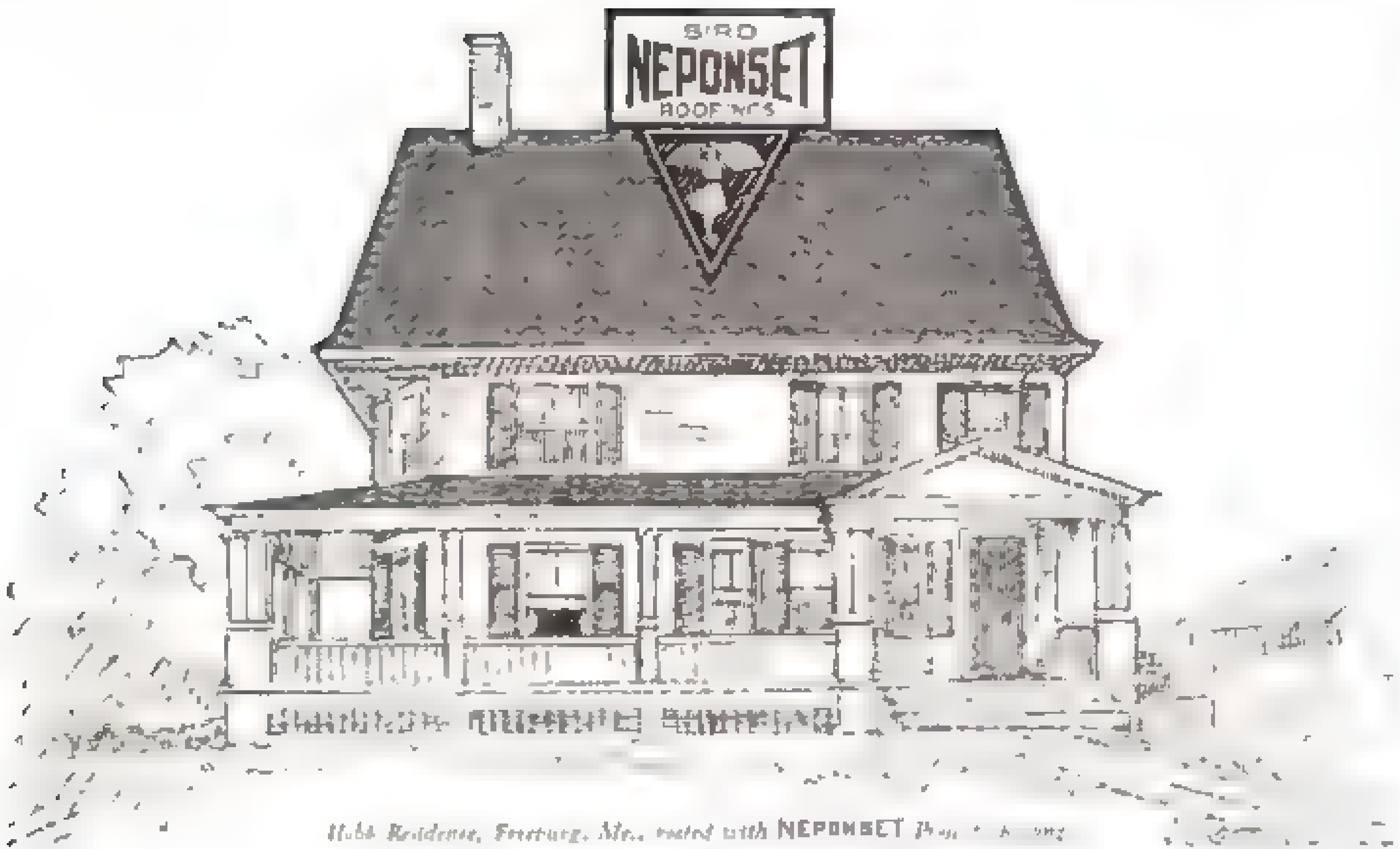

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Satisfies the exacting requirements of perfect dressing.

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The very name "McCallum" suggests all excellence that can be found in silk hosiery. It is correct for every season and every occasion.

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was made. "Now, why don't you see if you can't make a profit out of the dining-car service?"

More of the dollar meals disappeared and the *à la carte* prices began traveling upward from the moderate scale at which they were first fixed. A man wrote last year from an interior city to the president of a big railroad, calling attention to the fact that he had on one of its dining cars been charged twenty-five cents for a baked apple with cream.

"I pay thirty cents for a baked apple with cream with my lunch at Delmonico's," was the answer.

The in-country man replied that every man who came to New York did not lunch at Delmonico's. Every mail that comes to the railroad brings its proportion of complaints about the dining-car service. It is one of the things upon which every traveler is most touchy. A woman out on an Eastern road voices a suspicious hint that the clam-shells are used over and over again, and consequently an order goes forth that hereafter all clams are to be served affixed to their shells, so that there shall be no suspicion in Salamanca or in Galion. It is a railroad department of infinite detail. Once a big railroad, in an absent-minded moment, banished pie from its dining cars. That was tempting fate, and folks in Skaneateles and Holland Patent and West Bergen began writing the passenger agent of that road, demanding the reinstatement of pie. The road could not have taken a more daring step if it had tried to abolish its sleeping-car service. There was no state regulation in those days, but it surrendered.

The Pennsylvania succeeded in abolishing pies from its cars five years ago. Still the Pennsylvania is different. With the exception of a single long trail up through Western New York it does not reach the pie belt.

When Poetry Came High

Do not think that the dining-car service of any big road is an inconsequential affair. This general passenger agent with whom we talked but a moment ago has fifty-eight cars in service on his stretch of road and eleven hundred men employed on them, and last year those cars served more than one million three hundred thousand meals. It takes some detail merely for the general handling of that service, but no G. P. A. pauses there. One of them goes so far as to have his dining-car superintendent cull over the negro waiters and sort them out by height and color, so that on one car he has nothing but short mulattoes and on another nothing but tall men of the blackest possible dye. The German army could not do better if it were selecting the Emperor's bodyguard than that G. P. A. does for the finicky patrons of his line. He brings the same regard for exquisite perfection in railroad service that the men bring who order the clams served attached and design square plates and platters. And that perfection must of necessity work itself behind the scenes.

The wife of a Long Island Congressman, bound from Washington to New York the other day, was seized with a poetic frenzy while in the dining car and began writing verse upon the back of a blank check. When she had finished she began to fold the scribbled thought. The dining-car conductor rushed toward her—not to ascertain just the kind of railroad grub that inspires poetry, but in protest. She inquired the reason why.

"They charge me five dollars for every check that is missing," he said, and the lady, being truly a lady, paid the five dollars for the privilege of keeping her verses. Out on Jim Hill's railroads they go a little farther and put before you a combination menu card and check. Opposite the list of dishes offered is the price, and the dining-car conductor punches out that price when you order. Then you pay his total, and your menu card goes the weary way of the company's auditing. The Burlington also finally found a necessity for charging its conductors for each check issued to them. Before it started such a plan it discovered that some of the men were privately printing checks and substituting them to the auditor for those that had already been used by the passengers—and there was an appreciable margin of difference between the sizes of the two sorts of checks.

The railroad is constantly on guard. Every big road has one or more secret-service employees, who do nothing but ride its lines, eat in the dining cars and station restaurants and report to headquarters the

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THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

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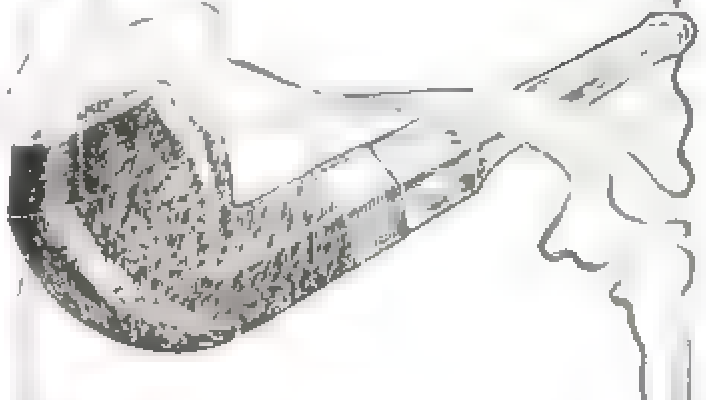

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Knowledge and facts help when ignorance would ruin.

Grape-Nuts
FOOD

is made by knowledge; not by chance.

Wheat and Barley properly combined and cooked (as in Grape-Nuts) are rich in the elements required for human nourishment.

Grape-Nuts contains, (in addition to the natural albumins, starches and sugars of these cereals) Phosphate of Potash (grown in the grain) and demanded by Nature in rebuilding brain and nerve tissue.

Grape-Nuts is fully cooked at the factory. When served with cream or rich milk, it is an appetizing food, and affords ideal nourishment for all stages of Human Life from infancy to old age.

"There's a Reason"

You can find it in the famous little book "The Road to Wellville" in packages of

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critical results of their findings. To be a secret dining-car inspector is our idea of the one paralyzingly easy job in railroading. You must make keen inspection of the quality of the food and the manner in which it is being served—and not a report comes to headquarters without stating the manner in which the proffered tip was accepted—whether gratefully or superciliously. A certain woman travels constantly between New York and Chicago and St. Louis making the inspection of the dress of the waitresses in the station restaurants a part of her work. "No. 18 at J—— has too much false hair," she reports in a way that convinces the G. P. A. that his woman inspector gets along with the few scraggly shreds with which Nature endowed her. "No. 7 at R—— F—— station talks too much with men travelers. She sniffed at the dime I proffered her." And probably that sniff has as much to do with No. 7 losing her job as her predilection for male patrons.

You are still facing that big general passenger agent.

Dining Cars of the Future

"Well, what is going to become of it all?" you demand of him.

"Eventually we are going to go back to the *table d'hôte* dinner," he says slowly, "although the style and price of it must be regulated by food costs. In the long run it is the only practical dinner to serve in a restaurant in which three cooks work in a kitchen eighteen feet by six. The *table d'hôte* has hung on in some parts of the country where the competition for passenger traffic is simply heartrending. I doubt if a certain railroad company could feed its tremendously heavy trains without the *table d'hôte* system. It is in every way a practical sort of meal, because it makes for an economical handling of time and space in the dining car. Did you ever stand in the aisle and hungrily watch a fellow linger over his dessert and then, just as you were about to snatch his chair, have him decide to linger over after-dinner coffee?"

You reply fervently that you have.

"That is the mischief of trying to conduct a general café in a crowded car, with more than crowded facilities. We have tried every way to get round it. One road even went so far as to plan a double dining car—the whole of one car to be used as a dining room and the greater part of the adjoining one for a kitchen. But the only way out of it is the *table d'hôte* for the high-class, high-speed trains and a revival of the eating house for the slower through express trains. That will take care both of the man who has a lot to spend on his meal and of the man who must watch his traveling expenditures mighty carefully. Moreover, we will borrow a leaf from the English roads and serve the dinner in even relays and at set hours. The seats in the dining car will be numbered, and you will have one reserved for you at a set hour, just as you reserve your parlor-car seat today. Such a scheme is already successfully worked on the biggest of the passenger lines on the Great Lakes, and it makes for kitchen order, kitchen discipline and a mighty well-pleased passenger."

Sometimes these G. P. A.'s talk with an astounding amount of good sense. Most of them are steadily working out the problems of the passenger. It is much easier to cross the continent today than it was ten years ago and the traveler of 1901 had comforts of which his forerunner of 1891 did not even dream. So, after all, the dining-car problems are solvable. Most railroad problems are. And to their solution a lot of keen-witted men are constantly working—think of that fellow who wants to put the square plates in the dining cars!

The Difference

PEOPLE who work for wages are inclined to think the army and navy retirement law, by which officers in those services are retired after they reach a certain age on three-quarters pay, is a most desirable proposition.

Army and navy officers do not like it. A brigadier who had just been retired and had nothing to do was asked how he liked the change.

"Well," he said, "the only difference to an officer between retirement by law and retirement by death is that when you are retired by law you don't have to go to Arlington, the national cemetery."

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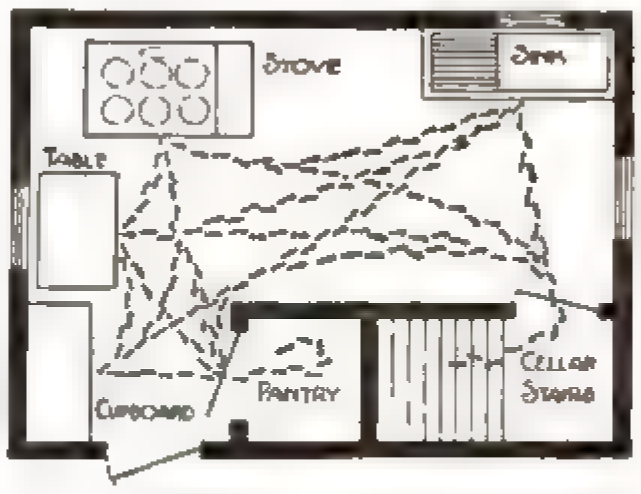
My Escape From Kitchen Drudgery

[BY AN EXPERIENCED HOUSEKEEPER]

Note: This is the second of a series of articles on "Model Kitchens." The next will be a story by a woman who built a new house.

DURING my thirty years of married life, I have lived in seven different houses and tried twenty-four hired girls. Some of the kitchens were so-called "convenient" and some were frankly old-fashioned.

The last house we moved into four years ago had, I think, the most inconvenient kitchen of all. Just at that time my last hired girl left me. I tried for months to get another and wore myself out meanwhile doing my own work.

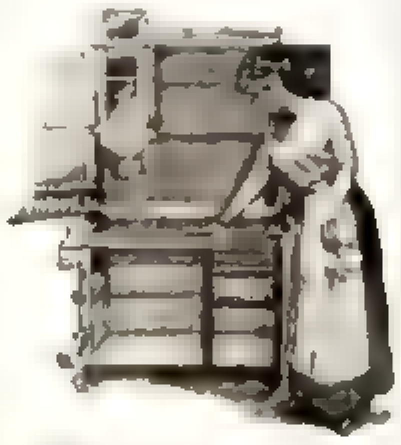


I took hundreds of steps gathering things onto the table

I grew discouraged with looking for kitchen help. The drudgery had become intolerable. My health was breaking under the strain. I *had* to do something.

That is what set me looking about. That is how I came to "discover" my Hoosier Cabinet.

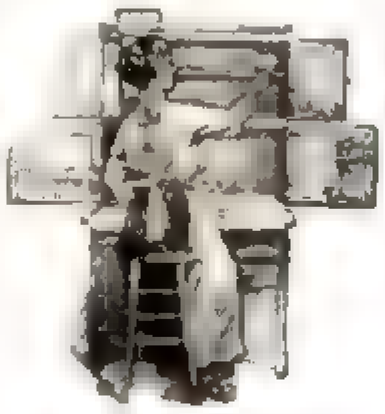
Right here let me ask *why* do women wait until they are worn out before they begin to look for the inexpensive labor-savers at hand? If I had only had my Hoosier when I first needed it! But I am ahead of my story. As soon as I got my Hoosier, which, by the way, I paid for in a few weeks, a dollar a week, I discarded my kitchen table.



When I clean my Hoosier I let sunshine and air into every corner

That was four years ago. As I sit now at the big aluminum work table of my Hoosier, with everything in easy reach, I think of the miles of steps I had to take every day and the extra work I had to do those months before the Hoosier came.

I can see myself baking a cake as I did during the treadmill days of this big kitchen going to the stuffy dark closet for my mixing spoon and porcelain bowl, then to the cellar-stair shelf where I kept the eggs; one trip down cellar for butter and buttermilk; back to the closet again for sugar and salt, another trip for flour; an extra trip for baking powder and still another for the flavoring extract. I took hundreds of steps around the kitchen gathering onto the table things that went into that cake, and putting them back.



I can reach the highest shelf without getting up

My Hoosier changed all that. It fitted nicely between my stove and sink in less space than my old table filled. I did away with my cupboard and almost entirely quit using the dingy old closet. My dishes, flavoring extracts and package goods I keep in the big cupboard in the top of my Hoosier. I can reach the highest shelf without getting up.

When I want to clean out my Hoosier I simply take out the contents and all the movable shelves—open the doors and roll it on its ball bearing casters in front of the open door. I can let sunshine and air into every corner.

So my Hoosier *is* my model kitchen. It saves me endless steps. If I have to move again, I can have a model kitchen now in a few minutes, no matter how old-fashioned the house. I am independent of hired girls. My Hoosier is better a hundred times than any hired girl I ever had—and the wages of a hired girl for a very few weeks paid for it.

If your kitchen isn't perfect as you could wish send to the Hoosier Company as I did for the fascinating little free Model Kitchen Book, "Saving Miles of Steps."

Write for The Hoosier Model Kitchen Book

The Hoosier is made to last a life-time. The name stands for highest quality and low price. 3000 merchants who believe in this policy, display the license sign shown below. They are good men to know.

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LICENSED AGENTS FOR
HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINETS

BUSINESS HELPS

IN ONE of the great retail establishments of New York there is a salesman who is surely the most silent of his calling. No one ever heard him argue or urge a sale, or solicit an order, or talk back; in fact, no one ever heard him talk at all, for he is deaf and dumb!

The fact is he is relied upon to hold the trade of the deaf and dumb of the city—such being the specialization of modern business methods!—and in this he fully fulfills expectations. The deaf and dumb like to go to the store; for, through the presence of this salesman of their own kind, it is a place where they are certain to be treated in an ordinary and matter-of-course way, instead of being stared and gaped at as astonishing objects of curiosity. Here their infirmity seems to be no infirmity at all.

Of course there is not enough trade of this nature, even in so great a city as New York, to occupy the man's full time; and so, to relieve the case of even the appearance of philanthropy—whether to him or his fellow-mutes—he has also been made one of the receiving clerks, he having a very clear head and being absolutely reliable.

The house is, indeed, a house of wide ramifications in specialization in regard to its salesmen. Every man is not only expected, as a matter of course, to be able to meet successfully the regular run of possible customers, but a policy of unusual scope has been adopted deliberately and carefully followed up—a policy that looks for business advantages to come from the very relaxations of their men and even from the location of their homes.

One man is an ardent yachtsman. His friends, seeing him at regattas or idling round a yachtsman's clubhouse, or hearing him discoursing eagerly of this, that or the other boat and its looks and speed, are apt merely to think that he has employers who are generous in giving him spare time. As a matter of fact, however, he is often working hardest when he is apparently playing. Tact and the ability to make suggestions by apparent indirection are necessary for his work; and he manages, indirectly but none the less successfully, to have the impression get abroad that in the store with which he is connected any man of the sea can find just the things he ought to have.

Another of the selling staff is a bowler. The house knows he belongs to half a dozen bowling clubs. He is an expert, too, and really likes to hear the rumble of the balls and the crashing fall of the pins. He can make fine scores, and thus wins the valuable asset of respect; but he is diplomatic enough to do more than win. Upon this salesman devolves the important duty of gaining for the house the trade of the great army of bowlers.

A Churchman to Churchmen

Still another has the responsibility of the clergy. High-church himself, he is not only familiar with robes, copes, cottas and vestments in general, but also with the precise needs—in coats, waistcoats and ties—of the clergy when off duty. Nor is it only with the needs of the men of one denomination that he must be familiar; he knows the subtle differences between Methodist and Presbyterian, Baptist and Dutch Reformed, and how these differences may sartorially be expressed. In his own appearance he has somehow come to express, modestly and unobtrusively, a certain aspect of churchliness; and he certainly stands as a curious exemplar of wise business strategy. In buying or ordering stock for the store his advice is invaluable, and he is also relied upon when bids are to be made for such things as the outfitting of surpliced choirs.

Upon one of the salesmen falls the duty of keeping in touch with the politicians—an important and free-spending part of the city's population. To him the intricacies of politics and the myriad names of local politicians are as well known as they are to a political reporter; to him, a defeated politician is almost as valuable as a politician victorious, for the defeated man still has money to spend—though not so much as if he had won!—and will spend it somewhere; so why not guide the spending into the best possible line? This man is not active in expressing his own views, nor is he prominent in political clubs, for that way disaster would lie; but he makes himself welcome and companionable and is an excellent guest and has a vast acquaintance. He may be depended upon to buy tickets for the annual College Point outings of the important district leaders; and may even be seen somewhere near the head of the procession when, the outing over and the men landed from the big steamers, they march through street after street to the accompaniment of blaring music and sizzling fireworks.

Most of the leading salesmen live in the suburbs—for in the city there are no neighbors, and neighbors are a potential asset in the purview of this astute house. The choice of the suburb, however—though of course perfectly open, this being the land of the free—is not without such guidance as an intelligent man can discern in a wide-working system. It is seldom that two good men live in the same suburb, no matter how close they may be as friends; indeed, it would be distinctly unfriendly on the part of the newer-comer, for he would seem to be seeking to take the other's trade; the fact being that each salesman is supposed to be able to make friends and customers for the house among his neighbors and those with whom he rides back and forth on the commuters' trains.

A Grocer's Policy Toward Children

"Make friends for yourself and the house!" is indeed the motto more or less plainly set forth by the management and gladly lived up to by the salesmen; for the house has taught them to know that the more friends they make for the house the larger will be their salaries.

. . . .

So long as there are characters various, minds various, there will be plans and policies various; and I have been greatly interested to learn that one great house, a grocery house operating a long chain of stores in one of the Eastern cities, owes its success—so its founder believes—to his policy, fixed and definite from the very beginning, of paying special attention to children.

His own practice and the practice of the clerks right under his own eye, even in the first store he started, conformed to this rule: "Never neglect the children. Be fair to everybody, be courteous to everybody, whether old or young, whether man, woman or child. If you can help it never neglect one person for another; never neglect the poor for the rich or the rich for the poor, the young for the old or the old for the young; but, whenever there must be some difference in service or attention and a child is concerned, give the preference to the child."

Said the founder, in explanation of his rule: "My instructions have been precise and peremptory from the first; and I think the policy adopted at the beginning, and kept up as store after store was opened, has been the principal basis of my success.

"You see, I realized from the first that the grocery business is peculiarly a business that depends upon women. And I not only realized that obvious truth, but I acted upon what seemed to me a natural sequence—namely, that all women are pleased if they know their children are pleased.

"If men or children go into a grocery store it is for the woman of the house that they do so; and I knew that women would like a place where their children would be properly and fairly cared for and where they would be treated with consideration—not shoved aside and waited upon only when the store is empty of older folk, as some firms do it.

"Women want to feel, when they are too busy to go to a store themselves, that they can send Polly or Jimmy and that they will do just as well—that the goods will be just as good and the prices just right. And they also want more than that. They want to feel that Jimmy and Polly won't come home feeling slighted and telling how they had to wait or were carelessly crowded aside; and they don't want to feel that the child is given the burnt loaf of bread, the small lemons or the wrong brand of baking powder.

"I don't mean that we look out specially for the children's own tiny purchases. It isn't a matter of the size of the purchase, whether little or big; but, as a matter of fact, their purchases with us are usually just the same as those of older people, for the very reason that mothers know they can send them and save their own time.

"Now you may think that my standpoint and policy are, at least to some extent, due to the fact that in my string of stores I sell at what are called popular prices; but that is not it. I should have precisely the same rule even if I catered only to the wealthy instead of to all classes. Any woman, poor or rich, likes to feel that her child is not slighted. It's a matter of pride. It is really a very minor matter if the husband, dropping into a store, finds half a dozen kiddies lined up at the counter and must wait his turn until they are served. The wife at home merely smiles tolerantly when the husband complains of it. 'Oh, well; that was too bad. I must try to send Eddie or Nellie next time and not bother you.' You see, she knows it was somebody else's Eddie or Nellie that was well cared for, and she sympathized with the children and liked the store.

"And so, no matter if it's the best customer on my list that's waiting, with carriage and coachman out there in front, every salesman of mine knows that if a little girl who wants only a two-cent yeast cake was in the store first she must be attended to first."

. . . .

I knew of a successful grocer in an Ohio city who owes much of his success to his reputation for fairness. In matters of complaint he is ready to be seen personally, instead of hiding behind subordinates.

The Old Soldier's Chipped Beef

"When customers think they have a grievance I don't believe in making them tell about it through a four-by-six-inch hole to a clerk, who is pretty sure to take it indifferently. The handling of grievances is too important to be slighted." Yet this man is far from being what is termed an easy mark. It is merely that he is ready to give complaints a full and fair consideration; and at the same time it gives him an exact knowledge of all carelessness and shiftlessness on the part of his working force.

One day a poor man, an old soldier, sought him out.

"Mr. B," he said, "there is discrimination in your store against the poor."

"Certainly not that I know of," was the prompt reply.

"But there is. And the proof is that you charge me more for chipped beef than you charge most people."

The grocer, though a millionaire, was interested, for he saw that the man was in earnest.

"Tell me just what you mean," he said.

"Well, it's this way: I have just bought a quarter of a pound of chipped beef. I know that is a small purchase, but it's all I can afford at one time. Well, your price is thirty-three cents a pound: and so for my quarter pound I am charged nine cents, or thirty-six cents a pound. If I bought half a pound I should have to pay at the rate of thirty-four cents. It's only the very well-to-do who can buy at thirty-three."

The grocer considered a moment.

"You are right," he said; "and this particular purchase of yours will be at the rate of thirty-two cents. I thank you for calling my attention to the point; and I will try to see that in the future there shall be no prices—of chipped beef or anything else—that won't divide fairly for all classes of purchasers."

This story got abroad and aided materially in strengthening the popularity of the largest grocery in Ohio.

. . . .

A widely known business man, an employer of thousands, is generally fair with his customers as a matter of business policy and pride, but is inclined to be extremely sharp with his own employees. He is hard to suit and has little or no consideration for any employee who has not quite measured up to expectations. What he did in the case of two men recently tempted from independent business to join his staff is a story that inculcates caution in the handling of contracts.

Both of the men, treated with separately, held out not only for a big salary but for at least a three-year contract. Nothing that the employer could urge, as to leaving freedom of action on both sides, could move them, for they were closing up their own particular businesses to join him; and so the contracts, to run for three years, were signed.

By the expiration of the second month, however, the employer was dissatisfied. The work of neither man had come up to his expectations, as measured by results. He felt that he was paying too much for them and lamented the existence of the contract.

He sent for one of them to come to his private office; and the man at once responded, much wondering whether he was to get words of condemnation or commendation—for he, too, had been figuring on what business and profits had accrued from his connection with the house.

The employer positively beamed. "Mr. X, I am delighted that thus far your association with us has been so satisfactory," he began; whereupon X expressed his warm pleasure that his employer should feel so well pleased.

"It has always been my policy," went on the employer, "to recognize and reward proved merit. In your case, I feel that the contract with you was for far too small a sum, and so I will increase it by five hundred a year. If the improvement and the unexpectedly good results still continue you may depend upon it that there will be further substantial recognition." Whereupon the man could only try to express his surprised acknowledgments.

At the end of another month he was sent for again, and this time he responded with a smile and feeling of the greatest confidence. He felt the strongest satisfaction, as he approached the private office, that he had closed up his own business and identified himself with this great house. The employer's manner, however, was very cold.

"Mr. X," he said harshly, "I am sorry, but your efforts recently have not been up to the standard and I must lose you. Our association must come to an end."

"But," spluttered the unfortunate, "our contract ——"

"Oh, that!" The employer waved his hand airily. "That was given up, you know, by both of us, and became of no force when I paid and you accepted a salary of a different amount."

Meanwhile the other man had been approached with honeyed words of commendation and a similar offer of increased pay. This man, however, was wiser. He had never heard of this particular game, but his instinct told him to be on his guard.

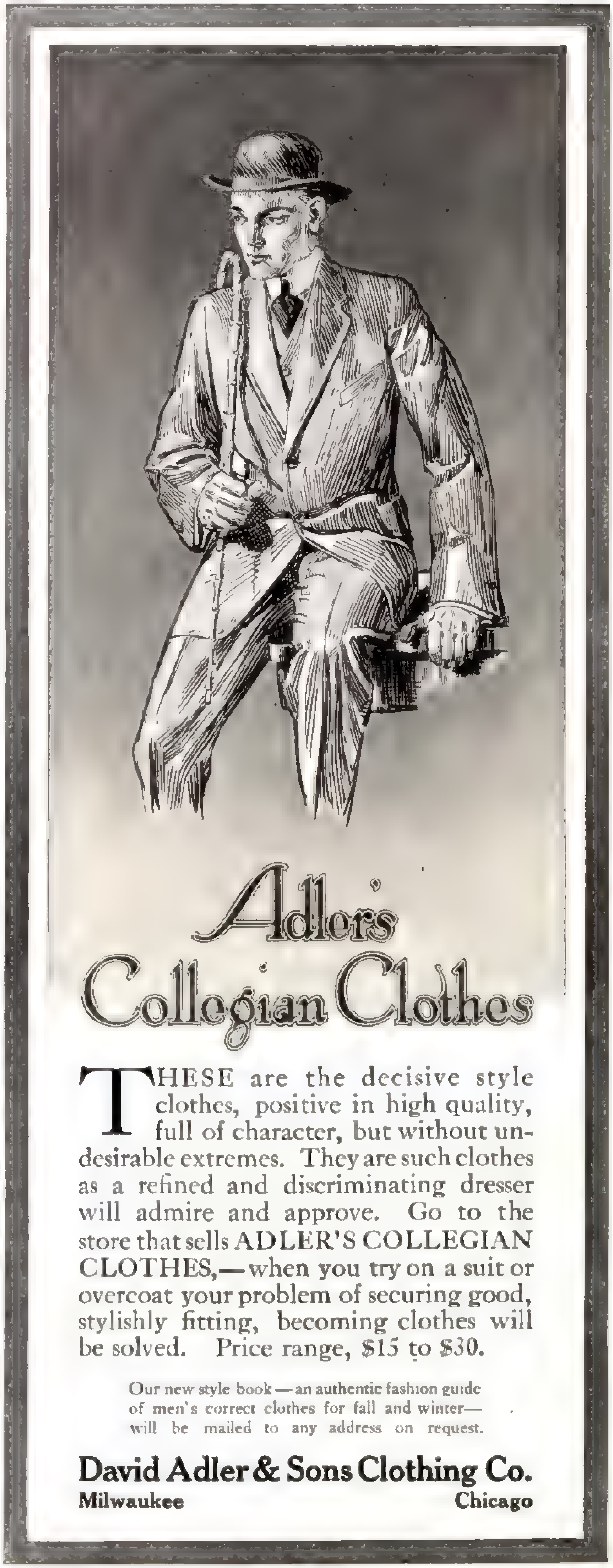
"I thank you," he said quietly; "but I always like to keep to the terms of a contract, even if it is against me. If, at the end of our three years, you still wish to increase my salary I shall be greatly pleased."

Better Factory Methods

Merchants and manufacturers are fast coming to a better understanding of a systematic handling of their business and every year sees definite steps taken toward safe progressive methods. As these better plans increase and work out there will be correspondingly fewer failures; higher ideals will be established and more satisfactory results will be obtained, affecting both the employer and his men, to their mutual benefit and advantage.

A large retail concern wished to increase its capital; their bookkeeper gave a statement of their past performances, but it failed to have the desired effect on the investors. Not to be defeated in their project, they employed a firm of recognized accountants who prepared a report and whose work was taken at its face value. The plan went through successfully. In the first effort there was no reflection on the bookkeeper, nor were there doubts as to the firm's ability to make good; but careful investors want facts from disinterested outside parties who are professional, unbiased and dependable. This shows the importance of good auditors.

It seems almost incredible that manufacturers who understand their business very thoroughly are so careless about important financial details. A certain small manufacturer allowed his workmen so to manipulate certain articles they turned out that they were actually paid twice for their work, and were not detected until an effective system was placed in operation. This system was arranged in such a way that a perpetual inventory was built up from the payroll; if the workman made six dozen of any article the stock clerk must receive six dozen and credit that number entered. The office knew the exact output at any time and also the amount of stock in the hands of the workmen.

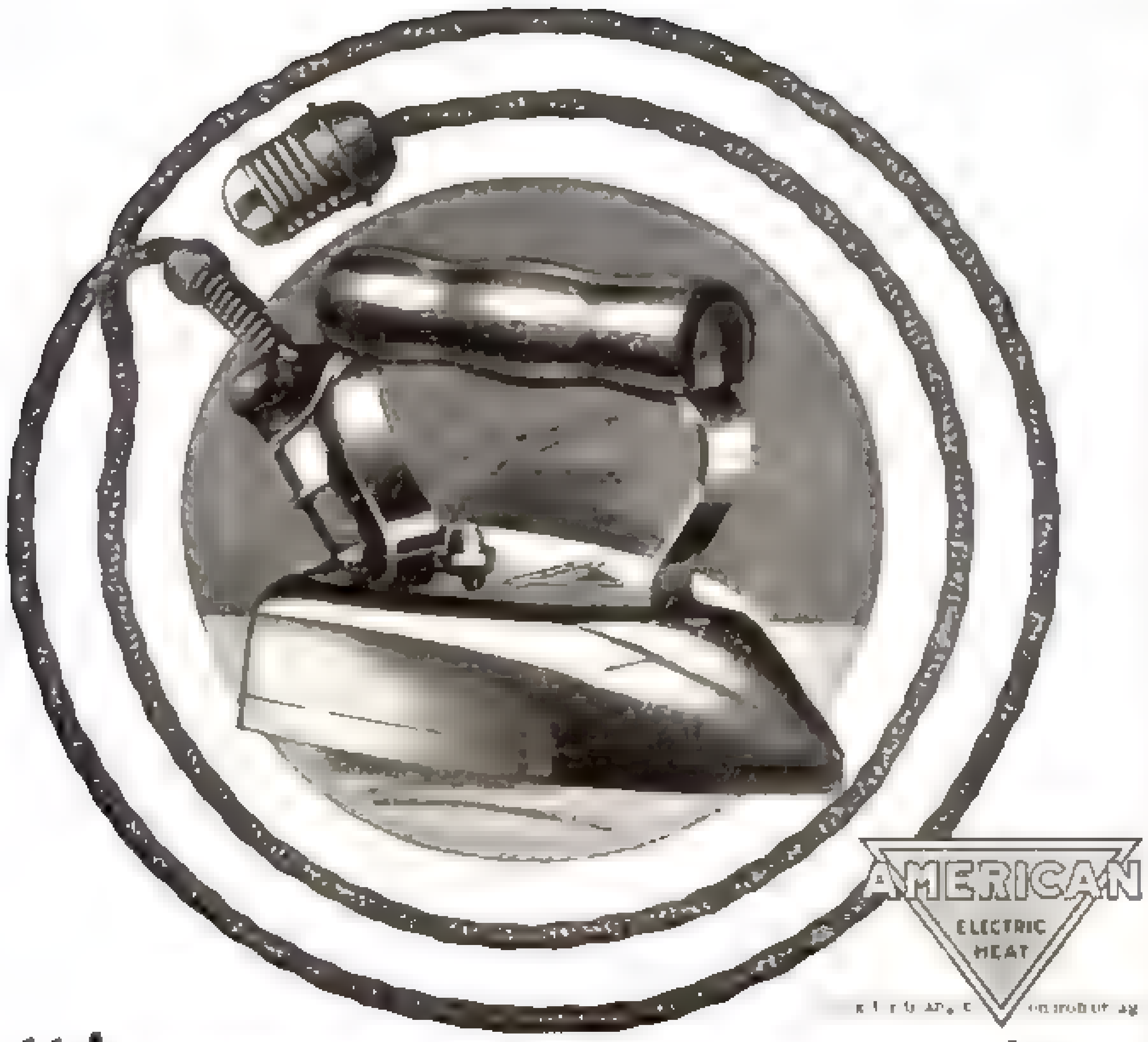


Adler's Collegian Clothes

THESE are the decisive style clothes, positive in high quality, full of character, but without undesirable extremes. They are such clothes as a refined and discriminating dresser will admire and approve. Go to the store that sells ADLER'S COLLEGIAN CLOTHES,—when you try on a suit or overcoat your problem of securing good, stylishly fitting, becoming clothes will be solved. Price range, $15 to $30.

Our new style book—an authentic fashion guide of men's correct clothes for fall and winter—will be mailed to any address on request.

David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.
Milwaukee **Chicago**



"American" Electric Ironing

SAVES twenty minutes on every hour—a third of your time—compared with ironing done in the ordinary way. One iron does all the work and stays hot until the ironing's finished.

You save that continual walking to and from the range, conserving strength as well as time. Thus, with the ironing finished earlier, you have energy for other tasks.

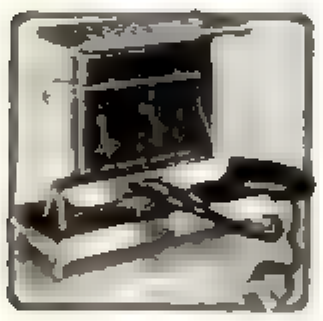
The ironing will be better, for the work is not so exhausting, and the iron always stays clean and smooth.

These advantages are due to the "American Beauty" Iron pictured above.

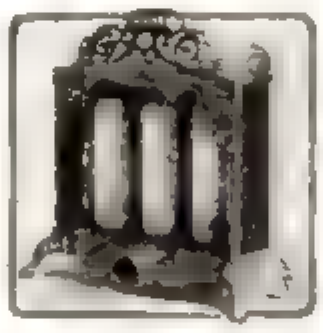
Attach it to any electric lamp socket. It makes all its heat inside itself while it's working. It weighs 6½ pounds—the most practical weight for all the household work. Its narrow nose works well into gathers and sleeves. And it's so durable that it's guaranteed for three years.

Prices anywhere in the United States. "American Beauty," $5, other types, $4 to $5. If your electric dealer, hardware or department store hasn't the "American," we will ship prepaid upon receipt of price. Prices higher in Canada.

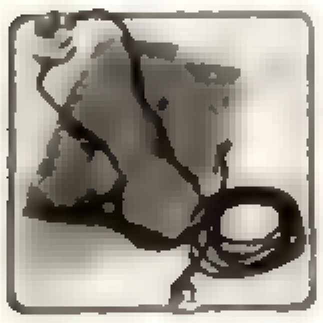
Other "American" Devices that Utilize Electric Heat:



THE "American" Electric Toaster makes hot, crisp, tender toast at table. It [illegible], and will not scratch a polished surface. Two slices are toasted at once—about one a minute at an average cost of twelve slices for a cent. U. S. price, $4.



THE "American" Electric Luminous Radiator is a portable fireplace without fire, but with heat and cheerful glow. It takes the chill off the bath-room or dining-room cool mornings and evenings before the furnace is started. U.S. prices, $17.60 to $18.50.



THE "American" Electric Warming-Pad is a hot-water bottle that isn't a bottle and contains no hot water. Invaluable in sickness; stays evenly hot; can't burn. U. S. prices: single heat, $5.50; three heats, $6.50

THE "American" Electric Disc Stove heats milk for the baby, or water for shaving; fries chops, cooks eggs or anything that can be cooked in a flat-bottomed utensil to be placed on the stove. U. S. prices, $4 to $5.50.

Write today for illustrated booklet: "Heat without Fire"
It explains "American" efficiency, and describes many other electrically heated devices for household use. Sent free upon request.

AMERICAN ELECTRICAL HEATER CO.
Oldest and largest exclusive makers
1349 Woodward Avenue Detroit, U. S. A.

Mr. Out and the World

By H. D. KATHVIR

Some Ideas on Securing Employment

IF A MAKER of gaskets or a dealer in cullet were to advertise for a clerk at a splendid salary by means of the usual newspaper ad, and he were to state his business but omit his name, concluding the advertisement with the usual "Address A-B-C, Daily News," the chances are he would receive several hundred letters in reply, but that not one of these applicants would have good generalship enough to open the city directory, make a list of the half dozen firms engaged in these lines of business and make a personal call.

I believe I am entirely correct in saying that the average man is surprised when he loses his job. Somehow a brief period of steady employment gives him an Atlaslike feeling. The world, in short, depends upon his occupying his accustomed post. Yet there is nothing more certain than change. Every worker may soon lose his job. Some day the business man, red and flustered, may emerge from the bank—forced to face the world anew, having lost his business, which is his job. Some day the president of the bank may find that the directors have "regretfully decided to accept his resignation." The salesman or clerk who finds himself adrift differs only in degree from the president of a railroad who is ousted through a Wall Street feud.

A survey of the field is worth the attention of all. A merchant who knows just what he would do in case of panic is far less liable to fail than the cocksure trader who says "They can't get me!" and so forth, meanwhile paying one note with another and starting one new scheme after another in a desperate effort to keep afloat.

Broadly speaking, the reason men lose their jobs is because a round peg won't fit a square hole. In pointed vernacular, they don't "belong." A round peg, as it grows old, often develops sharp edges; and so, though a perfect fit in the beginning, it finally reaches a state where a change becomes necessary. On the other hand, many a square hole of a job contracts and contracts until, in time, it resembles the bore of a nail. Unless the worker is satisfied to contract with the job, a change is the only thing. This being the case, it is safe to say that in the majority of cases there is absolutely nothing in the thought of a worker that "The boss has it in for him!" or that he has enemies, and so on. I don't believe I ever saw an employer who did not wish a discharged worker well. Of course the really unfit of all kinds are outside the scope of this article.

The Good-Will of Employers

Let us call our cogwheel that no longer runs smoothly Mr. Out. Mr. Out should dismiss from his mind all notions that he is a victim. Even if his employer has been severe, and perhaps unjust, the reason is not a personal one. The employer is only a steward—he cannot have men on his payroll that he considers unprofitable; and the employer must be the judge. Almost always Mr. Out has plenty of intimation that he should move on. Right here he should grasp the vast difference between "resigning" and being "dismissed." A clerk who "left of his own volition" and one who was "put out" are entirely different things in the eyes of the next employer. So great is the difference that one would think Mr. Out would realize it. Yet, in practical affairs, what do we see?" Almost total blindness to this important point. In the next place, when a change is to take place somebody is dissatisfied. Mr. Out should see to it that he is the one. This will help in getting a new job. Let Mr. Out approach his present employer, who has already found fault with him or with conditions that point unmistakably in his direction, and say to him frankly:

"I am not satisfied here. I want to try to better myself. Will you help me?"

Not one employer in a hundred would refuse such a request.

Then what should be done? In the first place, Mr. Out should get permission to write a letter on the letter-head of his old employer to other houses in related lines of business. A letter from a man who is at present in a job, which states that he refers by fullest permission to the man he is now working for what a different thing this is from the appeal on plain notepaper that the same Mr. Out would be forced to write a few days later!

Men who are in the business like the game. I have known merchants to "stop everything," as the saying goes, to try to place a Mr. Out. When the deed is done the business man congratulates Mr. Out and himself; and what started out to be a tragedy becomes a comedy, with the happiest kind of ending.

Mr. Out will find that the mere point of view makes all the difference in the world. Let us say he is earning twenty-five dollars a week. Now, since he must make the change with all its risk and nervous wear and tear, what folly to even think of accepting a position at twenty dollars! No, indeed! Now is his time to enter the next grade higher. This fits in perfectly with the whole campaign. He is dissatisfied; he can't get any higher where he is. He convinces himself that, given the chance, he can earn thirty dollars in a new field.

Mr. Out, by this course, takes advantage of human nature as it is. Nobody wants a failure—a has-been. Everybody wants a live one—a comer.

That the best plan is to look for a new job in a line of business closely related to that in which he has had training seems too obvious to overlook. Yet Mr. Out, in many cases, falls a victim to the delusion that the grass is greener down the road; so he turns to something new.

The Right Kind of Letter

Rather, Mr. Out should take advantage of this phase of human nature. If he offers his services to a smaller firm than the one he has been working for, or to a firm in a smaller city, he stands an excellent chance to cash in on the scenery. Thus many a man from the East is given preference over home-grown Western talent. On the other hand, we occasionally hear of plums in Eastern circles being given to men from the corn belt.

Assuming that a part of Mr. Out's campaign is to answer advertisements calling for such talent as he has to offer, Mr. Out often realizes that he is at a disadvantage in answering these want advertisements, but, having reached that conclusion, he goes over to the newspaper office just the same and sets forth his need of a position on the manila paper furnished by the newspaper. Often he writes in pencil. Of course he seldom gets an answer to his wretched scrawls. Sometimes he consumes days and even weeks in this almost hopeless exercise.

I knew one Mr. Out, however, who reasoned thus: The best letters asking for jobs are written by those who are out of employment most frequently and thus get lots of practice in writing. As I have never before been out of work my efforts must look very crude. Therefore I will work up one first-class letter and send it to everybody.

As a beginning, he advertised for a clerk for himself. He took the hundred replies he received and selected all the strong points which fitted his case. Finally he produced a letter that was fairly startling in efficiency. It was carefully typewritten on a folded bond letter-size sheet and mailed in a large—number ten—envelope. Thus it stood at least a fifty-to-one chance of being read when received in a pile of a hundred dingy little manila envelopes. It stuck out like a good deed in a naughty world. The comeback was of the positive kind. This letter was the master key to the situation. Postal-card invitations—"Please call"—fell upon this young man in a refreshing shower. It was his to pick and choose. And no wonder; for every merchant is really looking for the same thing, which is an assistant with brains.

One of the delights of literature is the opening chapter of Tommy and Grizel. J. M. Barrie has never done anything better. It tells of Tommy's call upon the colossal O. P. Pym, who has been given a bunch of want-ad replies by a newspaper friend. Tommy—or "Mr. Landys," as Barrie dubs him—has answered almost every want advertisement in the newspaper and in each letter has described himself as the ideal candidate for each position. His deception in representing himself a model for many different kinds of positions is somewhat offset by his courageous efforts "to find a way." He determines that he is to live in London; and, being without friends, Tommy simply must get a job—and that's all there is to it. Pym extracts vast amusement from Tommy's effort to find out which advertiser he is calling upon; for clearly it is dangerous to talk until he possesses this knowledge. Tommy wonders if Pym could be the Number 123 who had a vacancy for a page boy to whom Tommy had written: "I am a little over fourteen—but I look less!" Or was he the Glasgow man who needed a photographer's assistant, to whom Tommy had written: "I am a little under twenty—but I look more!"

This brings up the point that one of the great underlying troubles with Mr. Out is that he seldom realizes that even the kindest and most humane merchant must recognize the fact that "business is business." Often he fritters away his precious opportunity by telling how grievously he needs the job—or other personal matters. Right from the jump he should forget his angle and talk of the other man's affairs: "You need such a man; you ought to have a man with such and such knowledge and experience." An applicant who can talk intelligently along these lines is seldom out of work long—for the man who can make the chart usually comes pretty near to being a good sailor.

How Mr. Innit Helped

To clinch the importance of the viewpoint, let me narrate briefly an instance which came under my observation in the course of twenty years' conduct of the employment file in a large corporation:

A certain young man who was the assistant of a well-known and successful merchant left that concern to enter a new business. This business failed in the course of a couple of years and the young man found himself out of employment. He had a wife and child and, after a few weeks of idleness, was forced to accept a very poorly paid berth. He tried to regain his former position, but that was being filled in a satisfactory manner by another man. Things were rapidly getting desperate with him, when one evening his wife, whom we will call Mrs. Out—and the Mrs. Outs and the little Outs are what make the problem such a vital one—said to him:

"Fred, I believe your old employer, Mr. Innit, could get you a place if you would ask him."

Fred shook his head despondently.

"You know he has a good man in my old job."

"I mean," Mrs. Out insisted, "that he could get you a position with some other firm."

"Haven't I tried everybody?" rejoined the husband despairingly.

"Well, try Mr. Innit tomorrow."

So the next day Fred asked Mr. Innit to help him. Innit said:

"Why don't you write to somebody and get a job?"

"I have."

"Let me see the letter."

Fred found a copy of the letter and Innit said:

"My goodness! Wasn't it bad enough for you to be connected with Failure & Company without telling everybody so in the first line of your letter. Forget it, man! Forget it! Here—I will dictate a letter for you."

Calling his stenographer, he dictated a letter which began as follows:

"For seven years I was the confidential assistant to Mr. Innit. He will vouch for me. I know that my experience and acquaintance with the needs of your business would make me a very valuable man to you," and so on.

"There!" said Innit when he had finished the letter. "Now just send out three hundred carefully written copies of this to firms that know me; sign each one in longhand and inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. You can do the whole thing for twenty dollars, and I'll bet you twenty dollars you'll get a job—so you can't lose."

Mr. Out began to see a dim light; but only his faith in Mr. Innit enabled him to carry the matter through. However, he followed directions implicitly.

The letters were mailed about Thursday night. Monday morning, as Innit was sitting at his desk, Fred rushed in, looking fully ten years younger. He had a pile of letters in one hand and half a dozen telegrams in the other.

After a week's correspondence the net result of the whole thing was that he had offers of seventeen positions—all at better wages than he had ever earned in his life.

This story is not overdrawn, but is exactly in accordance with facts—the names alone being changed.

It may interest other Mr. Outs to know that, when Fred was once more in a secure berth and things were again at par in his little home, Mrs. Out could not refrain from saying:

"Well, what did I tell you?"

Record Lobsters

MUCH bitter experience has shown that no animal useful to man is so numerous that it may not be practically exterminated within a comparatively few years. The lobster grounds of the North Atlantic Coast were the finest the world has ever known—a strip seven thousand miles long when measured along the curves of the shore. In Canada alone this field had been known to yield one hundred million lobsters in a single year. It was a vast natural preserve which, if properly dealt with, would have yielded a plentiful supply of lobsters for all time to come.

Man, however—greedy as usual—has killed the goose that laid the golden egg. In the year 1740, lobsters in the markets of Boston—large ones—cost three halfpence each; and this abundance continued for over a century. Today the price is thirty-five cents a pound; and, if one would buy a lobster for dinner, one must pay from sixty cents to one dollar for it.

It is believed that a lobster may live fifty years or more. The male is bigger than the female, and the very large ones are all old males. These giants, occasionally caught, are the lucky individuals who, through sheer good fortune, have escaped capture for an extraordinary length of time.

The fishery, however, has been carried on by such intensive methods—the sea-bottom being raked as if with a fine-tooth comb—that very few lobsters have been able within recent years to survive for any extended period. Consequently large ones are seldom seen nowadays.

A tabulated list of fourteen of the biggest specimens ever captured on the Atlantic Coast—of which authentic weights and measurements have been preserved—puts the biggest of them all at thirty-four pounds and exactly twenty-three and three-quarters inches from nose to tail. It was taken off the Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, in 1897, and was sent to the New York Aquarium, where it survived only a few days. Though defunct, it was carefully preserved and may now be seen at the American Museum of Natural History, in Manhattan. Measured with its great claws stretched to the fullest extent in front of its head, it is nearly four feet long.

The first attempt to acclimatize the North Atlantic lobster on the Pacific Coast was made in 1874, when five hundred and ninety specimens of both sexes—many of the females bearing eggs—were successfully transported across the continent and planted at various points from Monterey Bay to Puget Sound. Since then other efforts in the same direction have been made, whole carloads of brood lobsters being consigned to the waters of Puget Sound in 1906 and 1907. Up to date, the experiments have not developed any very definite and satisfactory results; but the Fisheries Bureau is confident that the object in view—namely, the development of a lobster fishery on a commercial scale along the Pacific shore of the United States—will be attained sooner or later, perhaps with the help of artificial propagation.

Do The People Want
"Onyx" Hosiery?
TRADE MARK
Most Assuredly They Do!

Our rigid adherence to the Highest Standards of Manufacture has created this demand. It has given the "ONYX" Brand a World-Wide Reputation for Quality.

London and Paris Agents sell "ONYX" Hose successfully and tens of thousands of Americans *Know, Wear,* and *Believe* in "ONYX" Quality and are loyal to this brand.

Every member of the family can find a pair of "ONYX" Hose in every Fabric, Color and at every Price suitable for any Function, from Silk to Cotton.

"ONYX" Silk Hose for Men and Women at $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00 per pair command special attention. Their Beauty and Durability will surprise you.

For Serviceable Fall Wear, qualities especially adapted for Comfort and Durability, we advise you to consider our splendid Silk Lisle, Lisle and Sea Island Cotton Numbers as described below:—

FOR WOMEN
B 489
Women's "ONYX" Medium weight Silk Lisle in black and colors, with "DOUBLE TOP" and Spliced Heel and Toe, exceedingly strong.
25c per pair

310/13
Women's "ONYX" Black four-thread Plain Lisle with six-thread heel and toe; Medium weight; Improved "DUB-L TOP." Extra durable.
50c per pair

409 K
Women's "ONYX" "DUB-L TOP" Black, White and Tan Silk Lisle with "DOUBLEX" Splicing at Heel and Toe; feels and looks like silk; wears better.
50c per pair

E 710
Women's "ONYX" Black and Tan "DUB-L TOP" and "WYDETOP" Light weight Lisle with "DOUBLEX" splicing at heel and toe and double sole—very wide on top without extra width all over.
50c per pair

E 607
Women's "ONYX" Black Gauze Silklisle, with "DUB-L TOP" and "DOUBLEX" splicing at heel and toe and double sole—a perfect lightweight hose.
75c per pair

OUT-SIZE HOSE
170 S
Women's "ONYX" Gauze Lisle "DUB-L TOP" Black, White, Pink, Tan, Cardinal, Sky, Navy, Violet; "DOUBLEX" heel and toe.
50c per pair

120 M
Women's "ONYX" Medium weight Silk Lisle; Black, White and Tan, with Improved "DUB-LTOP" and "DOUBLEX" Splicing at Heel and Toe.
50c per pair

FOR CHILDREN
B 1274
Boys' "ONYX" Seamless 1x1 Ribbed Heavy Cotton Hose; Black and Tan. Sizes 6 to 10.
25c per pair

FOR MEN
1700 14
Men's "ONYX" Silk Lisle; Black and Colors; Medium weight; Spliced Heel and Toe; Elastic Ribbed Top. A very superior quality.
25c per pair

300 K
Men's "ONYX" Silk Lisle, Medium weight; "DOUBLEX" Splicing at Heel and Toe; Black and Colors. An exceptional value.
35c per pair
3 for $1.00

E 325
Men's "ONYX" Black and Colored Silk Lisle. "DOUBLEX" splicing at Heel and Toe. "The Satisfactory Hose."
50c per pair

E 310
Men's "ONYX" Black and Colored four-thread Lisle with six-thread heel and toe; seasonable weight. Known by most men as "The Best Hose I ever wore."
50c per pair

755 Z
Men's "ONYX" Super-fine Sea Island Cotton; Unbleached Split Sole; Black only.
50c per pair

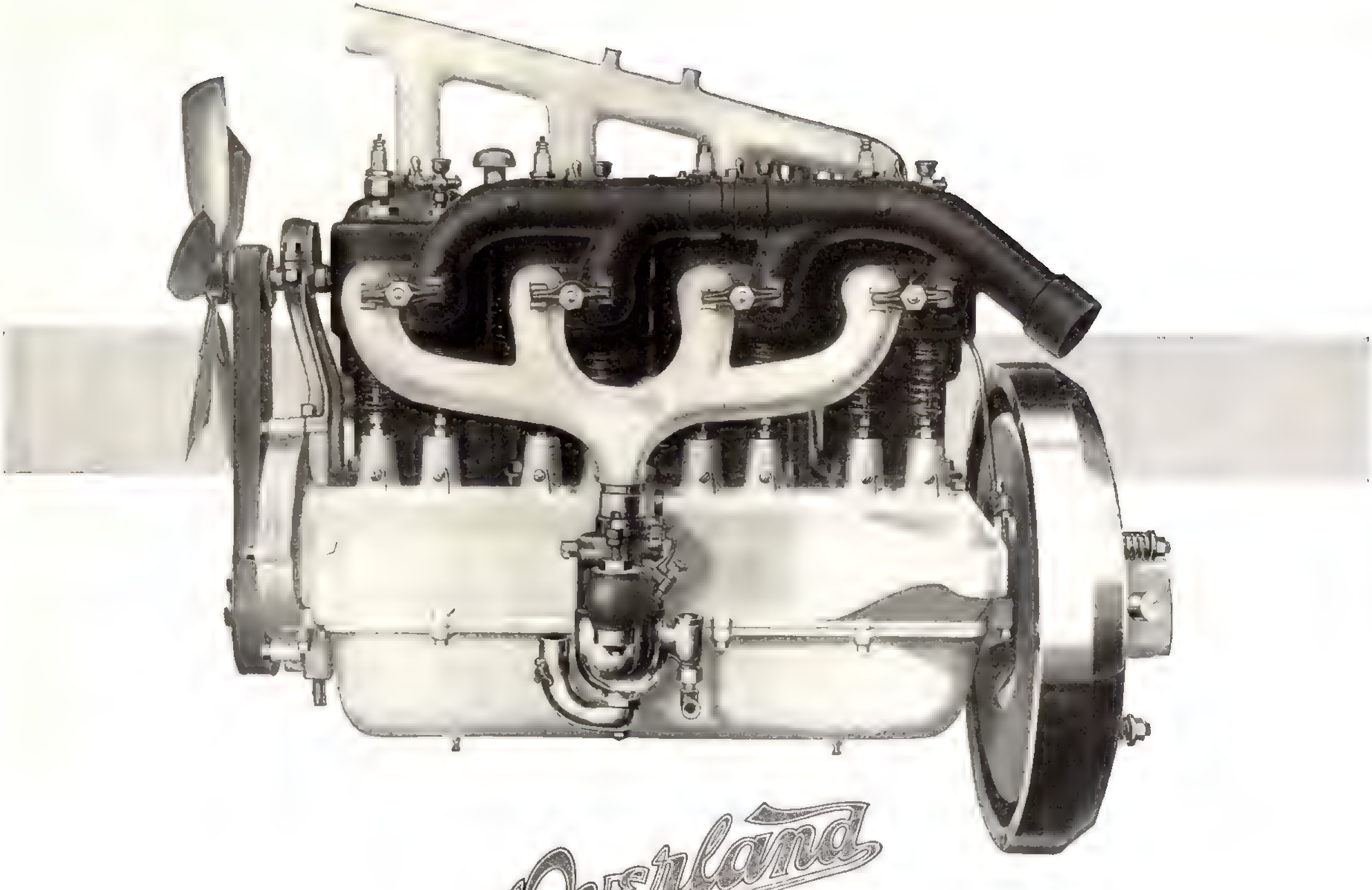
X 54
Misses' "ONYX" Seamless 1x1 Ribbed Silk Lisle Hose, Black, White, Pink, Sky, Tan and Red. Sizes 5 to 10.
25c per pair

Sold by reputable merchants everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will direct you to the nearest dealer or send postpaid any number desired.

Write to Dept. E. P.

Lord & Taylor *New York*

Wholesale Distributors



Overland

A Word About the Efficient Motor In This $900 30-Horsepower Touring Car

THE motor of an automobile corresponds in importance to the "works"

of a fine watch. A fancy watch case might make a very handsome ornament, but if it hides a cheap movement it makes a worthless timepiece. When *you* consider a car the first thing to do is to take a good look at the engine. Look it over carefully. Make the dealer go into minute detail. This will give you a better idea of the car's real value.

Any manufacturer can tell you his motor is efficient, dependable, reliable, economical—in short give you all of the regular, pet, stock-in-trade adjectives. These words are all found in the dictionary. But beyond that you don't hear very much. Anyone can make a general statement, but when it comes to backing it up with sound facts—that's a horse of another color. The purpose of this is to tell and prove to you (with supporting facts) how good the motor in our $900 motor car is—what it is and how it is made. And anyone who has the least bit motor-wise will recognize a really good engine.

It is utterly impossible in this space to go into this matter as thoroughly as we would like to. But these few facts tell you the whys and wherefores of a motor which we know is by far the most efficient for its size ever made. You can see by the illustration what a clean cut job it is. Its action is just as fine as its looks.

The motor in our $900 five-passenger fore-door touring car is the four cylinder four cycle type.

Cylinders have large water-jackets and are cast singly, increasing cooling efficiency with the advantage of being able to replace a single cylinder at low cost should an accident occur. These cylinders are cast from a close grained metal from our own formula. The crank shaft and connecting rods and all other forgings are of high carbon manganese steel.

All bearings, cylinders, pistons and rings are ground to accurate and tested smoothness, insuring long life, freedom from wear, and positive compression. The cylinders are offset from the crank shaft to obviate the dead center at the time of impulse. The motor is suspended on three points from the main frame, which is braced for this purpose, thus dispensing with the complication and added weight of a sub frame. This construction is ideal, as it allows for the twisting of the car on rough roads, and eliminates the liability of a disalignment. The entire motor is constructed with a view to accessibility of all parts that might possibly require attention.

The valves are made from thirty-five per cent nickel steel heads electrically welded to carbon steel stems. All the wearing surfaces of the valves are ground to a one-thousandth part of an inch. They are of the mushroom type and interchangeable. Owing to their peculiar design and large size they enable the motor to develop at least *fifteen per cent more horsepower* than any other motor of the same bore and stroke. The lower end of the valve stem is hardened and comes in contact with a fibre insert in the adjusting screw, which in turn fits into the square push rod. This contributes largely to the silence of the valve action, and permits adjustment for possible wear.

The cam shafts are drop forged (in our own drop forge plant, which is the largest in the industry) oil-treated and case-hardened. They are ground and machined automatically, which means positive accuracy in the relative position of one cam to another. Owing to the large bearing areas throughout, the motor will run indefinitely without perceptible change in valve timing, for which possibility, however, a means of adjustment is provided.

This is the only car of its class with a five-bearing crank shaft. This feature gives support on each side of each connecting rod as it delivers its power stroke, which insures the greatest possible rigidity and keeps the crank shaft in perfect line on its bearing. The crank shaft is drop forged from one piece of carbon manganese steel and rotates in five bearings of unusually liberal peripheral area, resulting in quietness and extreme long life.

The crank cases are cast in two sections, of the finest grade of aluminum alloy obtainable. Such metal is used principally for lightness, and while more expensive than other kinds, it enables us to use a webbed construction of very superior strength. The casting of these cases is done in our own foundry.

We equip this motor with a standard carburetor, chosen for its adaptability to the work required. The special advantages are those of quick vaporization and consequent easy starting; economy of fuel with the greatest percentage of power for a given amount of gasoline, and satisfactory operation at all speeds, obviating difficulties often encountered at slow motor speed. Its very accessible location, its simplicity of adjustment and the ease with which our carburetors start the motor are inherent points of superiority.

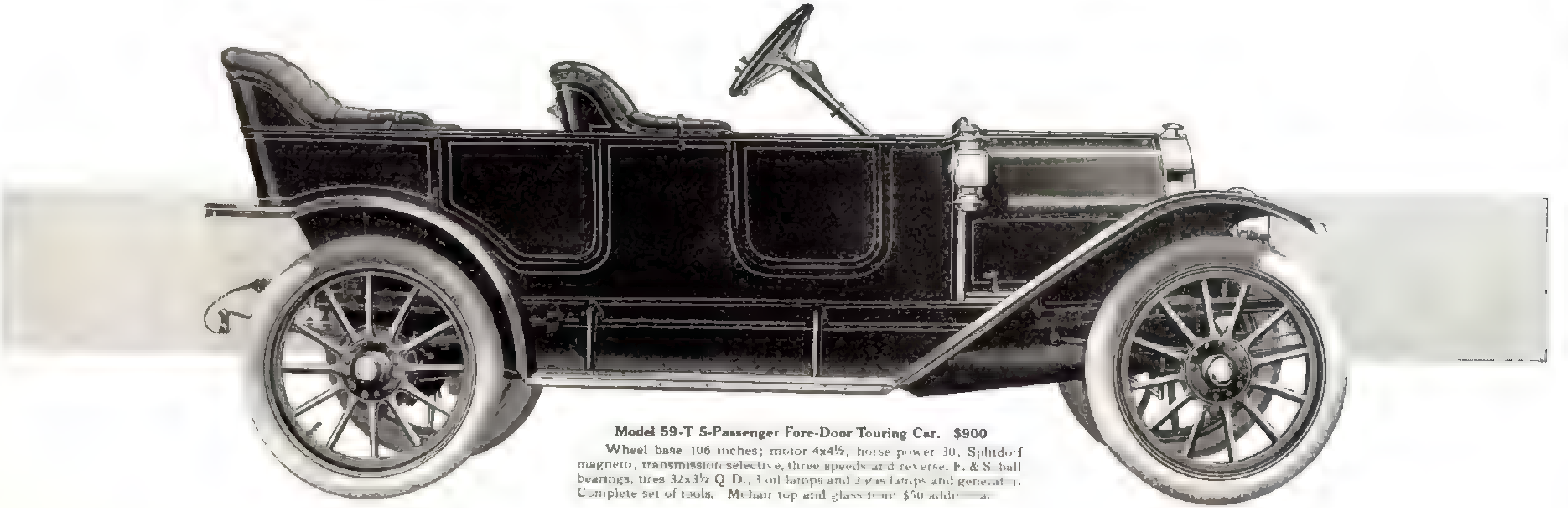
No other motor in the world is given a more severe test and thorough inspection. Just as soon as it is assembled and ready to be bolted into the frame, it is sent down to the engine testing room for what is known as a block test. The engine is belted up for two hours, and driven by other than its own power to limber it up so that it will start easily. Then it is put on the block and run from 8 to 16 hours under its own power. During this time two inspectors watch the engine performance constantly, testing it frequently by brakes, until, in their judgment, based on long experience, it is ready to be inspected by the foreman in charge of this department. Then the foreman goes into an examination of the engine very thoroughly. And if there is the slightest indication of anything but the smoothest sort of work—if the engine does not turn up the power that it should—it is sent back to the chief inspector of the engine assembly department.

After being thoroughly tested, the engines are sent, together with the remainder of the parts that make up the assembled chassis, down to the chassis assembly room, where they are assembled and then turned over to the road testing department.

This should give you a good idea of the thoroughness of the motor in this $900 car. And every other part of this automobile is just as good as it can be made. It is a high grade car, and a careful comparison of the entire machine will absolutely prove to your own satisfaction that no other maker can sell this car at this price without losing money.

We have published a book for those who cannot come to Toledo and have a trip through our enormous plants. It takes you over the entire 80 acres. It shows how we make every part of every Overland car. It shows you the car from start to finish—from raw material to the complete article. It is a treatise of the industry's greatest factory. It explains our great equipment and shows how we can produce our cars to sell at prices from twenty to forty per cent lower than other cars. It is written in an interesting and readable style and is full of valuable information. What we did not have room to say here, of the motor in this $900 car, will be found complete in this book. Drop us a line today, and we will see that you get one of these books by return mail. It also shows our complete 1912 line with prices, specifications and full descriptions.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 59-T 5-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car. $900

Wheel base 106 inches; motor 4x4½, horse power 30, Splitdorf magneto, transmission selective, three speeds and reverse, F. & S. ball bearings, tires 32x3½ Q. D., 3 oil lamps and 2 gas lamps and generator. Complete set of tools. Mohair top and glass front $50 additional.

They
Won't
Slip

Note the Patented Friction Plug in the back part of the heel—right where the wear comes. It not only prevents slipping but makes *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels* outwear the old-fashioned kind.

Insist on *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels*—the name is easy to remember.

They give you all the advantages of ordinary rubber heels, and in addition *keep you from slipping* on wet sidewalks or pavements—yet cost no more than the ordinary kind.

Insist upon

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER
HEELS

The Name
is Easy to
Remember

THAT PLUG PREVENTS SLIPPING
THAT PLUG PREVENTS SLIPPING
FOSTER PAT
NON SLIP
CAT'S PAW
CUSHION HEEL
7
8
FOSTER RUBBER CO

50c Attached
All Dealers

To the Retail Trade

"It pays to give the public what they want." The majority want *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels.* Order from your jobber today.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Send us the name of your shoe dealer and we will mail you—FREE—a Cat's Paw Bangle Pin.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Elks—What About Them?

THERE is in all wild Nature no sound so stirring as the autumn call of the elk. It is an indescribable sound; but, once heard, it is not forgotten. It begins staccato, swells into a roar and ends in a whistle. Some call it the "bugling" of the elk, others the "whistling." One tenderfoot hunter asked his guide what that funny jackass was doing up in the mountains! It is a wide-carrying note and one familiar to all mountain hunters of experience. Once it could be heard night and day. Now it is not so often heard, for there are not so many elks and those which remain have learned that it is better to keep quiet. If you have never seen a calling elk look at Landseer's Challenge. Not that any red deer of the Old World compares with the great wapiti of this continent. In any country but this elks would be reserved for royalty. In the land of the free, very likely they will not long be reserved for anybody.

The war note of the bull elk once might have been heard on this continent from the Sierra Madre mountains of Old Mexico to the north end of the Selkirks, in British Columbia, and almost from ocean to ocean. There are still a few specimens of the giant elk known as the Roosevelt in the Olympian peninsula; and thence east the species was once even more common than the buffalo, which once ranged through Georgia and South Carolina. When elks got scarce on the Yadkin Daniel Boone moved to Kentucky after them. There are many different Elkhorn rivers in different parts of America. Once, in the meadows of the Cascadia Trout Club, in Northern Ohio, there was discovered a curious, willow-grown earthen mound. It was opened and found to contain scores of old elk antlers, placed there no one knows how, when or by whom. Within late years, elkhorns have been found in the bogs near Lake Winnebago, in Wisconsin.

It was only some thirty years or so ago that the last elk was killed on the "Thumb" of the Michigan south peninsula. The story of the last elk in Wisconsin also dates back only forty or fifty years. In 1857 immense herds of elk were found round Spirit Lake, in Iowa, and in Lower Minnesota, where the species outlasted the buffalo. It passed westward then into the Bad Lands of the Dakotas and Montana. It passed west across the Indian Nations to the Blackjack country and into the rough plains. Finally it was driven into the foothills of the Rockies; and now its home is in a deplorably limited district in the roughest part of the great range.

The Habits of the Beast

There would not today be alive very many elks had it not been for the establishment of the Yellowstone National Park. The park, with the addition of the great forest reserves which stretch about it, makes the last refuge of the species today. For two or three years, perhaps, there still will be elks. In the opinion of a good many well-posted men, that will pretty nearly end the species. A royal species it was and worth better handling by a sovereign people.

In the summertime, elks, like most others of the deer family and like domestic cattle, move back into the high mountains to escape the pest of flies. They do this now also to escape the pursuit of man; for, on what is now known as the winter range of the cattle, the elk, buffalo, mountain sheep, antelope and bear once lived pretty much all the year round. The buffalo, driven back to the mountains, established what was known as the mountain buffalo, or bison, as a species. This species would stay in the high hills the year through. There are a few elks that winter in favored parts of Yellowstone Park. The great bulk of the herd, however, like so many domestic cattle, comes down out of the mountains to the lower country before the heavy snows of the winter. Many perish each winter in the upper districts, starved to death, unwilling or unable to get out to lower altitudes. The writer has seen them doing their best to make a living in eight feet of snow in February and March on the Hayden Valley of the Yellowstone Park; but neither they nor the buffaloes were doing any too well or were any too safe, as later events proved.

Some of the elks from the great national breeding ground work out at the western edge of the park into Northeastern Idaho and Southwestern Montana. The natural winter range of the great herd, however, is in the Jackson's Hole country south of the park, in Wyoming; and here for many years there has been a migration as definite as that of the caribou in Newfoundland and more unmistakable than that which formerly obtained of the whitetailed deer in Northern Michigan. The Wyoming herd has for many years supplied winter meat for many ranchers and settlers, and it has permitted the tourist sportsman to get his elkhead—at considerable expense, it is true, but at no great trouble.

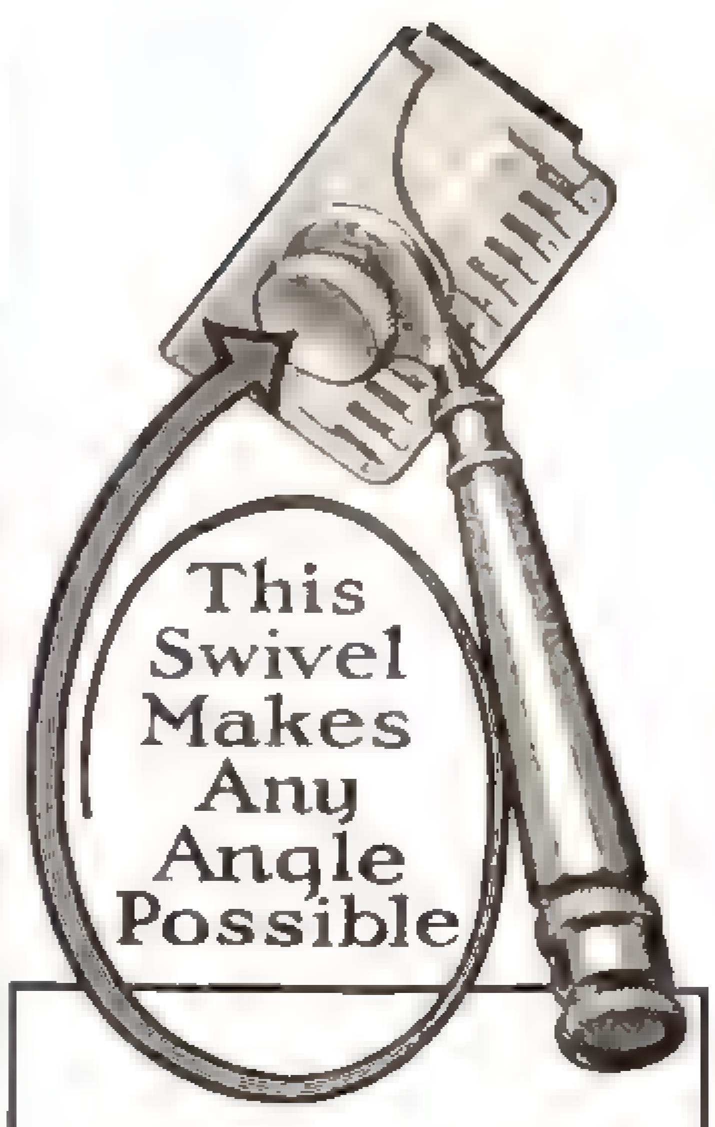
Elk Hunting Expensive

Civilization, however, has been pushing up all through the West. The wire fences of the hay ranches have occupied the winter range; and, as a result, elks have starved in hundreds of thousands where once they flourished. Some ranchers have fed them free of charge, perhaps not always to the advantage of the elks; for, once the creatures get the habit of hanging round a hay stack they forget to go out and forage for themselves. Last year and the year before the loss was so great that every one grew alarmed: and last year Wyoming and the United States Government joined hands to purchase hay for the starving elks. It is said this market gave certain enterprising ranchers very good prices for hay that otherwise would have been hard to sell. However that may be, the feeding of the elks on their winter range is now something which must be done, and which ought to be done intelligently both by Wyoming and the Government of the United States. There is, perhaps, no other Government of a civilized nation that would take any chances whatever in a matter of such interest.

It is only this fall that a general sentiment in favor of the protection of the elk has gained place in Wyoming. That state readily can figure out that hundreds of thousands of dollars come to it each year in the way of game licenses and hunting expenses; whereas the cost of a little hay each winter is nothing as an offset. The cost of a hunting trip in the Rockies is higher today, like everything else. Once you could make it for ten dollars a day, but it is safer to figure on twenty-five dollars a day at this stage of the game. The state gets the license money of your guide, of course, and the guide gets his five dollars honorarium a day, whether or not he produces a few last year's tracks and you have no option in the matter. This easy money Wyoming is going to lose in two or three years unless some rational policy shall be adopted. When the species is wiped out it will go swiftly and mysteriously, as did the wild pigeon and the buffalo. Then we shall rub our eyes and wish it had not happened.

It costs the non-resident fifty dollars for his license to kill one elk. It costs the resident only the cheap local license to kill one, and for two dollars and fifty cents more he can kill two more. At a total cost of seven dollars and a half, every farmer within striking distance of the winter range can get his winter's meat, and legally kill three elks. It is fine, benevolent and excellent for the farmers, but fatal for the elk species. Wyoming would better repeal the law at the next session. Three years of it will wipe out the elk. At the opening of the big-game season this fall there was an absolute cavalcade of hunters of all sorts, resident and non-resident, making for the Wyoming mountains.

The Benevolent Order of Elks of late years has done all it could to set itself right and has forbidden the use of actual elktooth watch-charms, recommending celluloid instead. I can remember seeing a part of the collection of elkteeth of a Montana merchant, which was begun thirty years or more ago. He had trunks full of Indian dresses, some of them with a hundred teeth to the garment. When elkteeth rose from fifty cents to two dollars and a half a pair, a great many hunters went out and killed



The old fashioned straight razor has one quality that has never before been put into a safety razor. You can put the blade at any angle with the handle.

Now, for the first time, you get this quality in a safety razor—in the Young Safety Razor, and in no other. A touch with the tip of the finger sets the blade at any angle with the handle, permitting the diagonal stroke in shaving any part of the face, the only stroke that ensures a smooth, clean shave.

Young
SAFETY
Razor

"The any-angle razor"

$2.50

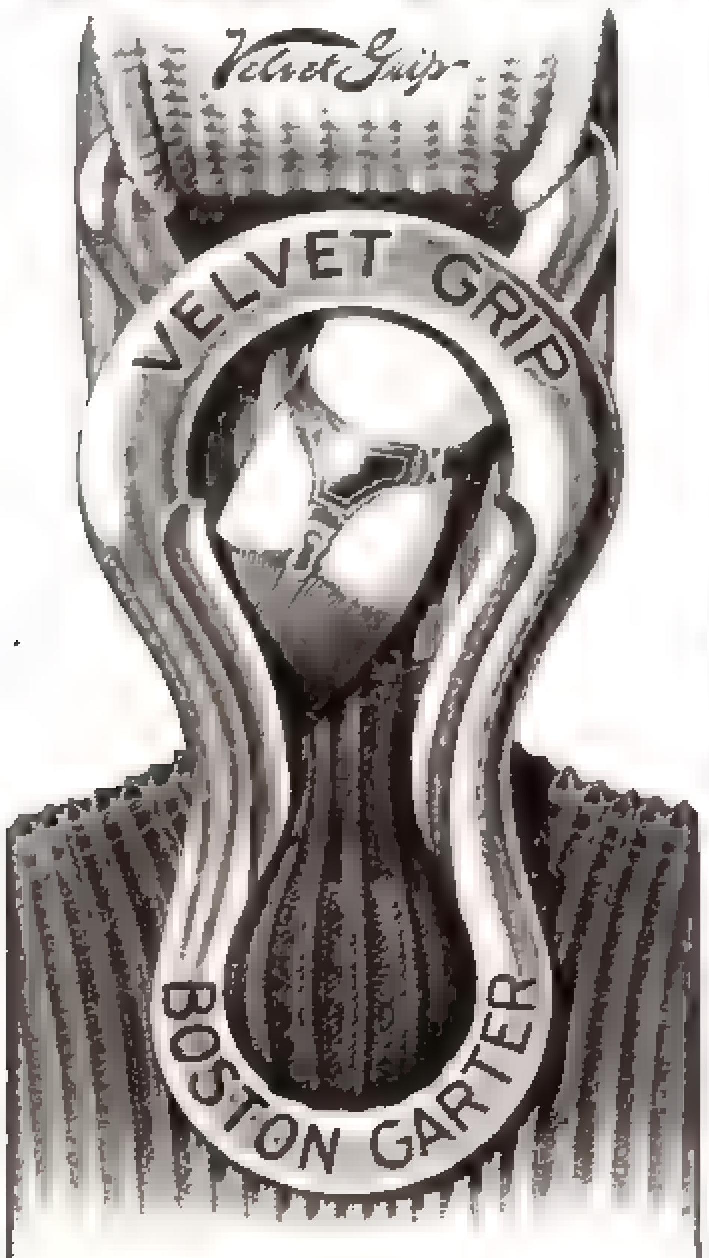
This compact, attractive, nicely balanced razor sets a new standard in both efficiency and price. The outfit includes twelve keen, hollow-ground blades, of the best steel, all in an attractive leather case for $2.50; additional blades 75 cts. a dozen. Try the Young Safety Razor and note how easily and how naturally you give your beard the necessary diagonal stroke on all parts of your face.

If your dealer does not carry the Young Safety Razor send $2.50 direct to us, use the razor 30 days, and if you are not satisfied, return it and we will refund your money.

Young Safety Razor Company
1709 Germantown Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.

You cannot shave in comfort without the diagonal stroke. You cannot get the diagonal stroke with any safety razor but the Young Safety Razor

Boston Garter



THIS is the clasp with the **moulded rubber button.** It keeps a firm hold on the hose, but **will not tear the fabric.** It is shown here purposely enlarged in order to impress its character upon you. You can *identify* it by the *shape*, by its manner of *gripping the hose*, and by the trade marks **"Boston Garter"** and **"Velvet Grip."**

The leg inside the loop is shown here to picture our "Pad" **Boston Garter**, an all-the-year-round type to be worn with any length drawers.

When you buy garters look at the loops, and assure yourself that you are getting the genuine **Boston Garter** because

It is guaranteed against imperfections.
It is most comfortable.
It will give most satisfaction in wear.

For sale in stores everywhere

Lisle, 25 cents
Silk, 50 cents

Sample pair postpaid on receipt of price

George Frost Company, Makers
BOSTON

elk for their teeth alone—hundreds and thousands of them. The price went up to five dollars, ten dollars, twenty dollars! Today, should you return from a successful elk hunt in the Jackson's Hole country, you would perhaps be offered fifty dollars a pair for the tusks of your elk before you got to the railroad. This, at least, has been the experience of friends. Any country in the world but this would stop that sort of traffic forever, and not only legislate against it but enforce the laws against it.

There have been some wild-eyed measures discussed by a few this year looking toward the driving of the great elk herd from the winter range either to the Bighorn Mountains or down into Colorado. It is difficult to believe there can be any necessity in any such plan. It is absolutely absurd. You cannot drive elks like so many cattle; and, even if thousands of them could be driven away from their natural habitat as it now remains, it would simply mean their speedier butchery, for they would be cut off from their retreat to the only refuge they have left—the high mountains of Yellowstone Park and its vicinity. We need intelligence of a prompt sort in Washington in regard to this matter. The great remaining elk herd, less by some thousands as it annually becomes, is one of our best dividend payers. It would be a national disgrace to allow it to perish. That disgrace threatens now.

Protective Legislation Needed

There was, perhaps, stern necessity back of the extermination of the buffaloes, for the plains could not have been farmed with the buffaloes left on them. There is no reason in the world, on the other hand, why the elks should be exterminated. They cost nothing when left to themselves, unless the trifling expense of a little hay each winter be considered, and use country which cannot be settled. As a matter of fact, the National Government ought to protect the elk forever in all the forest reserves round the park. Elks, sheep and cows do not mix well together. The trifling fees received for the grazing privileges of the reserves over the winter range of the elks in no way means so much in dollars and cents to this country as the protection of the elks themselves. On the other hand, the National Government ought to purchase that winter range—hay ranches and all and add it to the game-refuge area of the country adjacent to the park. That would solve the elk problem at once and, granted decent administration, would mean practical success for every man who cared to make a fall big-game hunt in the Rockies. It would mean very much money for Wyoming, Idaho and Montana for years to come. What those states will do in Congress remains to be seen.

As matters stand even today, elk hunting is not to be considered an impossible ambition for the man who has financial means to back himself for it. It is more certain than moose hunting, though perhaps a little more expensive than a moose hunt in Canada. It requires a considerable pack train, handled by a considerable camp personnel, but it is fairly sure of success - perhaps more so than any other form of big-game hunting we have left among our American sports.

Practiced as it should be, hunting the elk is big-game stalking at its best. If, however, it all had to be done on foot our elks would last much longer. Mounted on sure-footed mountain stock, the elk hunter does not have to walk very much; in fact, very often can ride horseback almost within shooting distance of his game. At most, the hardest part of the day's travel is done in the saddle; though, when the country grows too rough, one is obliged to dismount and do the rest of his work on foot, of course. For the Eastern man unused to high altitudes this is apt to be rather severe work; but there is absolute stimulant in the air and water of that country, and one can do more work in a day in the mountains than he can in the lower altitudes.

If your guide knows his business you will go pretty directly to the elk country. After making camp you will have to prospect for signs of your game. Once, as has been stated above, the elk would have announced himself with his far-carrying bugle note. Sometimes elks have come into the edge of the camp circle and stood braying their challenge to the horses picketed there. Parties have arisen from bed to drive them from among the tent ropes at night; and

How I Can Make the Rigoletto Cigar at 10c the Best Cigar in the World

RIGOLETTO HAVANA

PANETELA
Actual Size

THE actual tobacco in a cigar is usually the small part of its cost. It is the expense of making, of wrapping, of packing, the tariff, the waste, and the selling that make the ordinary cigar cost more than it is worth.

It is by cutting down these extra expenses that I have been able to make the Rigoletto Cigar the best in the world—and still sell it for 10c. *I buy the highest priced tobacco that can be bought.* I could not pay a higher price if I wanted to. There is no better tobacco. I pay more for my filler and more for my wrapper than I did when I was making cigars in Havana that sold up to $1.00 apiece.

Eliminating Unnecessary Expenses

I moved my factory from Havana to this country in order to escape the tariff. By this I saved to the smoker at least $7.30 on every hundred cigars

After 4 years' experience in Tampa, I moved from there to Cleveland to still further cut down unnecessary cost. Here my actual expenses of manufacturing and packing are only one-half as much. In Tampa and Havana, I made as many as forty different sizes and shapes of Rigoletto Cigars. Now I make four **(Perfecto Extra, Club House, Elegante and Panetela),** which are standard. This has enabled me to make a still further saving in production. Conditions in Tampa were such that my annual loss through cigars smoked and taken was $20,000 a year. Here in Cleveland, my employees do not smoke at their work.

All these unnecessary expenses did not contribute one whit to the value of the cigar. They were pure waste, which you smokers must pay when you buy cigars made under those conditions. By eliminating this waste, I have been enabled to put into the Rigoletto Cigar the very finest tobacco. It is the best cigar in the world, barring none, no matter what the price. You will agree with this when you have smoked it. You will then want to buy it regularly. That is why I am making this

Remarkable Special Offer

Send me $1.00, with the name of your dealer, and I will send you 10 Rigoletto Cigars in any one of the 4 standard sizes, which sell regularly at 10c straight. With these cigars I will send you, as an introductory present, a seal leather cigar case which would retail for at least $1.00. Your name will be stamped on the flap in gold.

Send me $5.00, with the name of your dealer, and I will send a box of 50 cigars along with a beautiful mahogany finished humidor with brass name-plate, lock and key. Your initials will be engraved on the plate. This humidor is solid and substantial. It has an exquisite hand-rubbed piano finish. It is equal to any you can buy for $3.00 or $4.00 at retail

These offers good in U. S. only. Now you understand, gentlemen, I can sell you only one box of cigars—and only on condition that you send the name of your dealer.

In the future you must buy the Rigoletto Cigar through dealers. [illegible] merely to get you [illegible] with it [illegible] the Rigoletto and you will understand what real value [illegible] get in a cigar [illegible] when the unnecessary expenses are eliminated

E. A. Kline

NOTICE TO DEALERS

This is the second of a series of advertisements to tell smokers everywhere about the wonderful value of Rigoletto Cigars.

The distribution of the Rigoletto will be Nation-wide in a short time. It is to your advantage to stock it at once and take advantage of the great interest we are arousing. If your jobber cannot supply you, write to us.

E. A. KLINE & COMPANY

E. A. KLINE & CO., Cleveland, Ohio

Enclosed is $ ____ for which you will please send me
____ cigars and cigar [illegible] fully prepaid
Color ____ Shape ____
My dealer's name is ____
Address ____
My name is ____
Address ____

We'll Pay $2,500

For Letters About Oatmeal

We ask letters from people giving actual examples of the good one derives from oatmeal

The main facts about oats are quite generally known. Oats are richer in elements that feed brains, nerves and bodies than any other grain that grows

As an energy food—a food for vim—nothing compares with oats. As a food for growing children nothing takes their place.

Yet only two-thirds of the homes in America regularly serve oatmeal. In but half of the homes is it a daily diet. So we ask you who know what oatmeal does to help us inform the rest.

For the 185 letters which best serve this purpose we offer the following prizes

For the 5 best letters,	$100 each	. .	$500.00
For the 10 next best,	50 each	. .	500.00
For the 20 next best,	25 each	. .	500.00
For the 50 next best,	10 each	. .	500.00
For the 100 next best,	5 each	. .	500.00
185 separate prizes, totaling			$2,500.00

This contest closes December 1, 1911. Soon after that date checks will be sent to the prize winners. And all who write letters will be given the names of the prize winners.

Valuable Facts

Here are samples of facts which we regard as being of value to others.

Archdeacon Sinclair, an Englishman, says that in his family and his father's family there were twenty six-footers, all brought up on oatmeal.

The Director of Athletics in a great university states that oatmeal is the food for athletes. It has been with him a regular diet for over forty years.

The superintendent of a school for delinquent boys says that these boys, when fed largely on oatmeal, show immediate and marked improvement.

A physician of the tenements, dealing largely with children who are wan and incapable, says their greatest lack is proper nutrition. In those sections only one home in twelve is an oatmeal home.

A nerve specialist states that Avenon (an extract of oats) has proved itself one of our greatest tonics.

A superintendent in charge of 2,000 woodsmen in Maine, after consulting with experts, has adopted oatmeal as the chief food for endurance.

A teacher whose pupils rarely get oatmeal says the children lack concentration. Their usual breakfast fails to fit them for study. Two hours before noon they become entirely incapable.

Sir Crichton Browne, a high English authority, cites experiments on animals which show how oatmeal develops the thyroid gland

Dr. Arnold Lorand, in his book, "Old Age Deferred," shows how this gland affects one's apparent age. It is argued that proper care of these ductless glands can ward off age as much as twenty years.

What We Seek

From men and women in position to know them, we seek for other facts like these.

But we also want facts from individual experience. Many a mother has seen wondrous examples of how children thrive on oatmeal

Many a brain-worker has learned from experience how much such workers need the phosphorus in oats. Many a muscle-worker knows how oatmeal adds to one's endurance. Many a person, when in need of more vigor, has tried a 30-day diet of oats. Doubtless many old people who still retain youth know that oatmeal has helped them do it. We ask for all these facts.

No letters or names will be published. But the facts, when important, will be carried by us to tens of millions of people. The letters most helpful to people in general will be the prize-winning letters.

Address all letters to The Quaker Oats Company, Contest Department, Chicago, Ill.

Quaker Oats

The rich, plump oats make the best oatmeal. We select them by 62 siftings. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel

These luscious oats, prepared by our process, form the most delicious oat food in existence. Yet Quaker Oats—the very utmost in oatmeal—costs but one-half cent per dish. Do you think that it pays, in this premier food, to serve an inferior grade?

Regular size package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West or South.

Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package

The Quaker Oats Company
CHICAGO

2131

old hunters will tell you that sometimes they could hardly sleep at night for the constant roaring of the elks about them. You are not apt to be troubled in that way so much nowadays. If only you could have the mountains all to yourselves it would be easy, but there will be many hunting parties besides your own; and when the firing begins, early in the season, the game makes back to the high country—so that your success largely depends on your luck in getting into country where you will not find the game frightened away by others.

Field glasses are useful in all such mountain work. You will find a good pair of strong opera glasses very practical and lighter than the regular field glasses. Every ounce counts in mountain climbing. The most powerful glass is by no means the best hunting glass. You want field as well as power in your glass.

The chances today are all in your favor and all against the game. You do not need to be so good a stalker or so good a shot as Kit Carson was in order to get an elk. He used a short-range rifle that shot a round ball—had to get close and put it in the right place. The modern high-power rifle is a terrible thing. With it and its flat trajectory, combined with fearful hitting power, the modern hunter covers a wider range and in a more deadly fashion. He should remember, however, that not even with a high-velocity rifle can he knock down in its tracks an elk simply by hitting it in any chance place. All males of the deer family are full of vitality in the fall season and a big bull elk will sometimes stand three or four shots through the body before it will drop. Many and many an elk, fatally shot, makes its escape over rocks on bare country where it cannot be trailed.

It should be the aim of the man hunting elk, or any other big game, to get as close as possible—and to do the business with one shot if possible. To this end do not be in a hurry about shooting if the animal is partly hidden by cover. Always place the shot well forward—through the shoulder or the lungs. Even thus you probably will not stop your elk instantly. Some old hunters always try the neck shot, knowing that an animal shot through the neck is killed at once. If you are a steady shot and close enough, that is the safest of all shots for you to make. Never shoot an elk through the middle of the body or far back if you can help it. The vital part is well in front.

Choosing Your Head

Do not shoot the first head of horns you see when you get among the game. Take your time; study the herd carefully if you come upon one; and when you have found the big fellow you want put all the others out of your plans, so far as they will allow you to do that. Study all the heads carefully through your glasses. You can still get a fairly good head; but you must not any longer expect the giant heads of earlier years, for they simply do not exist.

The skinning and butchering of a full-grown elk is something like work. The great antlers are awkward to get out of the mountains, and they are awkward to handle even when you get them home, because few rooms of modern houses have ceilings high enough to give them good accommodation. No elkhead looks the same on a wall as it does in the woods. The taxidermist is obliged to mount it, not with the muzzle extended but pointing down at a sharp angle, so that the tips of the antlers will clear the wall behind. When you see your big bull bugling you will notice that his antlers are back, his nose raised; and when he walks he never holds his head in the wooden, perpendicular fashion that the taxidermist always gives him. Sometimes an elkhead is mounted sidewise or horizontal, with the muzzle parallel to the ceiling and not at right angles to the floor. No elk really looks like that either; so you have the choice of two evils in the shape your trophy is to assume. A grand trophy it is, however—one of the grandest of big-game trophies any quarter of the world ever furnished.

Fifteen years ago hunters were selling elkhorns—very good antlers too—for three to five dollars a pair. They get twenty-five, fifty, a hundred dollars for a good pair now; and, by the time you buy a mounted elkhead in a curio shop of a Western city of today you will perhaps pay one hundred to two hundred dollars—if the dealer thinks you have that much. Even so, as a purely commercial proposition, that is the

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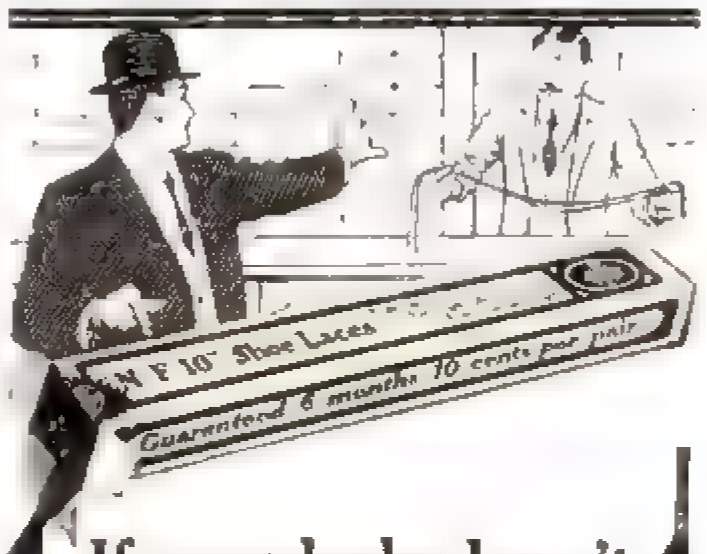
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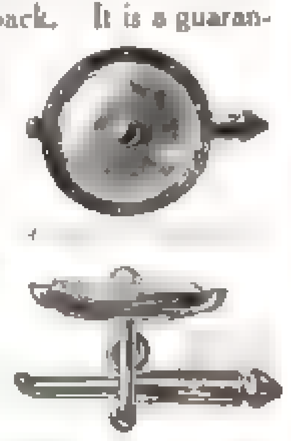
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cheapest way you can get your elk today. To pick him out on the hoof and bag him to your own rifle will probably cost you from one thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars. In five years, if the present situation of the still remaining elk herd of the continent shall not be changed, perhaps you will not be able to pay twice that money and get a decent head legally in any part of this or any other country.

There is a little—a very little—big game scattered through the remoter part of the Rockies today. Not very much remains. It is a mere chance if you see a grizzly outside of Yellowstone Park in the summertime. It is difficult to get legally a good bighorn sheep or a pronghorn antelope. Whitetail and blacktail deer still may be called fairly common; and, as has been stated, it is by no means impossible or difficult to get a fairly good elkhead today if you have the time and money—in short, it is a certainty you can do so, but that certainty is going to be mighty brief.

By all means, take your elk hunt; and, by all means, when you come back from it start in to stalk your Congressman. It is up to the Congressmen and not to the sportsmen of this country. This splendid animal is too noble a creature—and too commercially valuable a creature, if it comes to that—to be exterminated, as it certainly will be in a very short time if matters continue in the good old American fashion that now exists.

The Phalanger Family

ONE of our consuls in Australia wrote the other day of a scheme now on foot in that country for "farming opossums," which, it is proposed, shall be encouraged to breed under conditions of semi-domestication, their skins being in great demand at high prices for export, especially to the United States.

As a matter of fact there are no opossums in Australia. The animals referred to are those strange creatures called "phalangers," some species of which are provided with flying membranes—somewhat like those of our flying squirrels—stretched between their fore and hind limbs. They have woolly coats, long and usually prehensile tails and large claws.

They feed on the leaves, fruits and blossoms of trees, and to some extent on insects. In the vast forests of New South Wales the yellow-bellied flying phalanger is a numerous species and eats the flowers—some of them huge in size—of various kinds of eucalypts. Very rarely does it descend to the ground; and, if pursued, it seeks flight by climbing to the topmost branch and making a series of astonishing leaps from treetop to treetop.

The so-called "pigmy" flying phalanger is less in size than a mouse and feeds on honey obtained from flowers. Its agility is amazing and it is said to make a charming pet. The two species described as chiefly desirable for their fur, however, are the long-eared and short-eared phalangers—the former being a native of the plains regions all over Australia and Tasmania, while the latter, which has the more valuable skin, is found in the highlands of Eastern Australia.

Unfortunately these fur-bearers have been so persistently hunted and are so easily trapped that they are approaching extinction. It is proposed, therefore, to rear them on farms, providing small boxes for them among the branches of eucalyptus trees. They are very gentle, harmless, easily tamed and spend their days fast asleep, doing their foraging in the night.

Sometimes they are called opossums, but they are very different animals. Opossums are found exclusively in the New World; and the Virginia species, which is the one familiarly known to us, ranges not only all over temperate North America but into Central and tropical South America, where it is called the "crab-eating opossum." In some towns in tropical America it serves a useful purpose as a nocturnal scavenger, seeking shelter by day on roofs and in sewers.

There are many other species of opossums, one of which, the "woolly opossum," ranges from Central Mexico to Southern Brazil. It is bright red in color and only a little bigger than a house-mouse. Most curious of all the opossums, however, is the "yapock"—from Guatemala to Southern Brazil—which has webbed feet. It is aquatic, living on small fishes, crustaceans and waterbugs.

To the Owner of the House

Whether home, apartment building or business block

Every consideration of convenience, health, economy of upkeep, earning power of your investment and security against rapid depreciation demands that you install the

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Like modern heating, lighting and plumbing, the science of cleaning has passed beyond the experimental stage. Every really up-to-date house is assumed to be equipped with the ample piping necessary for the installation of air cleaning machinery.

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In a recent test of five of the leading stationary air cleaning systems, conducted for the City of Detroit, Michigan, by a board of disinterested engineers of international reputation consisting of Professor John R. Allen, of the University of Michigan; Mr. Charles H. Treat, Chief Designer of the American Blower Company, and Mr. Howard E. Coffin, Vice-President and Chief Designer of the Hudson Motor Car Company, all of whom are members of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the TUEC was unanimously declared to be the system of **highest efficiency, greatest simplicity, durability, silence, capacity and economy of money, labor and floor space.**

The TUEC scored a total of 97.6 points out of a possible one hundred, its nearest competitor scoring but 85.5 points.

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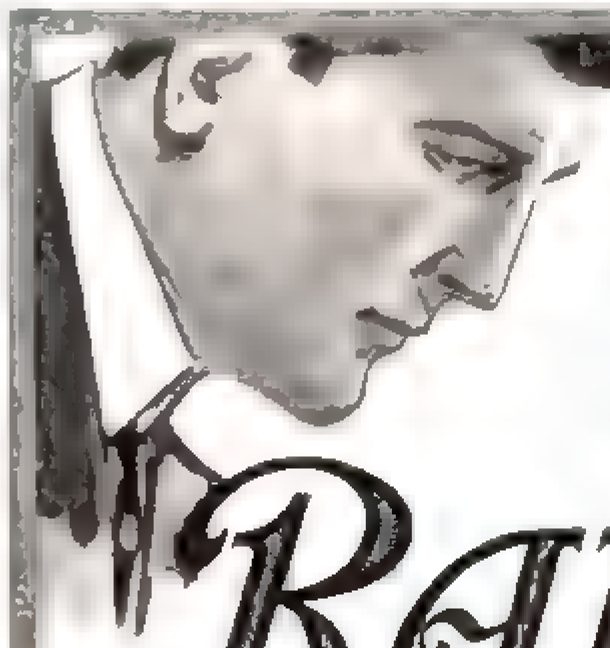
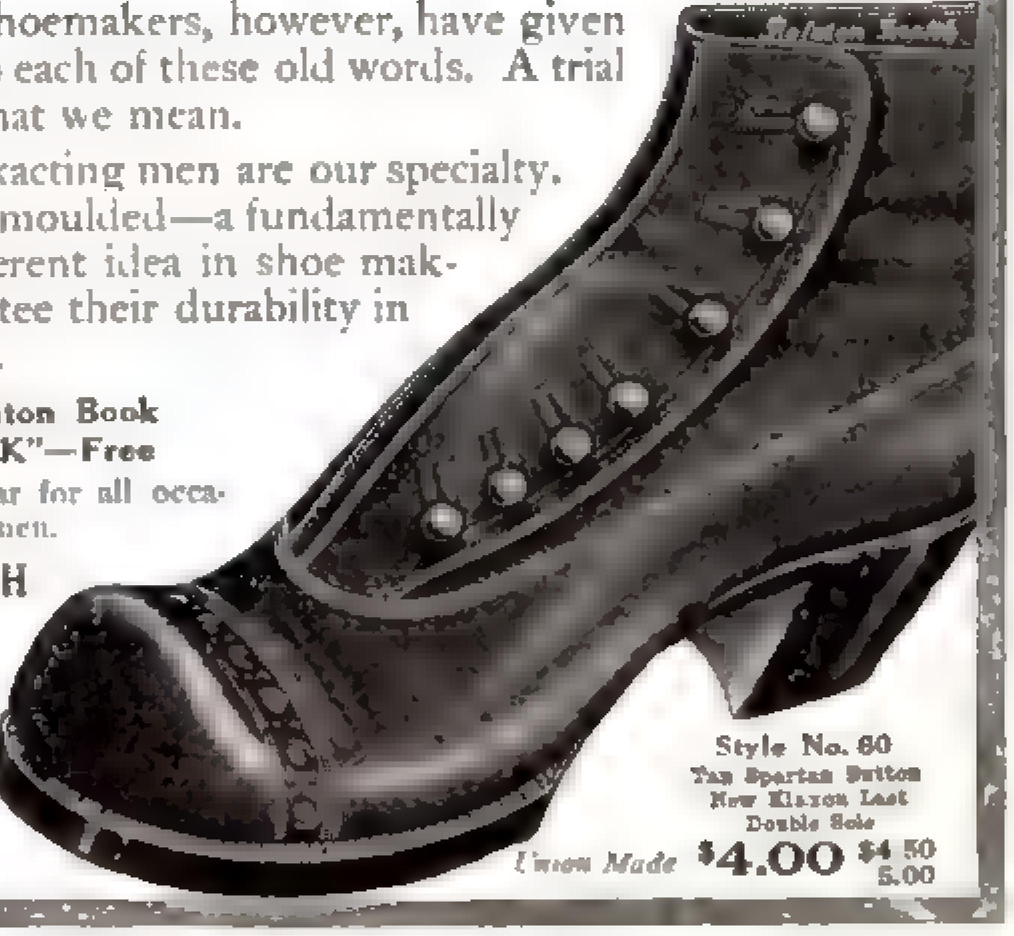
"Style," "Fit" and "Wear" have been worn threadbare in shoe advertisements, for, after all, no shoe could hope to survive in competition that does not at least *claim* these qualities.

RALSTON SHOES

The Ralston Shoemakers, however, have given a new meaning to each of these old words. A trial will show you what we mean.

Fashions for exacting men are our specialty. Ralstons are foot moulded—a fundamentally and radically different idea in shoe making. We guarantee their durability in very plain words.

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Shows proper footwear for all occasions for men.

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These fabrics, cut to your measure by a good merchant tailor, will give you clothes that fit perfectly and are absolutely exclusive as to pattern.

We make Shackamaxon fabrics of the pure wool of live fleeces. They are woven with extreme care on slow-running looms and are sold only to merchant tailors. You can't get Shackamaxon in ready-made clothing.

A merchant tailor's skill, together with Shackamaxon beauty and durability will give you a perfect suit.

Always look for the name "Shackamaxon" stamped on the back of every yard. If you don't find it, the fabric isn't Shackamaxon.

Write us for the new Shackamaxon [illegible] correct dress chart, also the name of a tailor near you [illegible] Shackamaxon fabrics.

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A fine reproduction (with a wide mat ready for framing), bringing forth all the beauty of the original, can be secured at all Stetson Agencies. Price 50c.

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You will save money by putting these bookcases in your home.

The handsome designs, the rich finish, the removable non-binding doors, the absence of disfiguring iron bands, make them far better than the old fashioned kind.

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Gunn Furniture Company 3 Victoria St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE BOY WHO STAYED AT HOME

Continued from Page 20)

safe in the district and the farmers for miles round would bring as much as six or seven thousand dollars to me for temporary deposit, at one time and individually, merely out of self-protection. With the advent of the trolley these sums gradually increased.

It struck me forcibly one day that I was neglecting a golden opportunity in not exacting my toll out of the stream of wealth that was pouring in and out of my store. I immediately sent down to the state capital for a copy of the banking laws, brushed up my knowledge of commercial law, which I had allowed to become seedy, and started a private bank. I had the safe and the deposits—what more did I want? As soon as I changed the name of that safe and called it a bank, the deposits, which I got at the prevailing rate of interest and loaned at a higher, began to double and then to go up by leaps and bounds. I have said always that the trolley brought my bank, which now has a capital of ten thousand dollars and deposits of two hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars, to my door. I am quite content to let it march off with that share of my mercantile business which it deems fit to take and which no effort of my own can prevent from going anyhow. I was just in time, too, for our village was on the eve of building an electric-light plant and of establishing a sewage system, and the bank at Centerville was preparing to float the bonds. Both issues came to me—not because the promoters wished me to have them, but because, for obvious reasons, they couldn't afford to disregard me.

No matter how long I may live, I never shall forget the bright young engineer the promoters sent down to superintend the construction of our electric-light plant. He was a superior mortal, but he was suggestive; for one day, when our power-house was almost completed and we were about ready to let the water slide over the dam we had constructed in the river to turn the wheels of the machinery, that youth turned round to me, with a supercilious grin on his smooth face, and muttered:

"Good Lord! what in thunder are you jays going to do with the rest of that power?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," he answered.

Try as I would, that was all I could get out of him. It bored him to discuss scientific matters, he said. It didn't bore me to think about them, though; and all that night I sat up in bed trying to put together two and two, that absolutely refused to make a logical four. Finally they added up and came out even; and then I wanted to run through the village, without pausing to change my nightgown for my clothes, and hang up on my premises the sign: "Owing to the idiocy of the owner, this bank has decided to go into voluntary bankruptcy."

From Banking to Real Estate

I spent the next morning in buying up at my price what I could of the bottom lands on both sides of the river near the dam. They never were considered good for anything; and when my purchase became common talk Mose Feltner's only comment was to tap his forehead with his index finger and wink knowingly. Still, I don't blame Mose; for I had been crazy—that was perfectly true—but I hadn't been more crazy than anybody else. It's an amazingly curious thing what we sit round and neglect to do simply because the other fellow has never thought of doing it. Of course, when my saw and planing mill went up, Mose proclaimed that any fool might have thought of that; and again I take off my hat to Mose's sapience. Any fool might; but then I happened to be the only fool that did. Probably the same observation might have been passed about the discovery of steam.

I was just considering the advisability of putting up a big sign near the railroad tracks—this partly out of consideration to poor Mose, who had fired all his conversational ammunition—proclaiming that I had several choice factory sites, with water-power attached, for sale at a bargain, when big labor troubles broke out in the piano and organ, shoe and corset factories of Moscow, which lay sixty miles to the west of us and boasted of a big foreign population. Changing my tactics at once, I chose

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Probably all that you know about the knit muffler you have guessed—and every guess may be wrong. Why not experience for yourself the delightful comfort of the PHOENIX—first and best of snap mufflers?

Instantly adjustable and beautifully knit, it is a smart addition to the apparel of man, woman or child. Thoroughly protective to throat and chest, it gives warmth without weight.

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Real Moccasins of [illegible] soft [illegible] as [illegible] velvet, [illegible]

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FOR MEN—[illegible] smoking slipper. [illegible] 5 to 10, postpaid . . . $2.25

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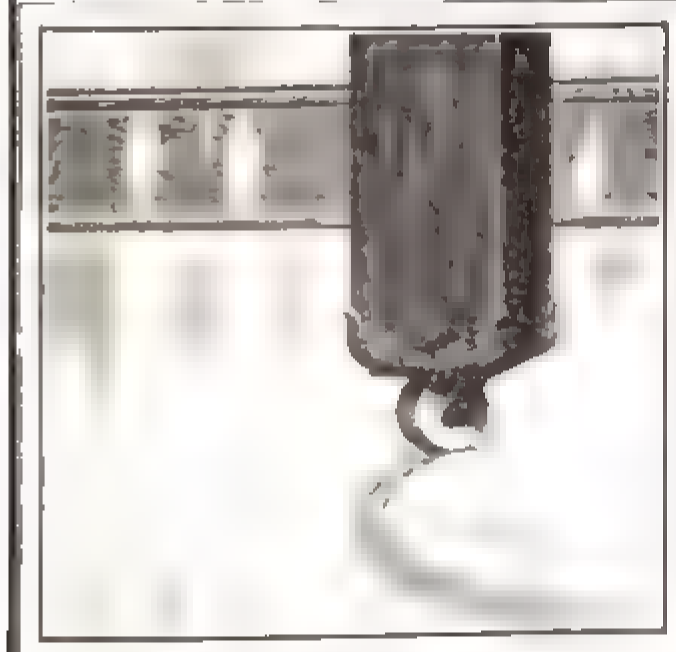

No caster marks—no heel marks—no spots.

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The most trying test of varnish is on floors. It must there withstand dirt, water, heels and casters—rocking, romping and wear.

Elastica is the floor finish which keeps its newness. **Elastica** has in its composition the requisite amount of oil to make it elastic and durable, and that oil is so treated by our own secret process that **Elastica** dries quickly. The most severe usage will not mar it. Water cannot spot it.

Elastica meets all your ideas of a floor finish. It is the result of 40 years spent in studying varnish.

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Please let us prove the facts. You don't want a floor finish which is brittle or transient if **Elastica** does what we claim. It is easy to prove that **Elastica** does what nothing else can do.

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We want to send you [illegible] Elastica [illegible]

Simply send your name and address—a postal will do.

Ask for Book 106

Address Standard Varnish Works, 29 Broadway, New York, or 2600 Armour Avenue, Chicago, or 301 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif. Or International Varnish Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

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for my victim a manufacturer of cottage organs who—so I had heard—was selected for especially invidious attention in this strike as in every other, and then I took the train to Moscow to talk my choice factory sites to him. I urged the advantages of being away in a quiet corner by yourself, off from the main line of agitation and out of the strike belt. He couldn't see it at first; the expense of moving and rebuilding appalled him. I left him to himself until the workers grew more violent—the outlook more serious; then I planned my second assault. This time, having seen his balance sheet, I was prepared to offer my land for next to nothing at all, to pay a certain sum toward the cost of migration and to invest a neat little amount for a part interest in the enterprise. A brick hurled through the window while we were buried in our calculations made up his mind for him. I often have regretted that I didn't preserve that brick for an estimable relic and have it turned over into a paperweight, for my direct profits in the factory and the increase in my banking and store business, due to what I may call an unnatural growth in the population, have repaid the sacrifice I made of my land a thousandfold.

When I returned home after my second visit with the organ manufacturer—to go back a bit—I found the superior engineer, accompanied by a couple of cityfied chaps, looking over my lots along the river. He looked disappointed when he caught sight of the sawmill, and his face fell when he learned of my preemption of all the other land worth owning.

"It will teach me to shut up my mouth after this!" he said curtly.

"Oh, you didn't talk very much," I put in.

"Like thunder I didn't!" he roared.

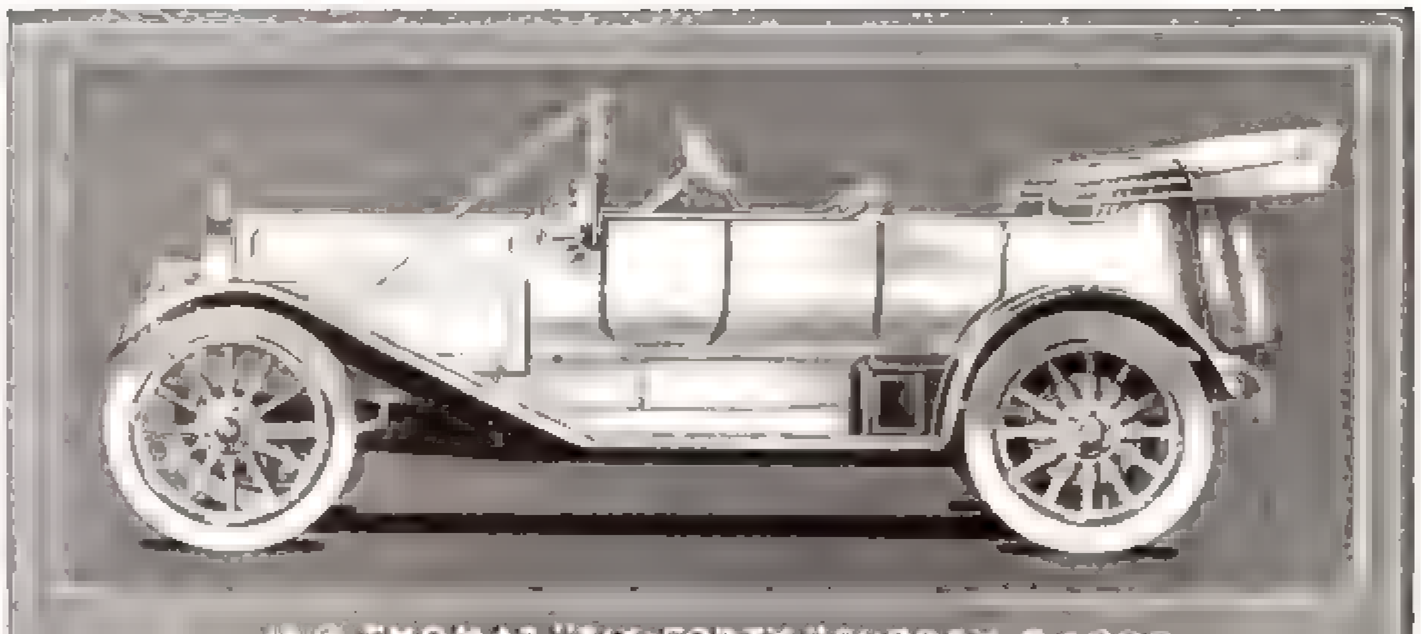
I was deeply touched by his chagrin and his disappointment; he was such a nice young man too—and so bright! I am sorry I never saw him again and that he didn't come back to look at our organ factory after it was in operation. It might have pleased him to discover how little water-power we jays were wasting.

The Yellow Peril Comes to Town

Of course Mose Feltner almost collapsed when he learned that the Rip-Van-Winkle-like sleep of our village and its aristocratic seclusion were to be rudely disturbed by the invasion of forty foreigners. "That feller won't stop," he growled, "until he rings some Chinese in on us. You see! He'll shove all of us old American settlers out of here. He don't care for us; he only thinks of hisself."

However, Mose's gloom over the situation had its compensation. His joy knew no bounds when Hop Lung opened his laundry near the depot given us by the railroad that never had stopped at our village before the erection of the factory; for then, with the thrill known only to the prophet, he could shout until his lungs were tired: "I told ye so! Didn't I tell ye so now? The great hordes of China is swooping down on us. He has doomed this here village to the yaller peril!" Still, though he never brought him his shirts to launder, I believe that Mose was so grateful to Hop for bringing honor on the prophet in his own village that he wouldn't have let the Celestial move away even had the peril been as great as he imagined.

I see, now, that I have been so wrapped up in the discussion of my purely mercantile affairs that I have quite neglected my farm; but this is only figuratively speaking, for actually I had been giving it all along my closest personal attention. It was, no matter how much the term has been abused by those prone to use it too harshly and rashly, a model farm. It showed all the good results of my scientific studies and the summer courses I had taken at the state college of agriculture, which was another decided advantage that the trolley brought into closer relationship with our village. By the rotation of crops and the application of chemical fertilizers I made the land, that netted my father less than seven dollars an acre, yield me considerably over twenty. There were by-products, besides, which meant more to my store and my bank than the returns from the farm itself. Farmers, seeing my success, looked up to me and came to me for advice and assistance; and that brought me all sorts of business indirectly. If they wanted to buy or sell land, or locate elsewhere, they sought my opinion; and since, averaging it all up, my counsel proved good, they soon formed the habit of talking



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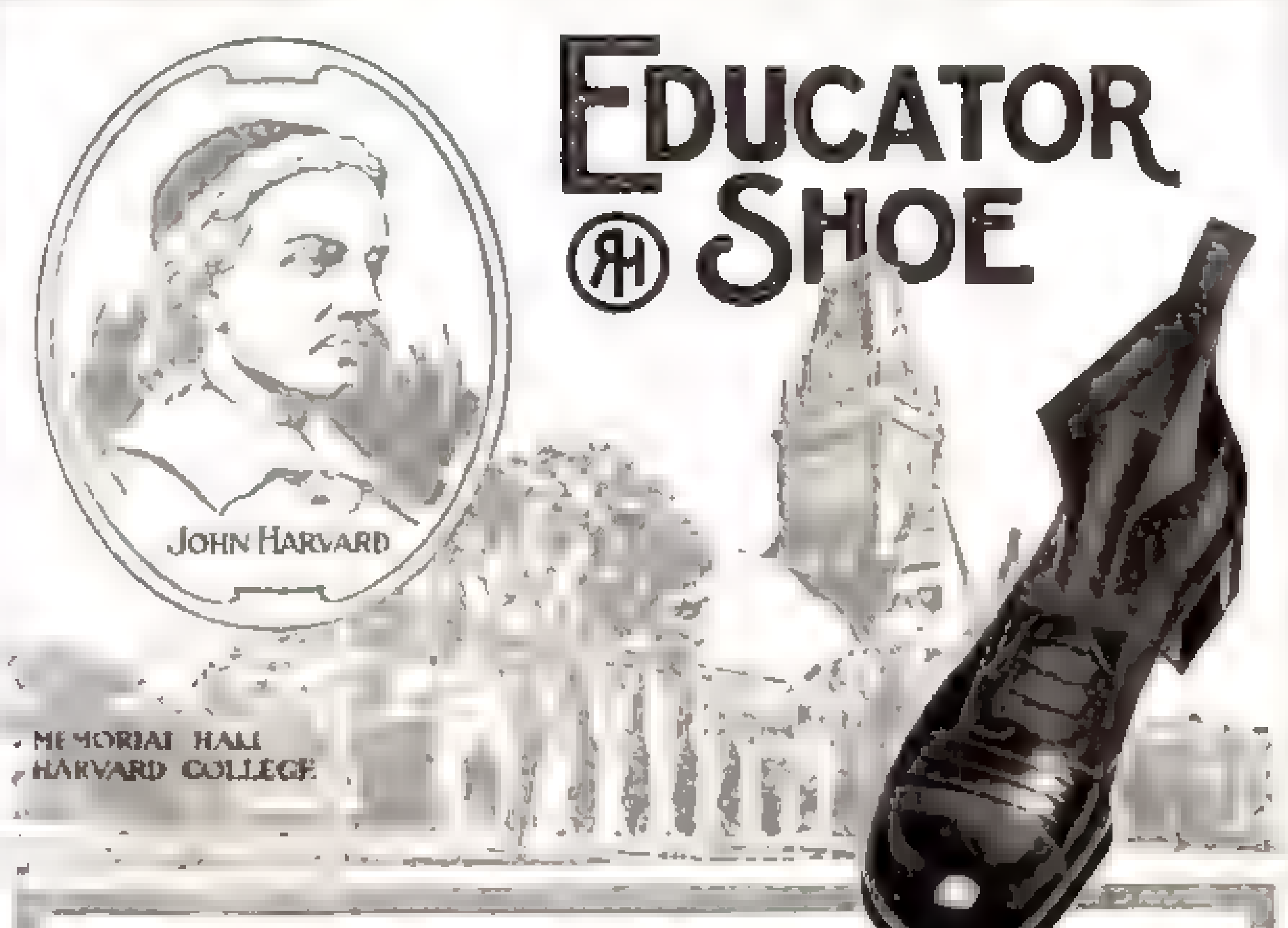
Two Chassis 134-inch and 126-inch Wheel Base. **Four styles of Open Bodies** Seven-Passenger Touring Car. Five-Passenger Phaeton. Four-Passenger Surrey. Two-Passenger Runabout. **Price $4,000 for each type**

Enclosed bodies are built for both chassis and full details are given in our catalogue—"The Story of the Thomas," which awaits your request.

E. R. THOMAS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Dept. J, Buffalo

THOMAS DECLARATIONS (No. 1) *We assert that the 1912 Thomas "Six-Forty" has the most powerful and effective brakes of any car of its weight and class, insuring the utmost safety to passengers.*

EDUCATOR SHOE



Educator Shoes for men are made of the best material to be found—they give comfort to the feet—they conform to the shape of the foot—they are good to look upon.

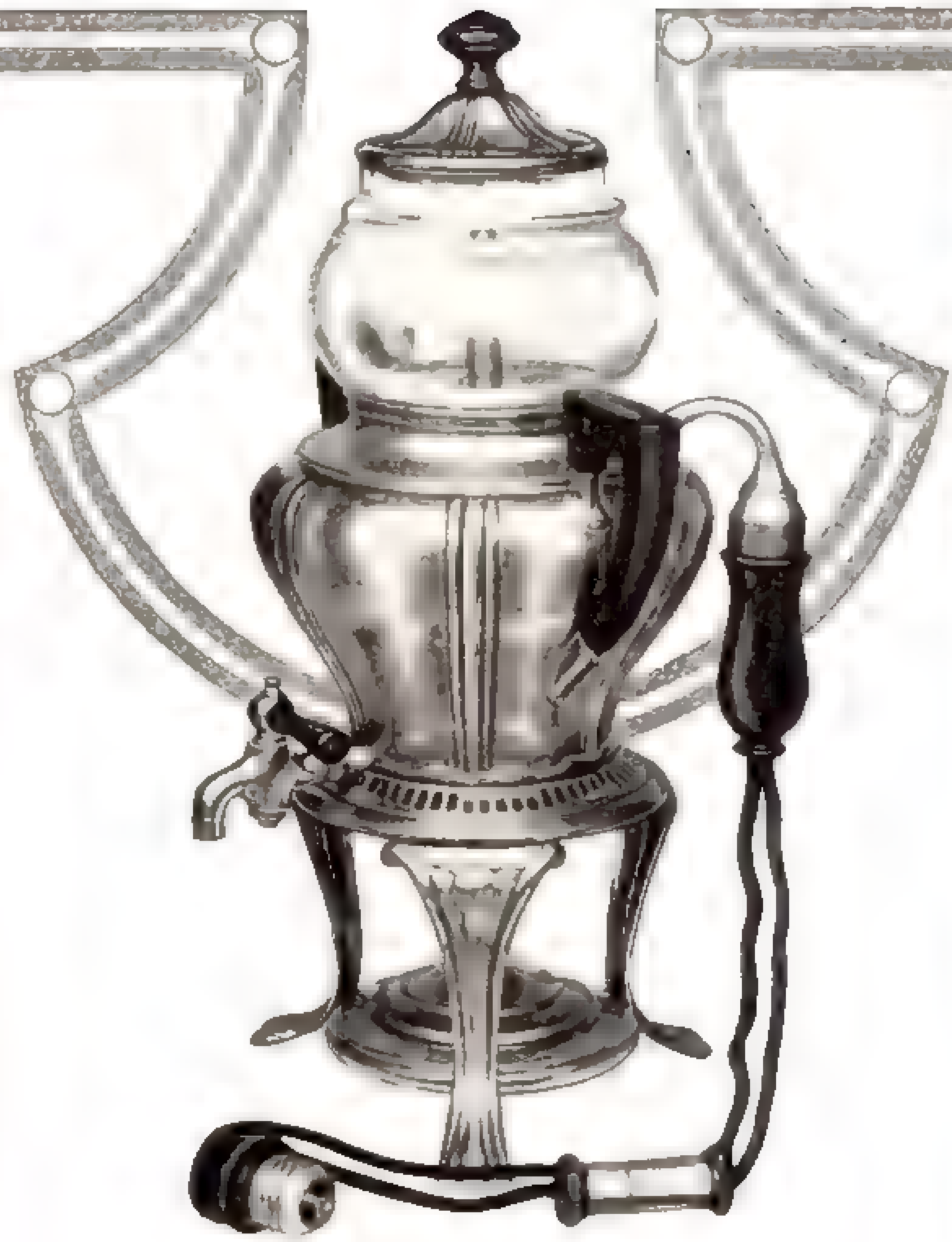
Educator Shoes for men are made in all the serviceable leathers, will wear well and are popular with men of good taste and refinement.

One constant wearer has said to us,—"If I could not find Educator Shoes I should be at a loss to know what kind of shoes to buy."

Educator Shoes for men are sold by the best retailers everywhere at prices ranging from $3.00 to $5.50, according to style and leather.

Educator Shoes are made for every member of the family. If your dealer is unable to supply you with Educators, write to us. We also make the All America, Armada and Signet Shoes for men, and the Mayfair Shoe and Mayfair Special Shoe for Women.

Rice & Hutchins, Incorporated, **14 High St., Boston, U. S. A.**



Westinghouse Quality

and the Best Way Ever Devised for Making Coffee in this

Electric Percolator

THE very latest thing in coffee makers is the Westinghouse Electric Coffee Percolator. It has just been placed on the market. It is so clean, so quick in action and so easy to work that the good coffee seems to be made as if by magic.

The percolator is made with the Westinghouse economical internal heating arrangement. *The work must be done before any heat can escape.*

Every coffee lover and up-to-date woman should arrange to see the Westinghouse Electric Percolator at once. There is nothing else on the market in its class.

If you would like your favorite department store to send you one, *write us,* giving name of the store. We will attend to the matter immediately. Any good electrical dealer or your lighting company can get it for you.

There is an equally good Westinghouse electric device for every household purpose. These devices are *practical.* They are *high grade.* That is what the Westinghouse name stands for on anything electrical.

Address your letter about household devices to "Westinghouse, Household Dept. P, East Pittsburgh."

Do you know what electric lamp you are using? This is an important matter. The Westinghouse Wire Type Tungsten stands all the strain of everyday use *and gives you three times the light for the same amount you are now paying.* Rugged construction! A better light! Any good dealer can furnish them.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company
Pittsburgh

Sales Offices in Forty American Cities Representatives all over the World

all their affairs over with me—from the marriage of their daughters and the placing of their sons to the making of their wills.

In this connection I remember one of my customers—I will call him Caspar Zirndorff—an easy-going, simple-hearted German, who had no end of trouble with his oldest daughter, Rosa. Flat-chested, hatchet-faced, carroty-haired, I am compelled to say in all candor that Rosa was no beauty; but if Rosa was short on looks she was long on will power, determination and character. It was a pity, I always thought, that Rosa didn't have a trifle less character and a little more looks. The girl was a shrew of the first water. She would have flung a red-hot flatiron at the head of Shakspere's tamer of shrews and had him on his hands and knees begging for mercy in less than no time. Good old Caspar and his timid wife, Hannah, didn't dare breathe without looking out of the corners of their eyes to see whether or not the way in which they did it had dear Rosa's approval.

One day Caspar came in to see me; and, after beating about the bush for fifteen or twenty minutes, he came to the point of his visit with: "Mr. Schmidt, Josef Schröer wants to marry my daughter Rosa—on account of her money, I guess."

"Hurry up and let him do it," I advised, "before he changes his mind. Hire an automobile and go with him to get the license."

"That's all right enough," he replied; "but you know as well as I do that Josef isn't what you might call a respectable young man. He drinks; he gambles; and he is so lazy that he lets his poultry farm go to the dogs. Besides, he has a wooden leg. Everybody knows how it happened that he got a wooden leg."

"Nowadays, Caspar," I comforted him, "you can't get a son-in-law that hasn't a few little faults. Give him the best artificial leg that money can buy for a wedding present and leave the rest to Rosa. Women like her just love to reform a man like him."

Six months after the marriage of Rosa Zirndorff and Josef Schroer old Caspar drove in from his farm to see me again, and naturally I asked him how the young couple I had helped to marry were getting along.

"Getting along!" he exclaimed. "You bet they get along! Mr. Josef he went on one spree the first week after the wedding; and when he woke up at eleven o'clock the next morning his old wooden leg was chopped up in the kindling pile and the artificial leg, that cost me one hundred and twenty-five dollars, was locked up in the closet. Rosa, she had the key in her pocket. You ought to see their poultry farm now. Even you would lend money on it!"

Rolling up Power and Money

However, though I am willing to admit that nothing is easier than the giving of advice in general, I still do affirm that nothing is harder than handing it out to farmers in particular. It takes tact. Your farmer is the most independent man on earth. He has never had any other boss than himself on earth; and if there is anything he resents, even if he does you the honor of pretending to come to ask you for it, it is a frank and outspoken piece of advice that may happen to conflict with his own views. That is the reason why, I think, the city man who has served a hard apprenticeship in life misses that bit of rural psychology and so often fails as a country banker. Certain it is that, if I gained power through the exercise of such functions, it was only by being cautious and vigilantly judicious.

I make bold to say that, in my capacity as attorney-at-large for the people, I worked a lasting benefit for our community, though I am just as frank in saying I was actuated in so doing by selfish quite as much as by altruistic motives. Many a young man, through my intervention, was sent to the agricultural college and graduated from it more valuable to the township and more efficient for himself than if he had not had the benefit of that liberal instruction. And many another ambitious young fellow, who wanted to quit the farm for the more alluring and illusionary prospects the city at our door offered, was restrained by a little fable that I never tire of telling. "Once upon a time," so this fable began, "a poor farmer died and left three sons. The older of these sons was a bookkeeper in a neighboring city, the second son was a clerk in the same metropolis, and the third, who was generally considered a fool, always had worked with his father on the farm and in the village store." And the moral of it was, to skip the intervening part with which those who have followed my career are familiar, that the clerk and the bookkeeper were still where we first found them, while the fool—well, you know what became of this fool.

Moreover, since the prosperity of the community meant my prosperity, and quite as much as to protect my loans on mortgages, when one of my customers fell behind in his payments I made it a practice to drive out to his farm, inspect it personally, find out where his trouble lay and correct it—again I speak figuratively—by bending my hand to the plow. Nine times out of ten I discovered that the delinquent had exhausted himself in exhausting his soil and that he was suffering from an oversupply of knowledge in the art of agriculture and an undersupply of the science of farming.

Mose Feltner's Luck

Elevating the standard of efficiency of a community, however, by working with each of its members individually is one thing and lifting up the community all at once and as a whole is quite another. The former process may be more thorough, but the latter is more speedy; and the difference between the two led me to request various professors in the agricultural college to visit our village for the purpose of giving lectures on their various specialties. Afterward I had their lectures printed in pamphlet form and distributed them broadcast. Incidentally—which I almost forgot to mention—I had my name printed in a prominent place on the covers. To further stimulate study along these lines I offered free tuition in the agricultural college for the best essay written by a county high-school pupil on Saving the Soil. Mose Feltner's son won it; and, though Mose swore openly that he wouldn't let him take the money, he came round to my bank privately—the first time he had ever entered the premises—and asked if I had any objection to paying the price of the tuition in advance. When he had counted the currency two or three times and made sure that none of it was counterfeit he chucked it in his pocket and muttered: "It's just my hard luck that it has to be my son who's got to act as one of them there living advertisements of yours. The boy will never amount to nothing anyhow." It was impossible for Mose to utter a false prophecy. The essay, as we discovered after Mose had invested the prize in a wildcat mining scheme, was a skillful paraphrase of one of the reports of the United States Department of Agriculture. I still believe that Mose, and not his brainless son, was the original perpetrator of the infamy.

Peace and good will to Mose! Every village, I suppose, has a character more or less like him—and quite naturally, for the spirit of conservatism gone to seed must be embodied in flesh and blood, and the force inimical to change, enterprise and progress must find a voice. I suppose, too, that nearly all of our successful small communities have bankers more or less like me, who are prospering and making their fellows prosper through the employment of methods akin to those I have here detailed. Anyhow, when I open my Banker's Register and look at the little red marks, each denoting a village banker, with which its map of the United States is peppered, I wonder whether it wouldn't have been more modest and fit to have used the pronoun "we" instead of the egotistical "I" in my—I mean in our—story.

The Multigraph in its simplest form, for multiple typewriting. It can readily be adapted for printing without interfering with its primary use.

THE MULTIGRAPH

How it Adds to the Profits and Improves the Service of Brokerage and Investment Houses—Large or Small

The ninth of a series of advertisements dealing with Multigraph applications to various lines of endeavor. Prior subjects: Retailing, manufacturing, wholesaling, banking, insurance, publishing, schools, transportation. Don't wait. Write us now for the application to your line of business.

EVERY brokerage and investment house of any size can add to its business and to its profits by using the Multigraph.

It makes new customers by producing printed advertising and actual typewritten form letters—to go direct through the mails, to selected lists of logical prospects. That's one way in which it increases profits.

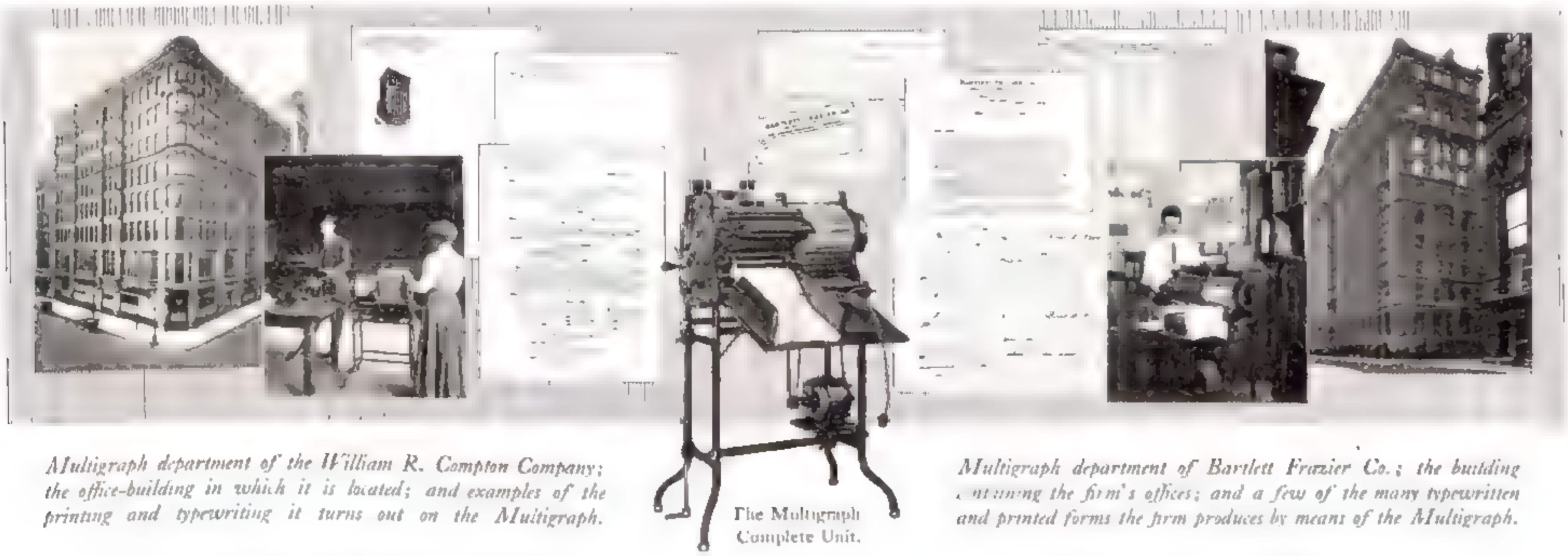
Another way is by cutting down printing and typewriting costs 25% to 75%—a heavy dividend upon the investment.

But a third way, of peculiar value to brokerage and investment houses, is by rendering better service to customers.

THE better service and absolute privacy it assures are alone an ample reason for investigating the possibilities of the Multigraph in your business. You can get into the mails with your daily and weekly market-letters and quotation-sheets very quickly after the close of the market, without rushing, and without keeping the office-force after hours.

Every sheet will be a legible, clear-cut specimen of actual typewriting, with only one proof-reading.

And think of the inestimable value of having the work done by your own employees, in the privacy of your own office!



Multigraph department of the William R. Compton Company; the office-building in which it is located; and examples of the printing and typewriting it turns out on the Multigraph.

The Multigraph Complete Unit.

Multigraph department of Bartlett Frazier Co.; the building containing the firm's offices; and a few of the many typewritten and printed forms the firm produces by means of the Multigraph.

In an Investment House

THE William R. Compton Company, of St. Louis and Chicago, is one of many investment houses that are realizing the advantages of the Multigraph.

Here's what Mr. Thomas N. Dysart, one of its Vice-Presidents, says in a recent letter:

> "Since the purchase of the complete Multigraph outfit from you last fall, it has been in constant use in our office, both for circular letter work and office printing. We have found that the Multigraph makes good all that you claim for it, and we consider it one of the indispensable office-appliances in a modern, up-to-date office.
>
> "You [illegible]ed for us a Universal Folding-Machine which handles all of our work of that character expeditiously and at a great saving of both time and money."

In a Brokerage House

THE house of Bartlett Frazier Co., grain brokers, Chicago, is a large concern—but not too large to appreciate the convenience and economy effected by the Multigraph.

About twenty-five thousand sheets, of one form or another, is the daily average output of the machine. The market-letters are an important part of the output, of course; but besides these the house prints very many of its office and system forms at a substantial saving. Some of these are reproduced in miniature above; and a magnifying-glass will show you that they are real printing—even to the letterheads and sight drafts.

What the Multigraph is

THE Multigraph is a rapid rotary printing-machine and multiple typewriter combined in one handy office-device.

It occupies about the floor-space of the average typewriter-desk, and can easily be operated by your own employees.

As a printing-machine it does real printer's printing at 25% to 75% less than printer's prices. It prints from its initial equipment of typewriter or Gothic type, from special hand-set type, or from electrotypes that reproduce any size or face of type desired, besides line-cuts, borders and ornaments.

As a multiple typewriter it turns out as many form letters in an hour as a stenographer could pound out in a month on an ordinary typewriter. Every sheet is a perfect specimen of actual typewriting, ready for the name and address to be accurately matched in if you so desire. Type-setting is semi-automatic.

Driven by hand or electricity, and fed by hand or automatically, the Multigraph prints and typewrites at the rate of 1200 to 5000 sheets an hour.

You Can't Buy a Multigraph Unless You Need it

WHATEVER your business may be, you are safe in permitting an investigation with a view to the installation of a Multigraph.

Our representative's report must prove to our satisfaction, as his demonstration must to yours, that the Multigraph will prove a profitable investment for you—or there can be no sale. In any event you're likely to receive valuable suggestions.

More Profit with the Multigraph

A BOOKLET bearing the above title explains the Multigraph in detail, and is in itself an eloquent example of the quality of Multigraph printing in colors.

It will be mailed free to men in executive positions who request it upon their business stationery. With it, if you so desire, we shall be glad to mail a booklet describing the Universal Folding-Machine—a great time and money-saver in automatically folding letters, circulars and the like.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

Executive Offices and Factory, Cleveland 1800 East 40th Street

BRANCH OFFICES: Where the Multigraph may be seen in operation: Atlanta; Baltimore; Berlin, Germany; Birmingham; Boston; Buffalo; Chicago; Cincinnati; Cleveland, Columbus; Dallas; Denver; Des Moines; Detroit; Hartford; Houston; Indianapolis; Jacksonville, Fla.; Kansas City, Mo.; Los Angeles; Memphis; Milwaukee; Minneapolis; Montreal; Nashville; Newark; New Orleans, New York City, Norfolk, Oklahoma City; Omaha; Philadelphia; Pittsburg; Portland, Ore.; Providence; Richmond, Rochester, San Francisco, Scranton; Seattle; Spokane; Springfield, Ill.; Springfield, Mass.; St. Louis; Toledo; Toronto; Vancouver, Washington; Winnipeg.

EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVES: The International Multigraph Co., 79 Queen Street, London, E. C., England.

The Question of Strength

MEASUREMENTS show these two men to be of equal muscular development. But a lifting test shows the blacksmith to be 20 per cent. the stronger man. The explanation of this difference in strength is that the "professor" of physical culture has by the use of his "system" of gymnastics developed his muscles alone, while the blacksmith by actual work at his trade has developed not only his muscles but the tendons which attach the muscles to the bones. Ability to do work is the real test of strength.

How is a fire insurance company's strength determined? By a lifting test, similar to that applied to the strength of these two men — the test of actual work done.

The **Hartford Fire Insurance Company** does today the largest fire insurance business in America. In its one hundred years of life, it has paid the largest total fire loss of any American company and the largest loss in any one conflagration. It has today over twenty-four million dollars in assets, accumulated for the protection of its policy holders by actual work in the business of fire insurance. The **Hartford's** strength stands the highest test, so when you want fire insurance

Insist on the HARTFORD

Packard

If $500 will buy a style FF Packard piano—and life-long piano satisfaction—why pay more? Or run a risk by paying less? The better dealers everywhere sell Packard pianos and player pianos—on terms. Get catalogue BB from the Packard Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana—to-day.

Quicker Sales—Cleaner Merchandise

Sharpening wood [illegible] Wood pencils mean delay, smutty fingers, soiled merchandise.

Blaisdell Paper Pencils

are sharpened in a jiffy by simply [illegible] the paper [illegible] sharp point [illegible] of paper. [illegible] Pencils is imported [illegible] the finest lead in the world. [illegible]

If your stationer [illegible] supply you [illegible] one of our special offers.

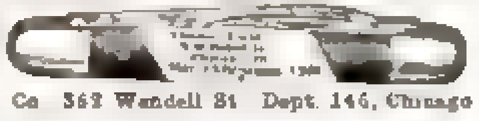
Offer No. 1 10c, [illegible] Offer No. 2 25c, [illegible] Offer No. 3 60c [illegible] leads and 6 crayons of different colors.

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
4500 Wayne Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa

Corticelli Silk
Too Strong To Break
Does Not Knot

Be Your OWN BOSS
Make Money Easy

AGENTS wanted in every county to sell the popular Golden Rule Knives with name, address, photo, lodge emblems, etc., on handle. Some agents earn $[illegible] WE TEACH YOU HOW [illegible]



Golden Rule Cutlery Co. 362 Wendell St. Dept. 146, Chicago

ORIGINAL—GENUINE

HORLICK'S

Delicious, Invigorating

MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Avoid Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"—Everywhere

RICKEY TAKES A WALK

Continued from Page 15

"Some sheriff," thought P. J. Cruser, and nodded impressively.

"He is of the accursed band," said Ignacio to Miguel, and Miguel, who had a permanent limp because of Kid Baker's too facile trigger finger, swore a rumbling cataract of orotund oaths regarding the capitalist with an expression that made him shiver.

"We snap the finger at your Keed," remarked Jose, suiting the action to the word.

There was a brief colloquy in Spanish and Miguel made a careful examination of the saddle horse from mane to tail tip, scrutinizing an ancient stain on the stirrup-flap most particularly, but giving it up with a shrug of disappointment.

"We will take him to the *estancia* and let Don Pablo deal with him," said Miguel.

"But the Señor Simpson?" suggested Ignacio. "He may be on the trail wounded, *quien sabe?* Where is the pistol of the pig?"

Jose passed it over and the brown faces grew grim. The weapon still contained six exploded shells which the capitalist had neglected to throw out in the stress of important matters.

Mr. Cruser partly guessed the conclusion that his captors had arrived at. "Gentlemen," he cried. "I want to explain. I ——"

He choked a little, for Ignacio was squeezing his throat while Jose pinioned his arms.

"Where you leave heem?" demanded Ignacio, pointing dramatically with his disengaged hand at the superfluous saddle horse.

"Back—about—eighteen or twenty miles," gurgled the capitalist.

"Nort'?"

"Yes. I guess so. I want to tell you ——"

"You shall show," said Ignacio. "But now we do not talk. We ride."

They heaved him upon his horse and, callously indifferent to his exclamations of pain, lashed his feet beneath the horse's belly and set out. They had covered five or six miles when they came to a glen where a tiny spring trickled from the cottonwood roots on its bank into a pool, and then seeped through a few yards of hoof-holed mud to be soaked up by the thirsty sand beyond. Here they stopped to water their horses and here, for a like purpose, came to them a keen-eyed, lithe and efficient-looking young man on a wiry and well-caparisoned mustang, to whom Mr. Cruser would have cried at once for instant identification and deliverance, if his appeal had not been clogged in utterance by something that might have been shame or pride and something that was certainly fear.

The young man threw up a hand in greeting. "How goes it, Jose?" he said in a cheerful voice. "Hello, Ignacio! How, Miguel? What's the good word?"

The three smiled responsively. It was evident that they were glad to see him. Ignacio was at his feet, Jose kissed his hands and Miguel was his servitor with devotion the most profound. So they assured the Señor Rickey.

"And who's your friend?" inquired the young man, swinging a leg easily over the horn of his saddle and smiling at the trussed-up capitalist.

"Rickey ——" began P. J. Cruser imploringly.

"Raymond," corrected the young man. "Rickey's a sort of a nickname my friends here call me by. Natural mistake, though, so don't apologize."

"Raymond, then. Tell these fellows who I am. They seem to think I've robbed somebody or something. I think it's the—that horse of yours. Perhaps I carried my joke a little too far, but you aren't the man to bear malice, and if ——"

He stopped at the young man's blank stare. "Oh, do what you like, then, confound you!"

The young man turned to Ignacio, tapped his forehead and raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"No," replied Ignacio. "He is of the Keed Baker gang. We find heem weeth theese horse of Señor Simpson. See?" He wheeled the capitalist's horse sharply round for Rickey's inspection.

THE BLACK SHELLS

12 colors, [illegible]

Who Are You?

ARE you the chap who kicks away the dog that sticks a cold muzzle into your hand?

Or does [illegible] the fragrance of October woods, [illegible] fires?

Does the salt-marsh smell make you half burst your lungs with trying to swallow it all?

Does a sudden, strident "honk honk" from up in the clouds snap you up tense and rigid like an [illegible]?

Does the snare-drum of a grouse make your hands grip and your eyes run along the tapered twin barrels of the gun you left at home?

In other words, are you a true son of a gun?

If you are, you need, more than you know, to have [illegible] colored picture shown above. It is full of the [illegible] out-doors of [illegible]

It [illegible] and it will fill your heart [illegible] friendship and game-expectancy. It will make you take down your gun and look it over. It will make you pat your dog and talk over hunting trips with him. It will give you an imaginary but bracing vacation in the finest sport red-blooded, two-fisted men ever knew.

Send 10c for the picture, [illegible] and every [illegible] THE BLACK SHELLS [illegible]

U.S. CARTRIDGE CO

Dept. S, LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

One pull turns the light on. Another turns it off. A hundred times handier for your electric light than the ancient key socket that harks back to the old gas jet days.

You don't have to get new fixtures to get "New Wrinkle" Pull Sockets, although all good modern fixtures have them.

Just have your electrical dealer equip your old fixtures with

Bryant
"New Wrinkle" Pull Sockets

Costs about the price of a good tungsten lamp per socket.

Bryant is the maker of all "quality" wiring devices. There is a Bryant "underwriters approved" device for every electrical requirement. Send for "Pull Socket" booklet P, before you buy new fixtures. Shows some of the latest styles. Send for it anyway—right away.

Bryant Electric Company
Bridgeport, Conn.
Chicago San Francisco

WRITE FOR NEW CATALOG OF
CLASS PINS
The D. L. Auld Co., Dept. S, Columbus, Ohio

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

Just a little Easier every minute

No Three O'Clock Fatigue

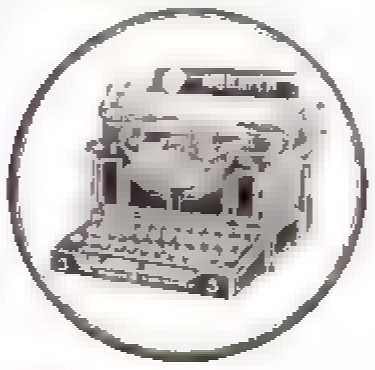
makes the Light Touch Monarch the typewriter of efficiency

THE light touch of the Monarch makes good work just a little easier for the operator every minute of her working day. This means much more work in the whole day and no three o'clock fatigue. Hence, more business, more profit. Write us and we will write you.

Better yet, let our nearest representative show you the Monarch. If he isn't near enough and you know of a good salesman, send us his name and address

THE MONARCH TYPEWRITER COMPANY

Executive Offices: Monarch Typewriter Building, 300 Broadway, New York
Canadian Offices: Toronto, Montreal
Branches and dealers in all countries



WILD'S
PARQUET
INLAID LINOLEUM

Looks like hardwood—is less expensive, and much more desirable.

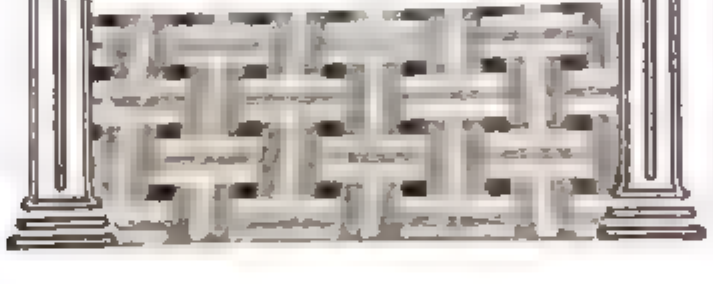
Made of the celebrated WILD'S INLAID LINOLEUM. Patterns are *inlaid* and cannot wear off. Does not crack or chip—has no joints to collect dirt—is noiseless, elastic and presents a safe stepping surface—being impervious to water and grease, is not readily stained—is cleaned with soap and water—is almost as wear resisting as concrete.

Ideal for homes, offices, stores, public buildings, etc.

Sold by dealers in high-grade Linoleum

Write for Folder "[illegible]" showing 20 patterns reproduced in color

JOSEPH WILD & CO.
366-370 Fifth Ave., New York
[illegible]



The young man looked at the brand carefully and nodded gravely.

"It's sure Simp's brand," he said as one convinced against his will.

"Why, dammit!" roared the capitalist. "You know ——"

Ignacio signaled to Jose, who shook the interrupter into silence.

"We'll hear you later, man," said Rickey pleasantly. "Go on, Ignacio. Wait a minute. Let's 'light and look at our saddles. Might as well be comfortable as possible under the melancholy circumstances. Untie the gentleman and let him stretch his legs a little too. Ease him down, Jose, *amigo mio*. All set? Now then."

"He lead theese other Simpson horse," resumed Ignacio, "and thees one has saddle. Why two saddle?"

"Looks bad," commented Rickey.

"I tell you," said Ignacio, getting on his feet for greater freedom of gesture, "some one was in thees saddle. Señor Simpson? *Quien sabe?* But he is now ten, feefteen miles nort'. Dead, perhaps? Wound'? I do not know. But here is hees pistol, this brigante pig, and when we come he ron away, and when he is catch he say Keed Baker will punish. *Bueno!* We breeng heem with us."

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Rickey with a casual glance at a cottonwood limb stretching overhead. "Hang him?"

Before Ignacio could reply Mr. Cruser broke out in clamorous protest. "I can explain all of this," he shouted in the fervor of his terror. "You've got to listen to me, I tell you. It's a misunderstanding. Untie my hands and I'll prove it to you. I've got the proof, I tell you."

"Untie his hands, Jose," Rickey interceded. "It won't hurt to see what he's holding, and you can tie him up again if it's a bluff. He's a tough-looking nut, if you should ask me; but we can't none of us help our looks, and rags cover many an honest heart."

"I'll attend to you," said P. J. Cruser hoarsely.

His hands released, he tore his coat open and threw a bulky lettercase at Ignacio's feet. "Read those papers," he said

Ignacio opened the case and shook his head and smiled helplessly as he turned the documents over and then passed them to Rickey. That gentleman frowned in a businesslike and judicial way as he looked at them. "Here's letters addressed to P. J. Cruser," he announced, "and here's cards, 'Mr. Paul Jarley Cruser,' and here's more letters introducing Paul J. Cruser, Esquire, to the First National and other prominent parties in El Paso, and here's a mess of railroad passes. Also, friends and fellow citizens, you will observe P. J. Cruser, Probity Building, New York, in plain, elegant and shiny gold letters on the inside flap of this here pocketbook. There ain't no deception about it. It's a sure-enough pocketbook, genu-ine solid leather. There ain't no doubt but it's the property of P. J. Cruser. The only question in my mind," concluded Rickey with an air of candor, "is what in Sam Hill has all that got to do with the subject under discussion?"

Jose and Ignacio smiled at each other—sinister smiles, it seemed to Mr. Cruser—diabolical smiles. Miguel, who had no English, glowered at the capitalist with all the implacable enmity he could get into his normally ferocious expression.

"I'll tell you what it has to do with it," screamed the capitalist with a twitching face, addressing himself to Ignacio: "my name is Cruser, as I told you right from the first. Didn't I tell you my name was Cruser and that I came from New York? Isn't my name on my lettercase?"

Rickey rolled and lit a cigarette and tossed the tobacco bag and papers to Jose.

"I was going to Garnet Basin on business and I hired this—this man as my guide at Sentinel Butte." He pointed a shaking forefinger at Rickey, who was giving him the curious attention of a disinterested spectator.

"He was insolent and he even assaulted me ——"

"Was that how you got your skinned nose?" inquired Rickey.

"And I finally left him and took the horses with me. That was this morning. I thought I would teach him a lesson. So I got up early while he was sleeping and rode off."

"Didn't I ask you to please stop?" Rickey interrogated, winking at Ignacio.

"He was asleep," explained the capitalist. "Then I got lost," he continued,

LA FRANCE SHOE for WOMEN

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS

is a stylish, smooth-fitting shoe in the latest Parisian and New York models.

These qualities are present in the new *La France* Fall and Winter designs, now on display in all leading shopping centres. They are made up in all popular leathers and fabrics in button, blucher and lace style.

The button boot is fashion's favorite this season, in both the conservative 12 button style and the extreme 16 button model.

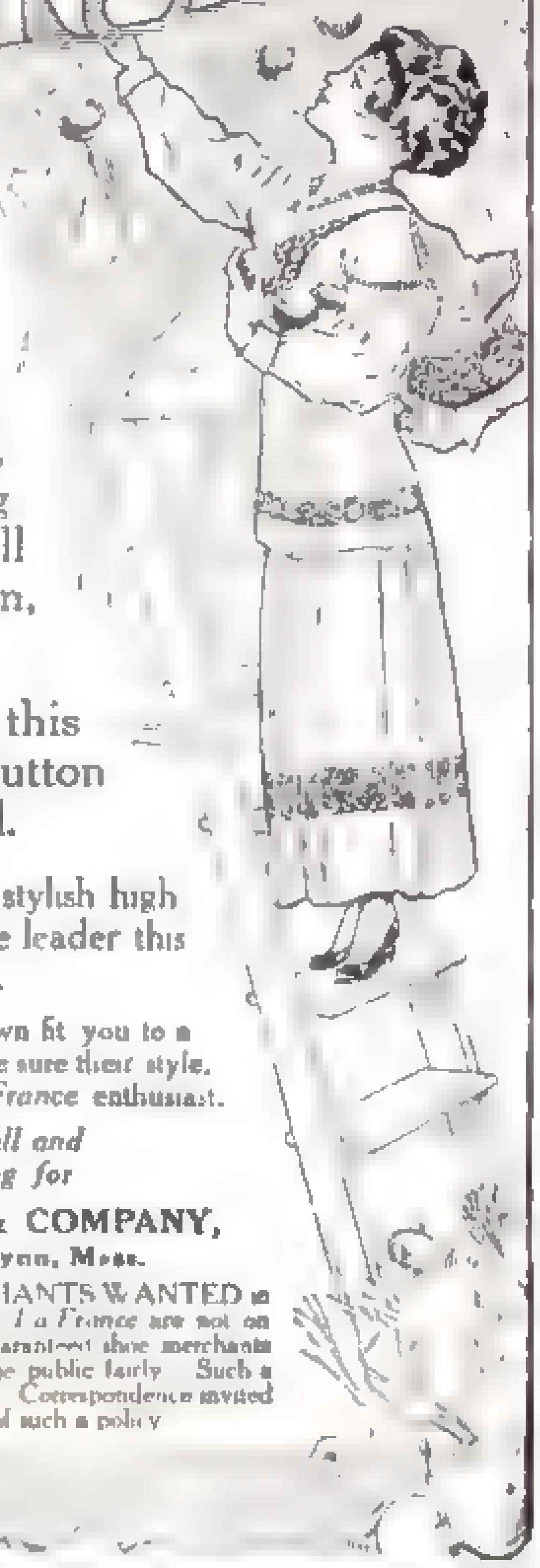
Style 1886—a patent colt 12 button boot with stylish high toe, in dull mat calf or cloth top—is a *La France* leader this Fall. Same style in 16 button.

Let the *La France* dealer in your town fit you to a pair of these superlative shoes. We are sure their style, beauty and fit will make you a *La France* enthusiast.

Our Style Book for Fall and Winter is worth sending for

WILLIAMS, CLARK & COMPANY,
377 Washington St., Lynn, Mass.

WIDE-AWAKE SHOE MERCHANTS WANTED in cities and larger towns where *La France* are not on sale. Liberal co-operation guaranteed shoe merchants who will treat the shoe and the public fairly. Such a dealer never loses the agency. Correspondence invited with merchants who approve of such a policy.

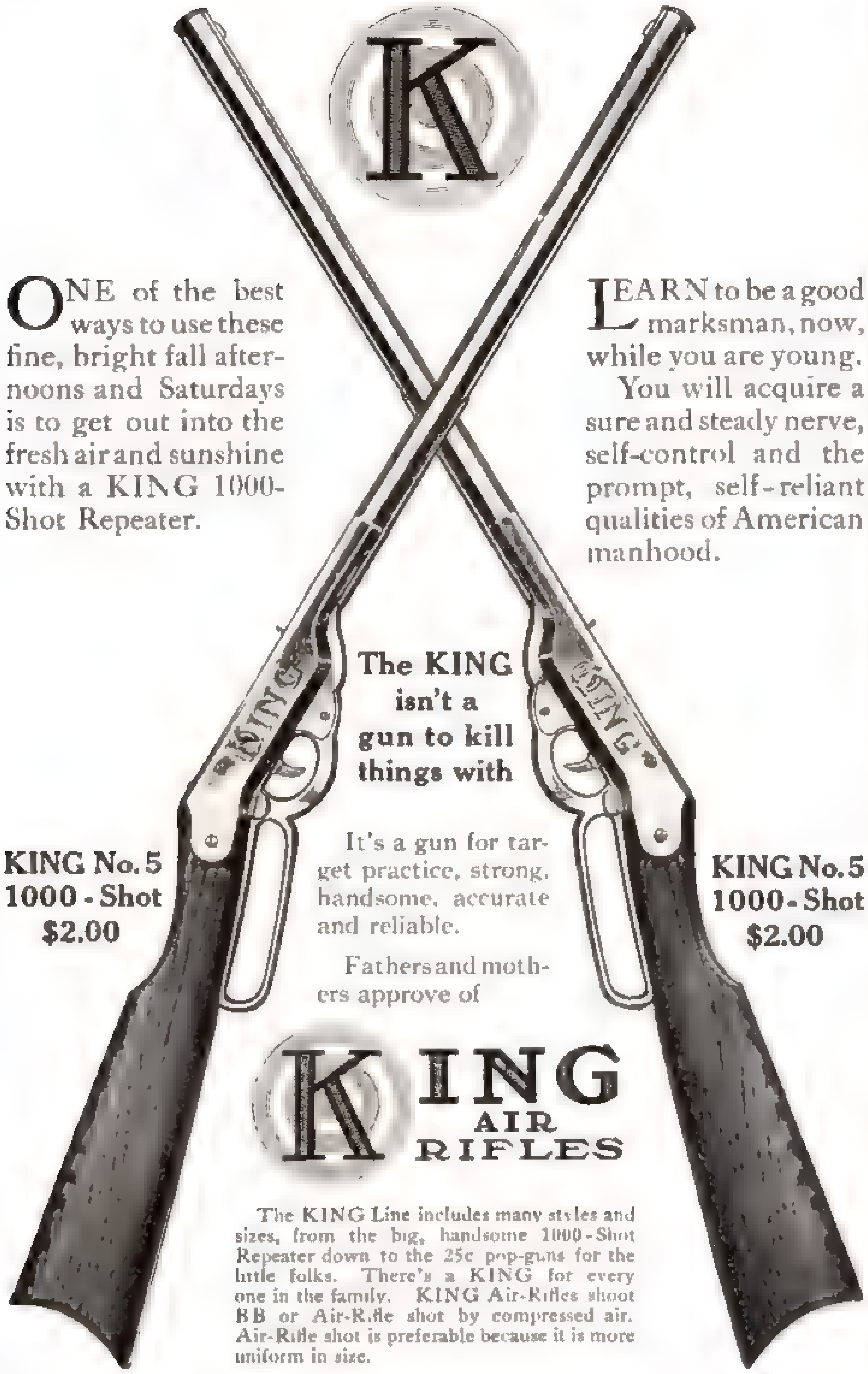


A NOVEL PLEATED Cluett SHIRT

The pleats are continuous, reaching from neckband to skirt edge, instead of being bound off at the waistline. This insures a much better than ordinary appearance to the bosom, and does away with bulging and creasing

$1.50

Cluett, Peabody & Co
457 River St., Troy, N. Y.
Send for booklet
"Proper Dress"



ONE of the best ways to use these fine, bright fall afternoons and Saturdays is to get out into the fresh air and sunshine with a KING 1000-Shot Repeater.

LEARN to be a good marksman, now, while you are young. You will acquire a sure and steady nerve, self-control and the prompt, self-reliant qualities of American manhood.

The KING isn't a gun to kill things with

It's a gun for target practice, strong, handsome, accurate and reliable.

Fathers and mothers approve of

KING No. 5 1000-Shot $2.00

KING No. 5 1000-Shot $2.00

KING AIR RIFLES

The KING Line includes many styles and sizes, from the big, handsome 1000-Shot Repeater down to the 25c pop-guns for the little folks. There's a KING for every one in the family. KING Air-Rifles shoot BB or Air-Rifle shot by compressed air. Air-Rifle shot is preferable because it is more uniform in size.

YOU not only want an air-rifle, but you want the best, so that you can be sure it will shoot straight and won't get out of order; and so that you will have the latest improvements and most handsome styles.

Be sure always to look for the name KING on the side-plate or barrel of the gun. Then you will know that it is the real KING, made by the inventors of the first air-gun in the oldest and most progressive air-rifle factory in the world.

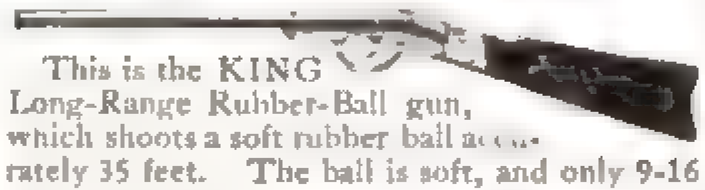
KING Air-Rifles are sold by hardware, sporting goods and toy-stores everywhere.

An Interesting Book

Would you like to know how the first air-rifle was invented; and how the thousands of fine modern air guns are made in our big factory?

Write us today and we'll send you our free book on "The Story of the Air-Rifle." It tells all about it and also includes pictures and descriptions of all the KING models; so if you can't find the KING in your town you can select any style you wish, send us the money, mentioning your dealer's name, and we'll have the gun sent at once, express prepaid.

An Entirely New Air-Gun



This is the KING Long-Range Rubber-Ball gun, which shoots a soft rubber ball accurately 35 feet. The ball is soft, and only 9-16 inch in diameter.

It will bound off from any object without injury and is perfectly safe for use indoors.

It's a fine gun for your younger brother or sister who isn't old enough for a KING Air-Rifle.

It costs 50c, and you can buy extra rubber balls for 15c a dozen.

THE MARKHAM AIR-RIFLE COMPANY

Original Inventors and Oldest Manufacturers of Air-Rifles

PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.

"and when I saw you gentlemen I was—startled, and I tried to get away."

The cigarette makings had got round to Ignacio, and he was giving them grave and apparently exclusive attention. Jose and Miguel talked together in an undertone and laughed. It was an obviously unsympathetic tribunal. Reluctantly the capitalist's eye sought Rickey's. Rickey seemed reflective.

"And Keed Baker?" suddenly asked Ignacio, looking up.

"That was a misunderstanding."

"And thees pistol?" He handed the pistol, broken at the cylinder, to Rickey, who looked at it and shook his head.

"I forgot to empty the shells after ——"

"Shooting at a mark?" asked Rickey blandly.

"I shot at you, as you know," snarled P. J. Cruser. "I shot at you in self-defense when you struck me."

"I'm right slender and willowy," admitted Rickey, "but you must have done some plumb erratic shooting if you couldn't plug me once out of six and me near enough to hit you. And then I forgave you? Didn't make no hostile plays myself? Just called it square and went off to sleep, did I?" Rickey chuckled genially. Then his face grew hard and he turned to the three and spoke rapidly in Spanish. Jose and Miguel scrambled to their feet and looked expectantly at Ignacio, who made a gesture of assent, at which they untied the lariats from their saddles.

"You see," added Rickey, lapsing into English, "if you turn him over to the sheriff you boys will be held as witnesses, and they may keep you in jail a month before they get to trial, and if you turn him loose you'll have Kid Baker on your trail, so there you are. We can do the trick in five minutes, and then we can fog along and see if we can find Simp or whoever it was."

"*Bueno*," said Ignacio, getting up and, as Miguel came, opening the loop of an ominous noose, he took the capitalist by the arm and tried to raise him to his feet.

P. J. Cruser feebly endeavored to shake him off. "Wait!" he said in a hoarse half-whisper. "Wait!" He made two distinct efforts to articulate and then continued: "It was—joke. For Heaven's sake!" His face was tallowy with fright for all the grime of the trail.

"All right," said Rickey, jumping up. "We'll call it off. Here, brace up! Nobody's going to hurt you this time. You've got to learn to take a joke yourself, P. J. Ignacio, old sport, we'll have to let him go. He's got money and he's going to develop our country for us; besides which he's been telling more or less truth for an amateur. His name's P. J. Cruser and he's from New York. He is also one large, ripe, succulent peach. Jose, coil up those ropes and put 'em back."

Ignacio stared. "I do not understan'," he said.

"It's natural," agreed Rickey. "It's a considerable of a mix-up, but the meat of it is that he's P. J. Cruser and he hired the outfit from the Señor Simpson. He hired me to take him to Garnet, but we had a little disagreement and he concluded to do without me and travel in good society by his little lonesome. *Sabe?* He plays a joke on me, as he says, and I play a joke on him. That's all."

"Still I do not understan' thees joke," said Ignacio rather stiffly and with a smile that was confined to his lips and teeth. "You tell me we will make to hang him and he will tell the truth. Then you say he has told the truth. That is not good, Señor Rickey."

"*Camarada*," said Rickey, laying a conciliatory hand on his shoulder, "I suppose I'll have to tell you the rest if you're going to get sore. But I hate to. The reason I slept so sound and trustful was that I'd been up all the night before doctoring Mr. P. J. Cruser for a case of snake bite. *Sabe?* I'd worked over him a night and a day, you see, and I thought I could lay me down in peace. I wake up and I find him gone with the horses. I'm afoot thirty miles out on the desert, and if Sam Boland hadn't happened along I'd have been footsore to the back of my neck by this time, and a heap dry. Con-sequentementally," concluded Rickey, "when I run on to you and see Paul Jarley Cruser, Esquire, of the Probity Building, tied up and full of tribulation, I lay low. I ain't sure that I want to own up to being an acquaintance of his when it's going to help him out. *Sabe?*"

Ignacio Laguna, *caballero* of consideration, looked with deep disgust upon the capitalist who sat huddled, staring dully at the ground. Jose spat emphatically.

"We shall hang him yet. No?" he proposed.

"He wouldn't appreciate it," replied Rickey. "Well, if we're to get to Garnet any time at all we've got to be hitting the breeze, P. J. You've had a nice long rest, so climb on that cayuse and we'll go. Or, do you want to stay here?"

P. J. Cruser got stiffly to his feet.

. . . .

Some hours later the moon in full-orbed splendor flooded a trail along Escobedo's rocky sides with mellow light or darkened it with sharply cut inky shadow, and up and down and round about that dipping, mounting, twisting way, a cock-a-hoop cowboy rode recklessly with a cursing capitalist clattering at a hardly kept interval in his rear. The heart of the cowboy was filled with joy for a score evened—and, moreover, there was a girl at Garnet where the trail ended—a girl scornful and sharp of tongue, a girl intolerant of manly weaknesses and unappreciative of manly excellencies, but a delight to the eye withal—one to move the spirit to song. And so Rickey sang as he rode:

Oh, bury me not
On the lone prairie-e-e-e
Where the wild coyote ——

He rose to the keynote here with a truly lupine ululation.

Howls mournfully-e-e-e.

Again and again this glad carol aroused the echoes of the mountain.

In his narrow grave
Six foot by three,
They buried him there
On the lone prairie-e-e-e.

The capitalist groaned.

But all things have an end, and presently the song ceased and the singer drew rein at a turn of the trail and pointed to two or three lights that twinkled a slight distance below.

"Here we are at Garnet, P. J.," said Rickey. "Here's your copper-plated, copper-riveted, copper-bottomed metropolis of the Southwest, the camp that's going to make Arizona bite its teeth with envy and make a copper-nosed billionaire of you. Go to it! There's Ma Turgoose's boarding house on the right, and if you knock softly and speak politely they'll probably let you in. But you've got to speak politely. And don't forget to remember to recollect that you're owing me about two days' wages, if you please, sir. We'll see about that tomorrow, if you don't mind, sir, and you ain't too busy, sir."

P. J. Cruser slowly and painfully shifted his racked body in the saddle and raised his head high enough to look his conductor in the face for one brief instant.

"I won't forget," he said.

The Home Trail

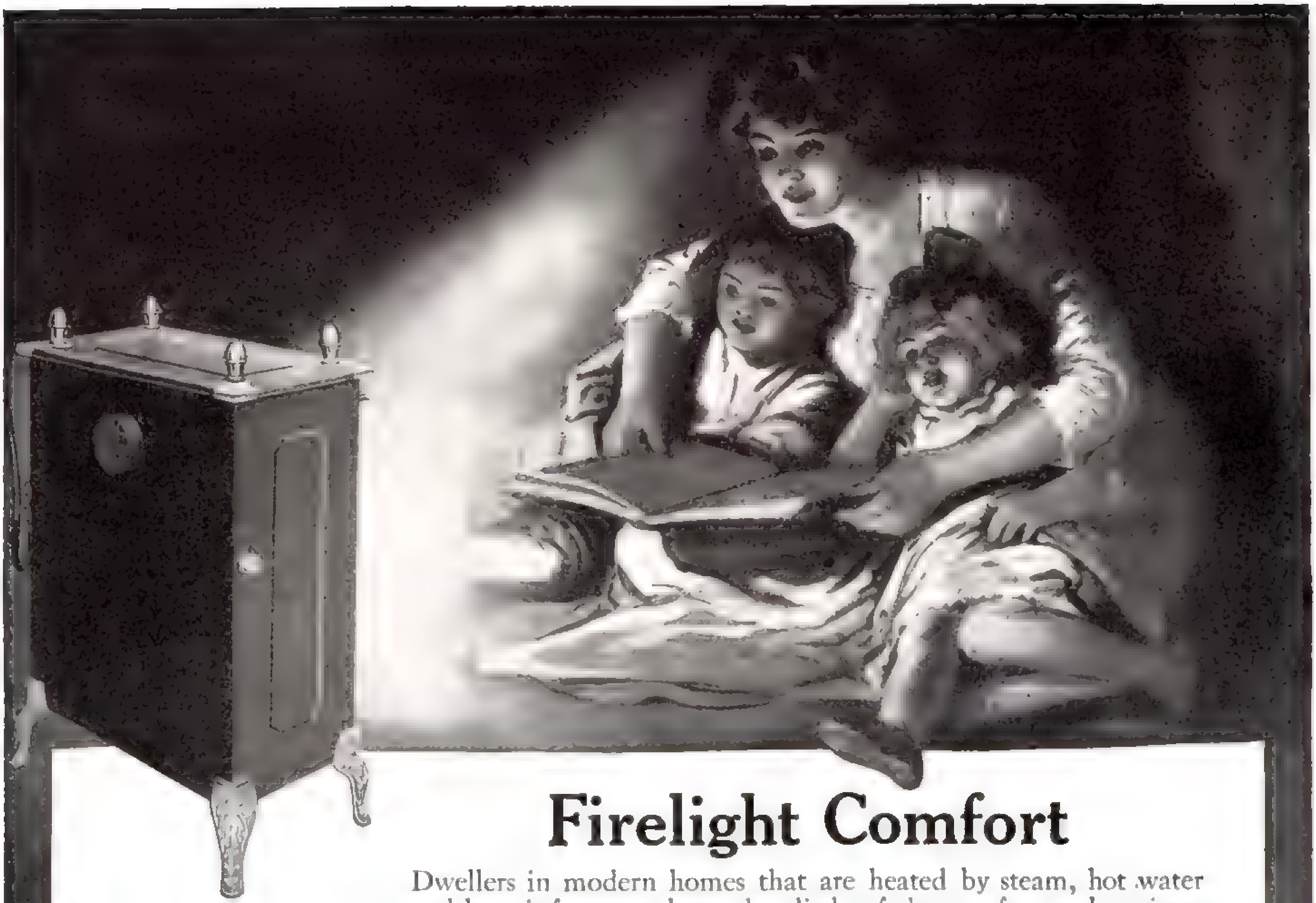
I love to hit the outward trail
'Most anywhere it takes me to,
By foot or steamer, horse or rail -
Whatever fortune stakes me to;
And yet the road that's best of all,
When I've been forth to roam again,
Is—spite of all the wander-thrall
The road that leads me home again.

I weary of my homebound folk,
Who rail at me for squandering
My every cent—until I'm broke
In aimless, endless wandering;
But when I've got across the world
I long for native loam again,
And like a leaf in breezes whirled
I flutter gayly home again.

There's joy in seeing curious things
And curious folk in traveling
In watching life's queer-colored strings
Before your eyes unraveling;
But home folks, after all, are best—
They call me 'cross the foam again,
Until I'm in the same old nest
And chirping: "Folks, I'm home again!"

And, though I wander year on year
Over the trackless track again,
There's something homey, kind and dear
That always calls me back again—
It's not a girl, it's not a wife,
That lures me through the gloam again;
It's just to know from care and strife
I'm once more safely home again!

—Berton Braley.



Firelight Comfort

Dwellers in modern homes that are heated by steam, hot water and hot air furnaces, know but little of the comfort and coziness of an evening spent sitting in the firelight, and there is many a winter evening when a cheerful blaze would be very welcome in some room that is difficult to heat. There are gas stoves and oil stoves aplenty, but there is only one that combines the cheerful glow and genial warmth of the blazing log fireplace and that is the

REZNOR Gas Heating Stove

The Original Copper Reflector

This is the simplest gas stove made. It uses the gas precisely as an open gas jet in a chandelier.

There is no device for making a blue flame, but just a golden glow of light and heat reflected into the room and down to the floor, where it is most needed.

The Reznor is susceptible to a greater range of adjustment than a blue flame stove. It can be turned down to mere points of flame or turned up to its fullest capacity.

The Reznor is light and easy to carry from room to room.

Ask the dealer in your town to show you the wonderful Reznor heater. If you do not happen to know who the dealer is, we will gladly furnish you his name.

Prices range from $3.00 up

THE REZNOR MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Mercer, Pa.

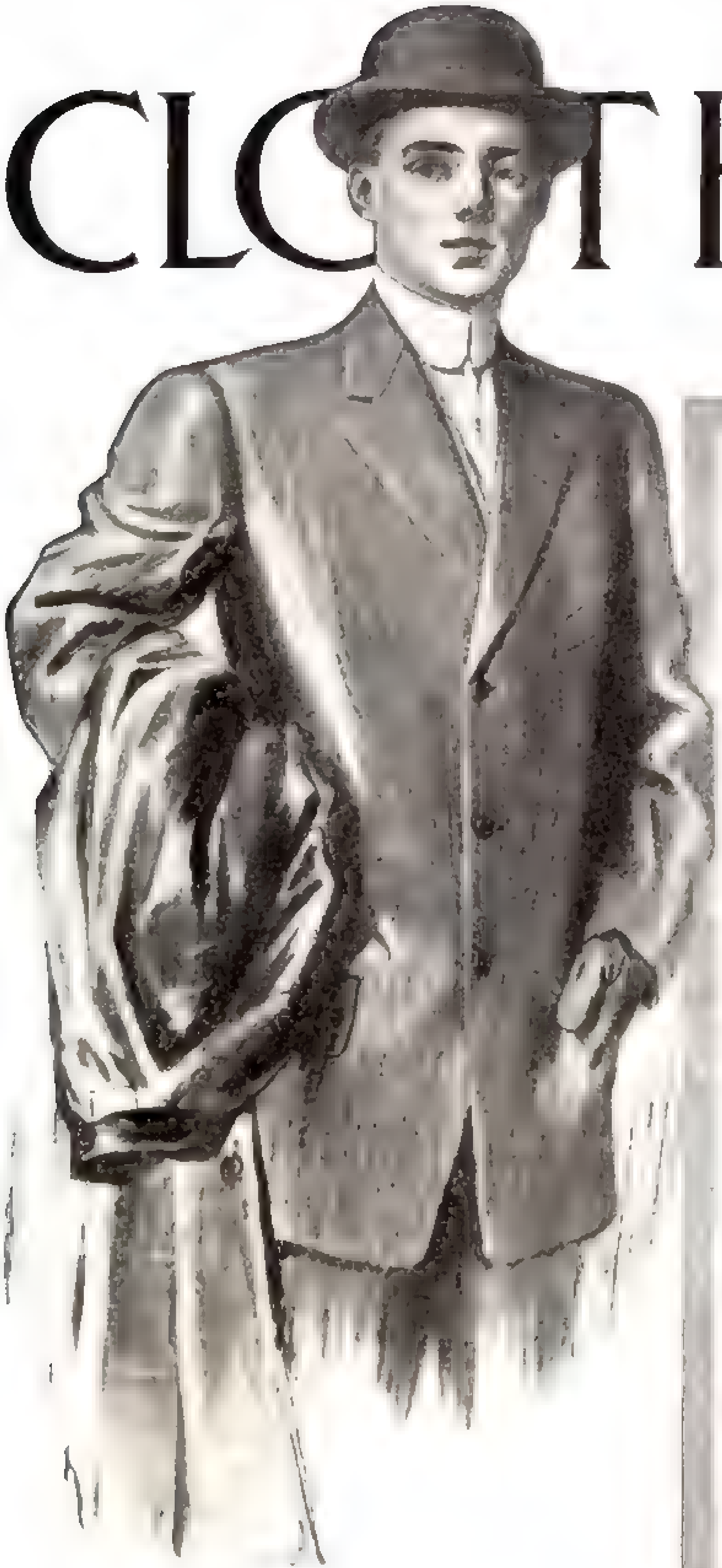
**REZNOR
MFG. CO.
Mercer, Pa.**

Please send me copy of "Consumer's Booklet," giving facts about Reznor Gas Heating Stoves.

Address

M

CLOTHCRAFT



GUARANTEED ALL WOOL

Blue Serge Special
No. 4130 $18.50

THIS is the Clothcraft Blue Serge Special—the best blue serge suit the Clothcraft Shops have ever turned out to sell at $18.50. It gives you an extra-good all-wool serge, made up with all the perfection of style and fit that you would naturally expect only at higher prices—and it is guaranteed to hold its shape through innumerable pressings and to give satisfactory service.

There's a logical reason for putting unusual value into this Blue Serge Special at $18.50. It is our expectation that this announcement of a definite suit at a definite price will largely increase the demand, [illegible] by reducing the cost of production. Anticipating the increased demand we have put the saving in cost back into a better suit

It [illegible] upon the workmanship [illegible] Clothcraft suit was a good deal [illegible]. We might have lavished more hand-work upon the [illegible], but that would have increased the cost without giving you any better result. It was [illegible] to give better [illegible] fit, for [illegible] the Clothcraft [illegible] the [illegible] perfection. [illegible] improvement that could be made was to use an extra-fine serge—and that's what we've done.

Go to the nearest Clothcraft store and examine the suit. Notice the beautiful quality of the serge—its fine, soft finish, its close, even twill, its deep, rich, indigo dye, guaranteed to hold its color.

Then note the style in every line of the suit. Try it on, and observe that the collar fits close and the lapels lie flat no matter what size you happen to [illegible]. Observe the broad shapely shoulders, the smooth, [illegible], the [illegible]. [illegible] for you.

If you don't know a Clothcraft store, write us free. We'll gladly send you a Clothcraft Style Book for fall, a sample of this special serge, and the name of the [illegible].

Clothcraft All-Wool Clothes for Men and Young Men are the One Guaranteed All-Wool Line at Medium Prices: $10 to $25

THE Clothcraft guaranty, tucked into the pocket of every coat, is backed by the dealer as well as the maker. It assures absolutely pure wool cloth, first-class trimmings and workmanship, permanent shapeliness, lasting service and satisfaction.

These excellences are the result of Clothcraft Scientific Tailoring—the methods used to im[illegible] quality without increasing cost. It is the outgrowth of sixty-one years' study of just one thing—the making of *good* clothes at medium prices.

Thus, at medium prices, Clothcraft Clothes have the ear-marks of higher-priced kinds.

THESE are the merits that Clothcraft Scientific Tailoring assures in Clothcraft Clothes at $10 to $25:

ALL-WOOL [illegible]

THOROUGH SHRINKING—A necessity for permanent shapeliness.

NON-BREAKABLE COAT FRONT—Hanging full and smooth [illegible] the [illegible] shape [illegible].

CLOSE-FITTING COLLAR AND LAPELS—[illegible] by a special [illegible] that keeps them [illegible].

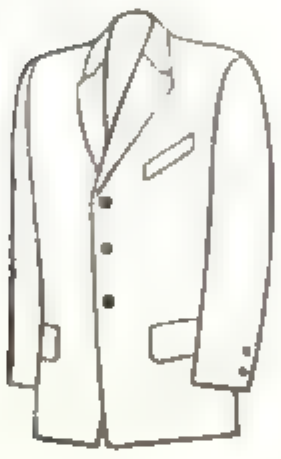
CORRECT STYLE—Secured by a [illegible] of designers in touch with the world's fashion centers.

ACCURATE FIT—[illegible] minute care reduced to a science; proved by test on [illegible].

THE JOSEPH & FEISS COMPANY
Founded 1850—Oldest American
Manufacturers of Men's Clothes
No. 620 St. Clair Avenue, N. W.
Cleveland

Clothcraft Blue Serge Special at $18.50. No. 4130

BESIDES Style 4130-C, illustrated above, the Blue Serge Special is made up in the other styles outlined below. When you see the suits you will notice that the young men's styles have all the snap and dash that young men like, without being freakish. Be sure to ask the Clothcraft dealer for No. 4130; for there are other Clothcraft all-wool suits at $10 to $25.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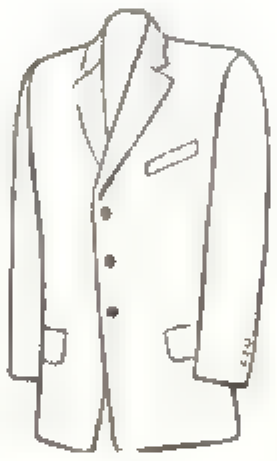
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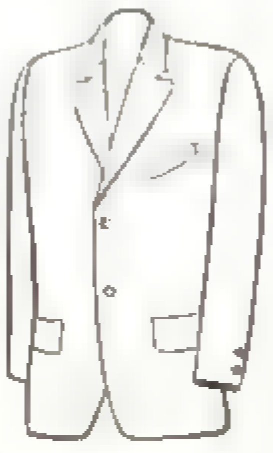
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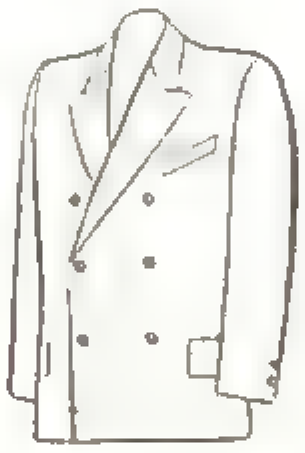
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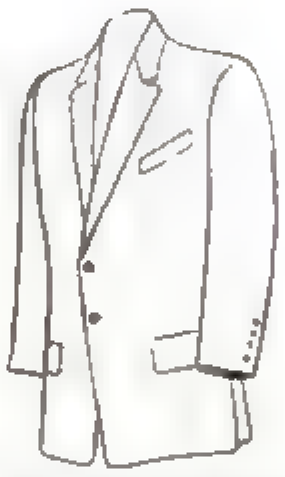
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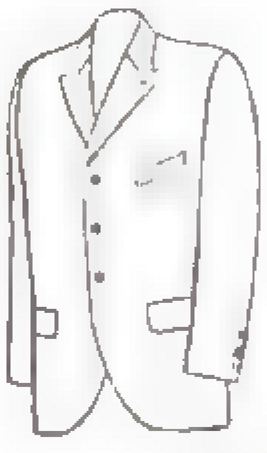
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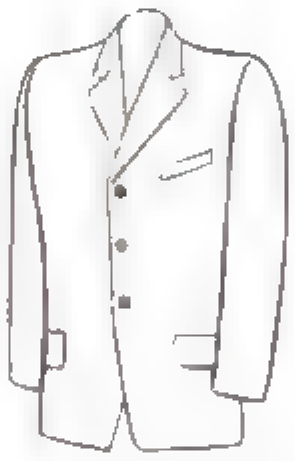
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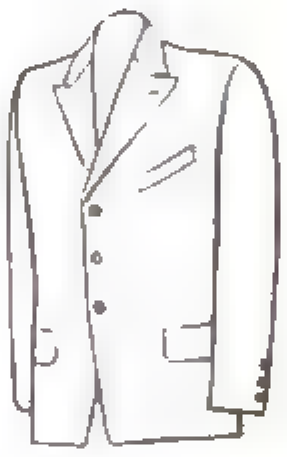

No. 4130-E

Beehler
Folding
Umbrella

The best umbrella any one ever carried. It fits into a suitcase; it is stronger and better than non-folding umbrellas; it doesn't cost any more.

Strong steel ribs, rubber enameled to prevent rust; firmly fastened so they can't work loose or rattle; easily raised and lowered by means of a patent catch.

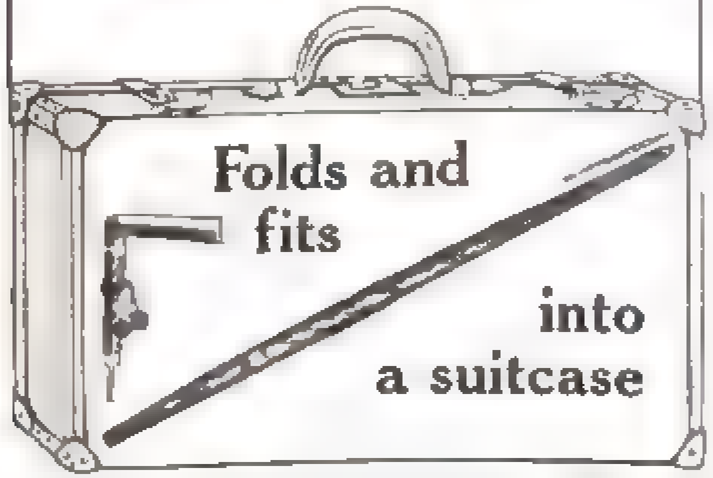
Cover fabrics not only waterproof, but guaranteed not to crack, rip, fade or run.

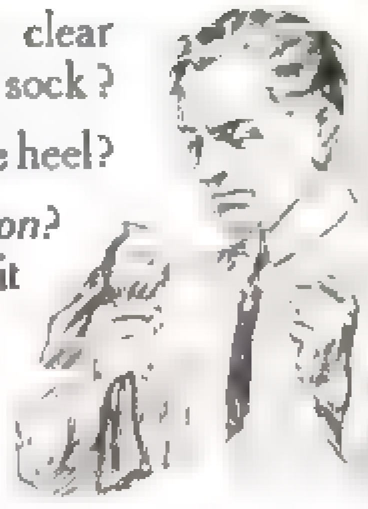
NAME-ON too, if desired. Your name and address worked on inside of the cover—sure protection against loss.

There's a Beehler for you at whatever price you [illegible] **$1, $2, $3 up to $25** —and the new Beehler [illegible], free on request, shows [illegible] cover fabrics.

If your [illegible] the style you want [illegible] it.

WILLIAM BEEHLER, Baltimore, Md.





Toe sticking clear through your sock?

Big hole in the heel?

If not now, *soon?* Experienced it lots of times, haven't you?

Well, the day for *such* troubles is past! No, that doesn't mean to wear coarse, ugly, ill-fitting socks. It means *wear*

Bachelors' Friend
Hosiery

—just as good-looking as very high-priced hose, fine-fitting, silky, comfortable—*and guaranteed to wear, too!*

Made of the highest grade long staple combed Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn. Heel and Toe twice the thickness of other parts—yet soft as a glove, with the stretch and give of a silk glove. Looped on the most modern two-thread looping machine. Best imported dye. French Welt top. Washed with the best Italian Olive Oil Soap—absolutely sanitary. All made in our own factory. Guaranteed six months. Century of know-how behind each sock.

Colors—black, tan, navy, bordeaux, slate, purple, etc. At your dealer's or we'll supply you direct.

In three grades. $1.50 $3.00, $2.00
per half dozen pairs

JOS. BLACK & SONS CO.
York, Pa.

AN OPEN SEASON FOR ANCESTORS

(Continued from Page 9)

making a specialty of what Uncle Polk called Revolutionary trade. Just as soon as I'd told him what I'd come for he gave a start of surprise and said that I bore a remarkable resemblance to a very prominent aide-de-camp on General Washington's staff, and he was sorry that he didn't have his picture to show me so I could see the likeness for myself. He'd loaned it to an art collection. But he was certain I must be his descendant and, though he wouldn't be sure without looking up the proper authorities, he was likewise under the impression that one of the old Virginia Joneses had intermarried with one of the Rosses, of Philadelphia, which would probably make me a relative of Betsy Ross, creator of the American flag.

"Where does George Cohan come in?" asked Uncle Polk here.

"Cohan? Cohan?" said the genealogical person as if he'd never heard the name before "I do not understand."

"I reckon that you never saw one of Georgie's musical shows," said Uncle Polk. "What did you say this Ross lady did?"

"She designed the American flag," said the young man rather severely, I thought.

"All right then, just as you say," said Uncle Polk; "but you can take it from me that George collaborated."

It looked as if it was going to take a good time for this to soak into him, so we paid him an initiation fee or rather Uncle Polk did—and we left before he came out of his trance. Uncle Polk said:

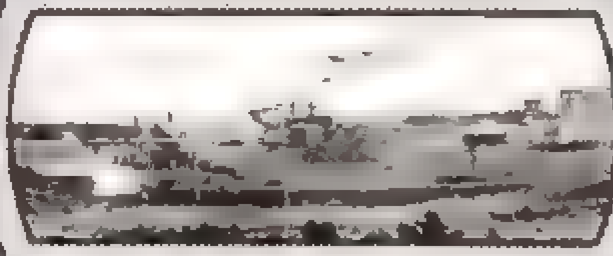
"Son, why should we stop here when we're just beginning to find the going good? Why should we slight that great division of our country, known as the New England States? Seems like to me I've heard that some of our people came from up that way, or if they didn't they might've if they'd thought of it. Let's see if we can't scratch up a stock of good, durable New England ancestors somewhere?"

We did it without much trouble. We located an elderly expert with black-rimmed glasses and a wide ribbon running down over the left ear, who referred with the utmost cordiality to all the old New England families whose names you encounter in those typical New England stories that reach their climax when Miss Mehitable Peabody, the spinster, lets the cat out and winds up the clock for the night. He took something on account and promised he'd do the best he could for us in the territory where he held the patent rights.

And then Uncle Polk fairly cut loose. He lugged me round to every genealogical expert in town and put our case into all their hands too. We made one trip to Boston to see a very fancy and exclusive family tree climber, and handed him a fee that caused him to put on his lineman's spurs and shin up the Jones' family trunk without delay. We made another to Baltimore to connect with a specialist of the Eastern Shore country, and we wrote to all the other large ancestry centers that weren't readily accessible by rail such as Charleston, and Richmond, and Salem, Massachusetts, and Savannah, Georgia, and New Orleans. Toward the last I noticed that Uncle Polk had sprouted out and was tacking quite a few fancy names on to our stubby little original list. Sometimes it would be one name and sometimes it would be another. I asked him about it, and he told me he was borrowing some of them out of the newspapers and the others he was copying off the signatures on banknotes.

"On the whole," he said, "I find I'm getting the best results from the twenty-dollar bills. Now that Augustus Eversole that I handed in to the last fellow we saw as the name of your maternal great-great-grandfather was mentioned in a dispatch from St. Paul yesterday. He shot a sheriff. The other one I gave him Milus Q Pilarshott he is the president of the First National Bank of North America, at Lover's Leap, Iowa. Son, we're going to qualify, you and me are. Let alone having one family tree—why, we'll have an impenetrable forest, some native stock and some, as you might say, grafted on."

And we have, pretty near it. That was three months ago, and I now have a large orchard with more specimens coming in all the time by mail. I don't want to appear



J-M Asbestos Roofing

Composed of *solid asbestos rock* fibres and Trinidad Lake Asphalt, this ready roofing is literally a pliable sheet of stone.

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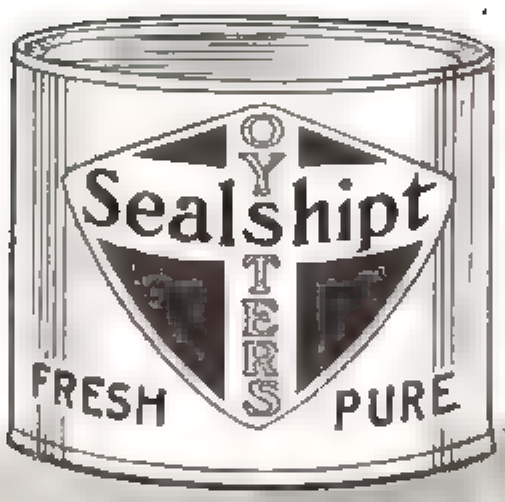

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proud or unduly puffed up, but at this present writing I am probably the most widely connected human being in the habitable globe. As Uncle Polk says, we're several laps ahead of the Belgium hares already and gaining fast on the microbes. And aristocratic—aristocratic is no word for it!

I have the papers in the house to prove that I am a lineal descendant of nearly everybody that ever amounted to anything anywhere. Among my ancestors were such persons as Alfred the Great, Henry the Eighth, Charlemagne, Lucretia Borgia, Brian Boru and the Apostle Paul. I could name many others if I had more time, but these should be sufficient I think to show who I am. I am directly related to every really important figure in the early history of our own country, with the exception of Benedict Arnold and Shays' Whisky Rebellion. In me are mingled the strains of Cavalier, Puritan, Creole, Greenbacker, Huguenot, Mormon, Knickerbocker Dutch, Pennsylvania Dutch and plain Dutch; Quaker, North German Lloyd, Mohawk Indian, Pilgrim, Free Will Baptist, Old Blue Wedgwood, French émigré, Irish refugee, Italian Renaissance, and so on, right down to the Bryan Free Silver Movement. I am eligible for all the military and patriotic societies we now have, and when some new ones are formed I'll be eligible for them too.

I find, on consulting the attested documentary evidence, that my forefathers practically had charge of all the great wars Civil War, both sides, War with Mexico, War of 1812, Revolutionary War French and Indian War, and thence straight on back up to and including the Punic Wars First Punic and Second Punic. I claim blood ties with the Quincys, the Adamses and the Winthrops, of New England; the Beekmans, the VanCortlandts and the Livingstons, of New York; the Rittenhouses and the Biddles, of Philadelphia; the Randolphs, the Tuckers, the Byrds and the Lees—both branches, Light Horse Harry and William Custard—of Virginia; the Prestons, the Clays and the Breckinridges, of Kentucky, with a whole lot of scattering returns from the outlying districts yet to hear from. My immediate forebears may have had some trouble sometimes keeping the family legs covered, but I could change my family arms three times a day, if I were a stylish dresser, and still have a complete outfit left over for Sundays, weddings and afternoon receptions.

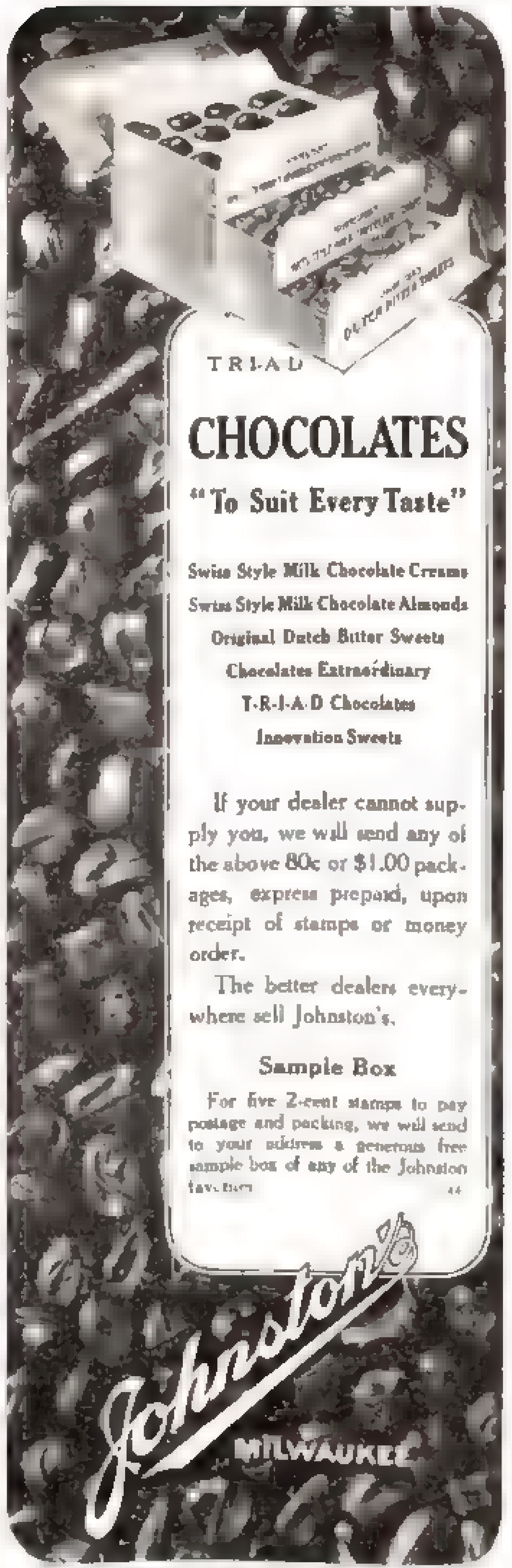
It has cost me a good deal of money—or rather it has cost Uncle Polk Jones a good deal—but we figure that it is worth the money. When I encounter some poor, pauperized descendant with only one set of ancestors to his name, I feel like taking him by the hand and leading him into my jungle and losing him. But I am not vainglorious and boastful about it. Why should a man be stuck up even though he is a multi-descendant, fairly bloated with ancestors?

There's a lot of pleasing variety to my ancestry too. Every one of my family tree sprouts out differently after you get above the second branch. There is one of them, in colors, that looks like a picture of the nerve system of the human body.

After all, I don't think I'll frame my family trees and hang 'em up over the living-room mantel along with my wife's. In the first place, the general effect would be that of a small body of Lemons entirely surrounded by Joneses, and I have no desire to lord it over Eudora, because in the matter of ancestors she has done the best she could, and is not to blame for the discrepancy now existing between us. And, in the second place, there would be enough of them to paper the entire room, and I rather like the paper we have on the wall at present. I shall save my family trees as a priceless heritage for the children. But if the Henry J. Kittengers should ever call I shall bring out the whole lot and just naturally overwhelm them in their tracks.

I'm not going to join any of the patriotic or military societies either. If I joined just one or two the others would feel slighted, and if I joined them all I wouldn't be doing anything else for several months. Uncle Polk thinks as I do, that it would be better for me to leave them all on an equal footing and not cause heartburnings or jealousies.

I have talked the matter over very thoroughly with him and I have decided to join the Uniform Rank of the Knights of Pythias. They have a noble uniform and a sword to wear, and I always was fond of turning out for parades and funerals and things.



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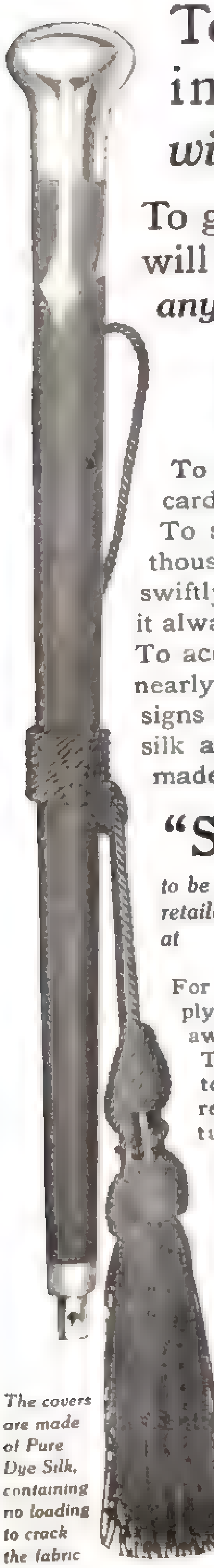
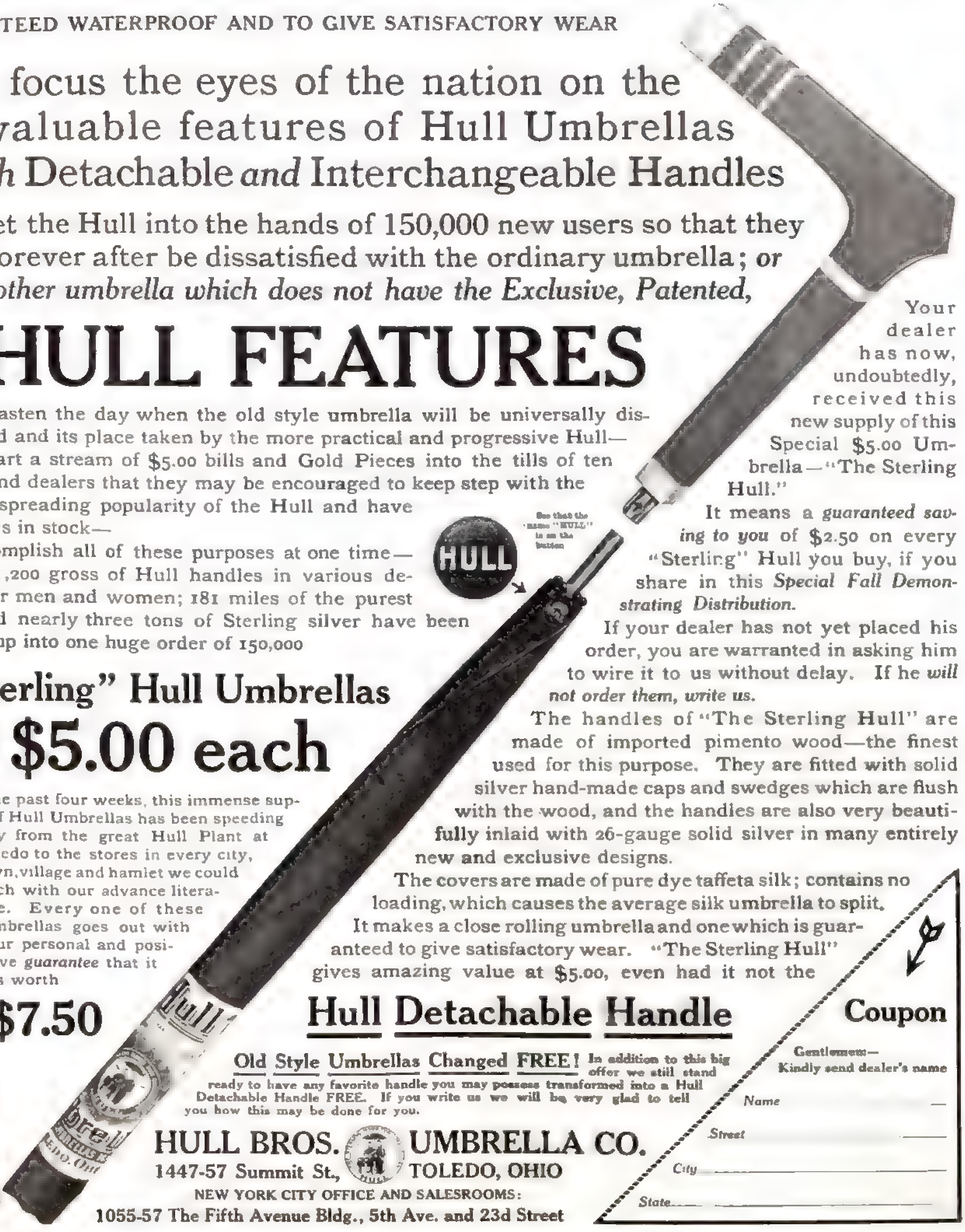


The covers are made of Pure Dye Silk, containing no loading to crack the fabric



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Your dealer has now, undoubtedly, received this new supply of this Special $5.00 Umbrella—"The Sterling Hull."

It means a *guaranteed saving to you* of $2.50 on every "Sterling" Hull you buy, if you share in this *Special Fall Demonstrating Distribution.*

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The handles of "The Sterling Hull" are made of imported pimento wood—the finest used for this purpose. They are fitted with solid silver hand-made caps and swedges which are flush with the wood, and the handles are also very beautifully inlaid with 26-gauge solid silver in many entirely new and exclusive designs.

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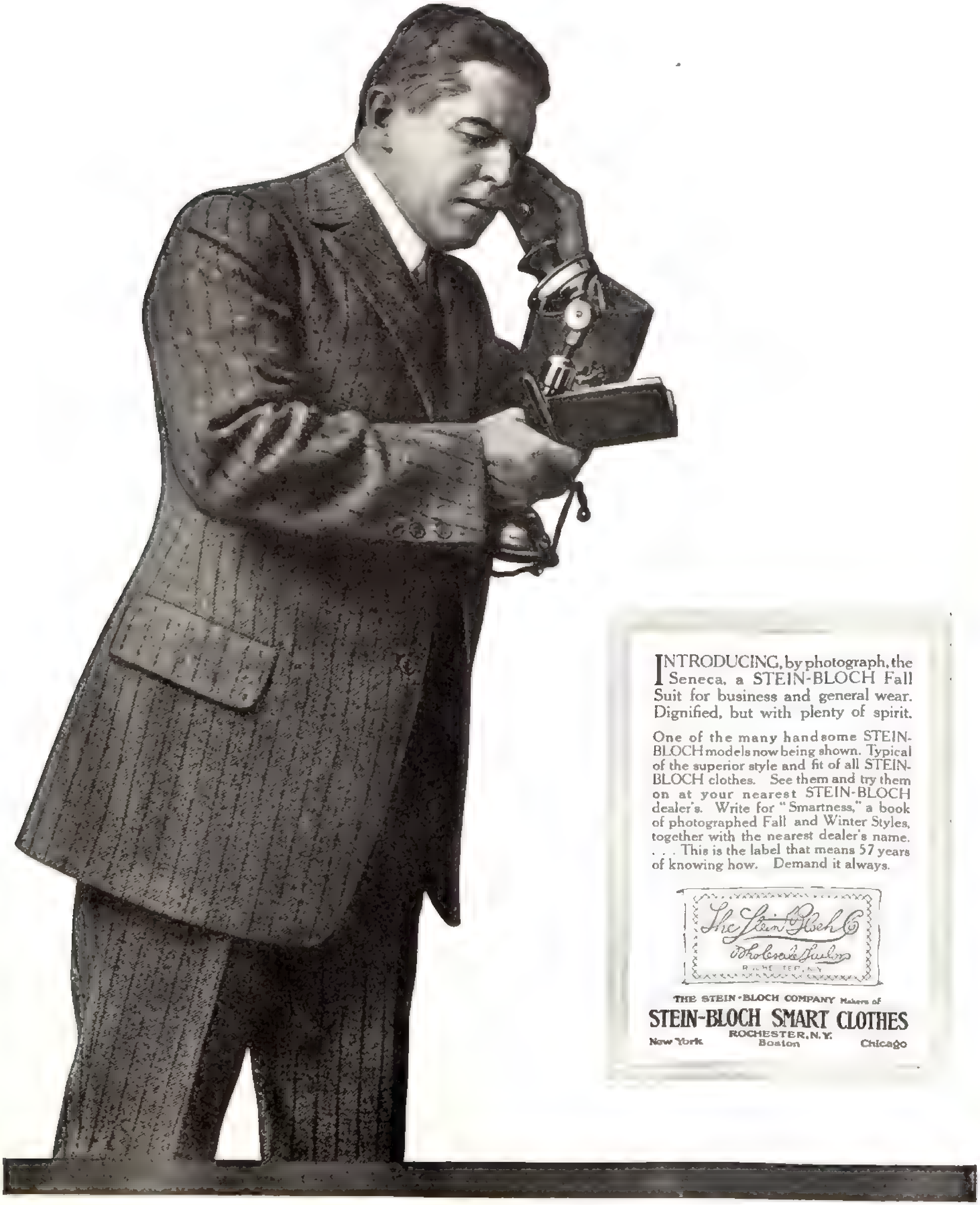

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A LOOK AHEAD IN POLITICS

Continued from Page 4!

a Federal judgeship and later of a diplomatic post, to ex-Senator Fulton, and the appointment of R. C. Kerens as Minister to Austria.

14. He has apparently impaired or abandoned, through a decision of his Attorney-General, the principle which you established of Federal regulation and control, in the public interest, of water powers on navigable streams.

15. He is placing or has placed himself in a position such that the only alliance open to him is with the special interests.

16. He has allowed the great mass of the people to lose confidence in the President.

The general tendency shown in these examples cannot be mistaken. It is away from the Roosevelt policies and the people, and in favor of the special interests and the few. Nevertheless, I want to say again that while the whole trend of the present Administration has been opposed to the purposes and ideals of the last seven years, I have not yet lost all hope.

The issue is so tremendously important to the public welfare that a man's duty is clear to describe the facts as he sees them. I have known, admired and respected Mr. Taft since my boyhood; I have been anxious to give him the benefit of every doubt. I have reached the point of view herein stated as the result of a period of disappointment through which I would not willingly pass again. If my fears should turn out to be justified I realize that your disappointment will be even keener than mine. I regret intensely that it is necessary to write this letter, but I can see no proper way to avoid it.

I have supported Mr. Taft and I shall continue to support him up to the point where my loyalty to the people of this country requires me to break with the Administration.

This letter will probably meet you at Khartum. It is too bad that such a message should reach you after your great trip. Before it does reach you it is more than likely that the chief question raised in this letter will have been settled.

Special messages on Conservation and Corporation Control are to be sent to Congress early in January. If there is better news to send hereafter it will go forward at once.

Just a final word. The hold of your policies on the plain people is stronger than ever. Many of your former enemies are now your friends. The line between the friends of special privilege and the friends of an equal chance is daily growing sharper. The issue has become immeasurably larger than politics or any man's political fortunes. It is a straight fight for human rights. That is how it looks to me on the last day of 1909.

All good wishes to you for the New Year, and to Kermit. Please give him my love. We are all proud of him.

Very sincerely yours,
GIFFORD PINCHOT.

My letter to Colonel Roosevelt stops with the end of 1909. It would be easy to continue and extend it. Unless its whole tenor is mistaken, we cannot avoid the question of how far Mr. Taft's words and conduct before election supplied to his supporters a safe guide as to what he would do after election.

Of late it has become evident to open-minded men that the progressive policies, having taken possession of the hearts and consciences of the American people, are about to command their political loyalty also. The spirit of liberty among our people is the same now as when the nation was born. That spirit is now everywhere in revolt against the domination of privilege. With a wonderful power and harmony of feeling the people are progressive. In both the great political parties they are more progressive than their leaders. They have outgrown the rule of political evasion and false pretense and are eager for honorable methods and straight talk. Millions of voters have passed beyond the influence of campaign buncombe, and understand at last that the general welfare is more important than political claptrap or empty partisan success.

A movement so fundamental and so vast as the Progressive movement does not gain momentum suddenly, but now that it

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is in motion nothing can long withstand it. Already many politicians have disappeared from public life and many others are about to follow them. If there is anything certain in our political future it is the ultimate victory of the progressive policies. In this great conflict the people have only just begun to fight.

Most politicians now see clearly that the time has passed when a national campaign can succeed without strong support from the vast body of progressive citizens. In view of this fact, the turning of the Administration toward the progressive policies was obviously inevitable before the campaign for renomination began. Being inevitable, it has long been discounted because it was long foreseen. A year ago, on my return from a journey through many states, I said:

"In one way the Insurgent cause is threatened by its own success. Now that most open-minded men see the speedy triumph of the progressive policies, and because direct attacks upon them usually fail, the hope of the Reactionaries is to join the movement and try from within to emasculate it or steer it to disaster. The soft pedal is still the most dangerous enemy of progress. Already there are signs in plenty that Reactionaries are trying to dominate the Progressive movement. Already the conversions without conviction have begun. Political death-bed conversions, performed in public by politicians whose leadership is dwindling, may fairly be regarded with suspicion. Like certain flowers, these gentlemen turn their faces to the rising sun, but their roots are held fast by the same soil as before."

It is a most instructive fact that Mr. Taft's recent turning in the direction of the Progressive policies has not deceived the political servants of the special interests, or led the reactionary newspapers to waver in their support. They are as vigorously for him when he leans toward the cause they hate as they are when he is frankly and openly on their side. If they are not misled as to the real meaning of Mr. Taft's apparent return to the position he held before the last election there can be no reason why it should deceive the rest of us.

It is well also to recall that one of the lessons of the Ballinger incident was that the President did not understand the purpose of conservation, which is to develop and protect the natural resources for the permanent benefit of the plain people. The Controller Bay incident shows that he has not learned since then.

In reaching a calm and balanced estimate of Mr. Taft and his record it is no more than fair to make generous allowance for every good thing he has done and every good quality he possesses. He should have full credit for his good nature, for the good things he has said, the good measures he has advocated and the good men he has appointed. Account should be taken of his easy-going temperament, and of his well-known willingness to be controlled by the stronger, more active and more interested men into whose hands he falls—the men, as Senator Dolliver said, who know exactly what they want. But when every allowance has been made, when he has been given the benefit of every doubt, still the record is not good. Mr. Taft has himself supplied the proof that he cannot be trusted.

Some one will perhaps object that I am needlessly concerned, because Mr. Taft is most unlikely to be elected even if he secures the nomination. It is probably true that the battle for Mr. Taft's election would be lost in advance. But the present issue is far greater than partisan victory or defeat in 1912.

Furthermore, the Republican party is on trial before the people as it has not been for many years. It has not so much a reputation to maintain as a reputation to retrieve. At this time of all times it can least afford to nominate for President a man as to whose attitude after election there can be any doubt. No candidate will meet the need who cannot be fully trusted to shoot away from the uniform he has on. To sanction a doubtful choice would prove the Republican leaders to be unworthy of public confidence. The renomination of Mr. Taft would drive great numbers of Republican voters, who believe in principles rather than in names, either to refrain from voting at all or to vote for a Progressive Democrat if such were nominated. And no one can doubt that a considerable number of the voters thus estranged would remain so, to the permanent weakening of the Republican party.

I am loyal to the Republican party, as it is understood by the millions who vote the Republican ticket and as it was conceived by the men who founded it. But I believe in the people and the conservation policies before any party, and I reserve the right to vote for the principles I hold wherever I find them. True loyalty to a party is loyalty to the ideals upon which it is founded. No man can be loyal to a party and yet lend himself like a rubber stamp to leaders who have abandoned the essential principles that give that party its right to live.

We need a great administration to do the people's work—an administration untainted with reaction, free from the associations of politics for profit, earnest to conserve the natural resources in the general interest, understanding the needs and troubles of the common man and unshakably devoted to the common good. Without a President who is genuinely progressive such an administration is impossible. Unless the Republican party can rise to the national need by nominating such a man, and so give evidence that the conscience and the courage that gave it birth are still alive, there is little hope for it in the future.

Where the Republican party stands as to principles will be shown by the choice of men that it makes. The standard by which the people will judge it was set by Lincoln when he said:

"I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live by the light that I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong."

The Eternal Question

Lem Dreer keeps store where th' crossroads meet,
An' th' river's right clost by;
He sets on a box in front, t' greet
Them folks that happens nigh.
But greetin's ain't whut they was one day,
Nor mean whut they used t' mean;
An' this is all he hears 'em say:
"Hey! Got any gasoline?"

Folks used t' drive with a spankin' team
An' take th' check reins down
T' let 'em drink at a little stream
Right here in th' heart o' town;
An' Lem 'ud pass 'em th' time o' day
An' gossip a bit between,
But now it's a car, an' they holler an' say:
"Hey! Got any gasoline?"

A feller would ride up a stylish hoss
An' hitch to th' ol' hoss-rail,
An' holler at Lem: "Hello, there, Boss!"
An' give him a hearty hail.
Now one o' them motor-bikers 'll gee
An' fetch out an ol' canteen,
Er a pail er cup, an' he says, says he:
"Hey! Got any gasoline?"

An' they used t' row up to Lem's dock
With a yawl er a trim canoe,
An' ast of Lem whut he's got in stock
An' look th' hull store through.
Now one o' them motor boats 'll whiz
Where th' rushes grow all green,
An' they'll holler fr'm where th' landin' is:
"Hey! Got any gasoline?"

An' Hiram Griggs an' his big engine
With forty rod o' plows,
He comes explodin' down th' line
With grease on his chin an' brows;
An' he hollers at Lem fr'm th' ol' crossroads
Th' len'th of th' village green,
While that big engine of his explodes:
"Hey! Got any gasoline?"

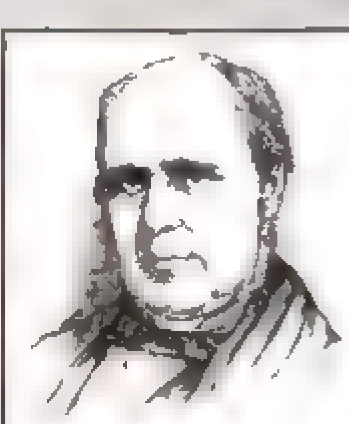
Now they got an airline by Lem's store,
Where th' currents flow jest right,
An' a feller kin see th' airships soar
Way up, half out o' sight.
But they do drop in on Lem sometimes
An' swoop on him unseen,
An' down fr'm th' clouds some feller chimes:
"Hey! Got any gasoline?"

Lem's sellin' out his stock o' clothes
An' groc'ries, less er more;
He's movin' an' don't keer where he goes,
But he's goin' t' run a store.
He says he's goin' t' try t' find
Some place with a change o' scene,
An' git one question off'n his mind:
"Hey! Got any gasoline?"

J. W. Foley.

The Supreme Authority

The testimony of the leaders in Education, Literature, Journalism, the Courts, the Church, and Public Affairs, has a weight like that of a Supreme Court decision. Here are given a few typical judgments of such chiefs of public opinion upon the NEW CREATION,



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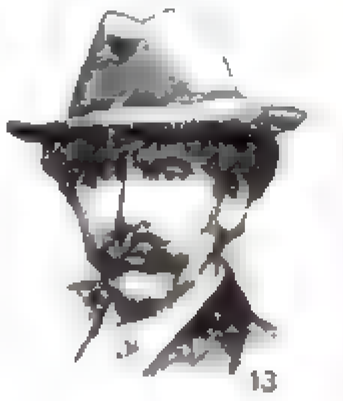

13

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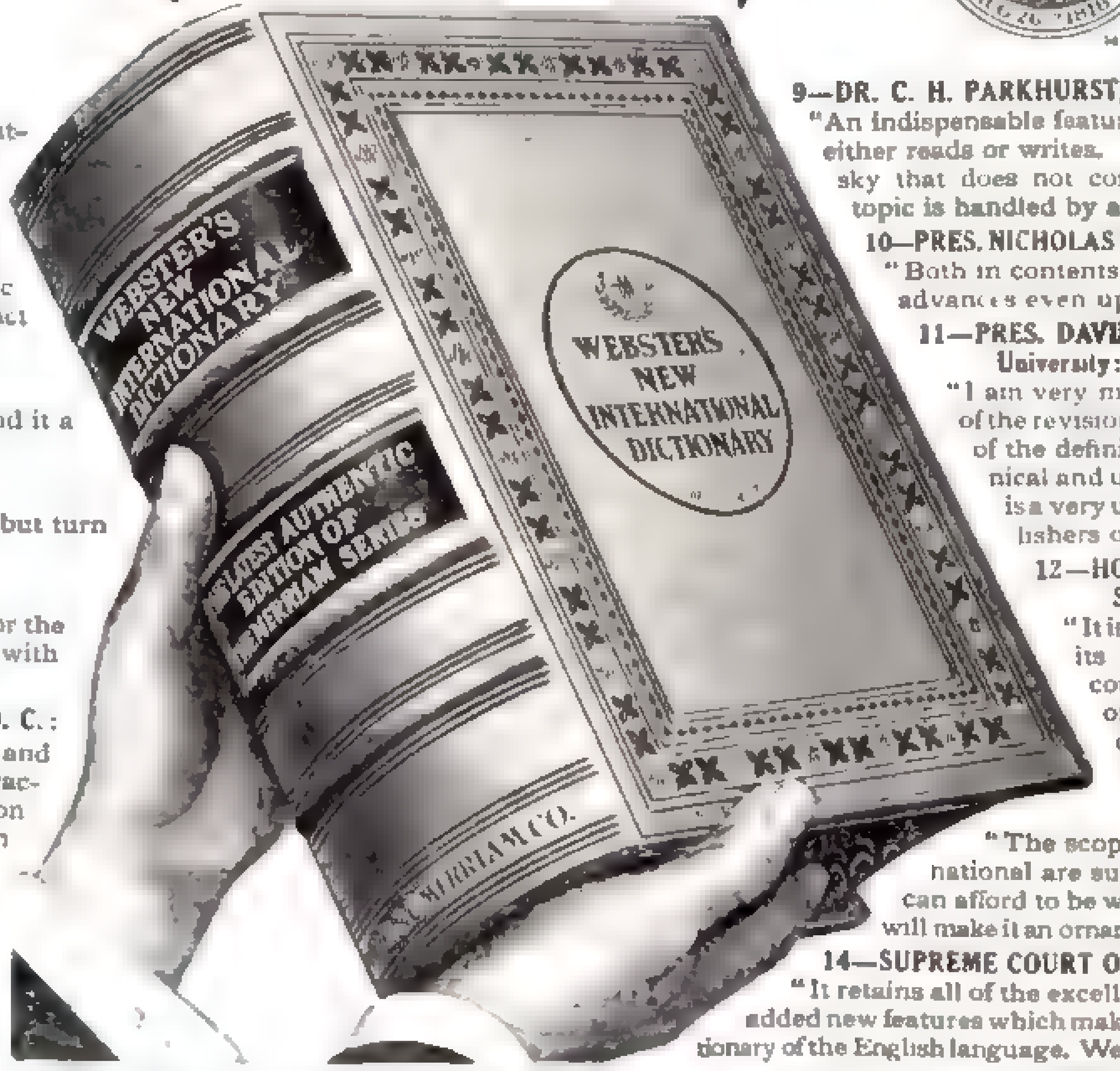
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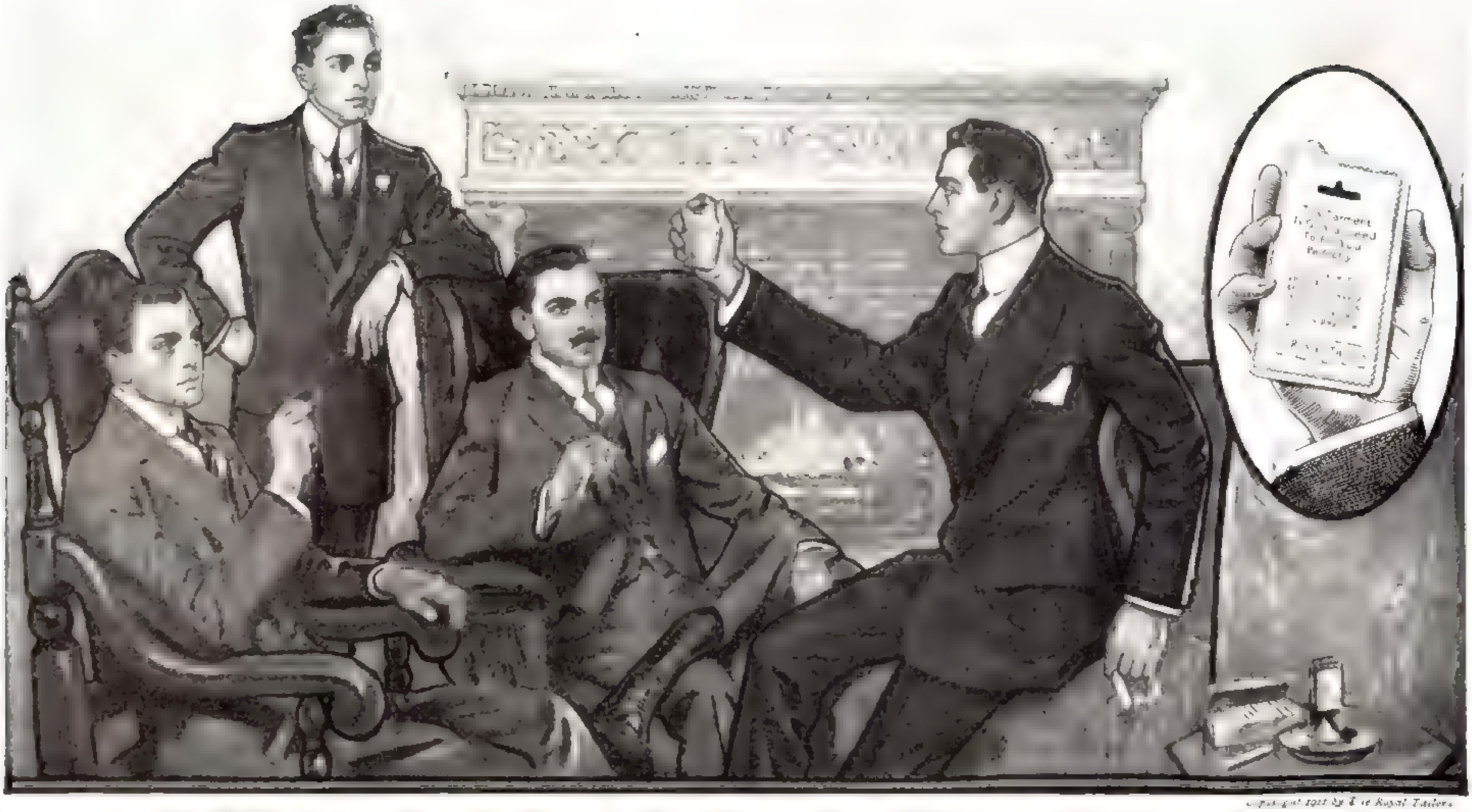

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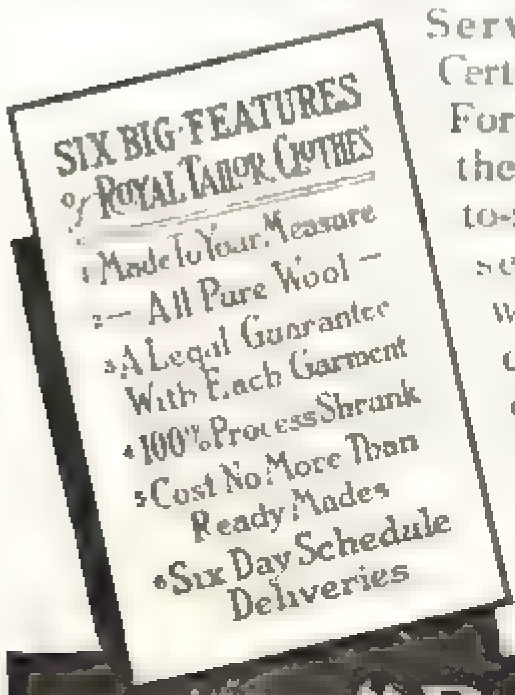

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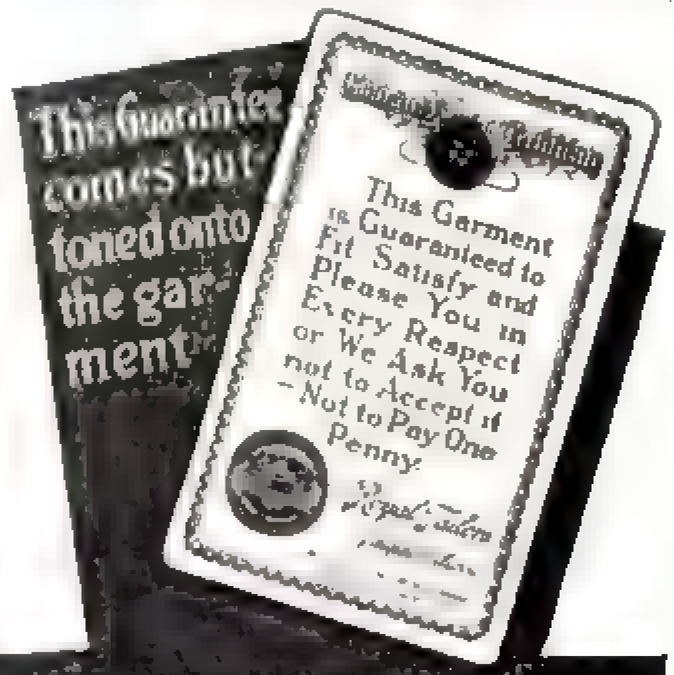

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"The Clothes That Real Men Wear"

THE HOUSE THAT HARRY SOLD

(Continued from Page 7)

"Intending to liquidate the stocks?" he asked genially.

"There! I almost forgot. I really ought to have gone first to one of those stockbrokers that buy such things."

"I have connections in that line myself," said Harry, his thoughts for a moment on Mike and the immediate graft.

"Well, I don't know much about 'em," said Mrs. Brewster. "I've got my annuity to live on, and they were laid by for a rainy day. I didn't pay much attention except when dividends come in. Abner bought 'em. There was a pedler or somethin' round last week askin' Mittie about 'em when I wasn't hum. I told Mittie if he come again to say I had gone West, leaving no address. I don't believe in pedlers and agents. If a man's got business to do let him get a shop, I say. I got a paper last night and figured what they were wu'th in New York, and I saw they must have riz. Comes to quite a lot more than Abner and I cal'lated. Somethin' over twenty thousand dollars. Though goodness knows," she added, "I don't believe much I see in the papers and don't read 'em much anyhow, since they said Abner was buried from the Congregational church when he was a Unitarian, and just as stubborn about that as anything else. I can't get Brewster stubbornness out of my mind, seems like."

"What stocks are they—mining, industrial or railroad?" asked Handsome Harry pleasantly. "It makes a great deal of difference, you know."

Mrs. Brewster dove into her bag, ran through its rubbish with swift fingers. She produced a paper, unfolded it.

"I wrote it down," she said. "One hundred and twelve shares, S. V. & C. Railroad." She busied herself replacing the envelope among the crowded possessions of her bag. For an instant the only sound in the room was the crackling of paper.

Handsome Harry did not move. His eyes did not brighten, nor did his expression change. No outsider looking at him could possibly have gathered what was going on in his mind; for, if anything, he became a little more still. But a great deal was going on in his mind. In the twinkling of an eye the whole face of the world had smiled. In the twinkling of an eye his black mood had broken and fallen away. In that lightning-flash of intuition, which is the better half of creative genius, three sentences had leaped out of the day's talk and placed themselves in the order of a dazzling climax:

Otto Gluck had said:

"Pierce said 'We need less than a hundred shares of S. V. & C.'"

Mike had said:

"If Pierce should ever get control of S. V. & C., Western would go up like a balloon. Give me an advance tip on that and I'll get rich quick."

The little old lady had said:

"One hundred and twelve shares of S. V. & C."

And on that same lightning-flash Handsome Harry's big idea came to him—came to him, despite its terrific risks, with the certainty of success.

What his new theme is to the poet, his new plot to the writer, his new vision to the painter—all this surged in the spirit of Handsome Harry. As in letters of fire about the wall he could read these words; as on the tongues of trumpets he could hear them!

"One hundred and twelve shares of S. V. & C."

The crackling of the paper stopped. The little old lady looked up. I repeat, Handsome Harry had not turned a hair. But, with the unfailing instinct of woman, Mrs. Brewster asked: "What's the matter?"

Handsome Harry passed a languid hand over his brow. "Only the heat, I think," he lied glibly.

"Better look out," said Mrs. Brewster with real solicitude. "Don't eat much or drink much this hot weather, is my rule."

"And mine," responded Harry. "But we were speaking of brokers," he went on—and, oh, the briskness, the assurance, that had come into his voice! "It's really lucky, Mrs. Brewster, that you came to me. There is much chicanery among brokers of the Wall Street district. It happens that I have a friend who is thoroughly reliable—he places all my business—and he can advise me how to make your sale to the greatest advantage, I am sure. Of course," he added, "you can see that it is to my advantage as well as to yours to get as much as possible for this stock. We can spend more on the house. And I am agent for one or two pieces of property that I am sure we may be able to buy at the best advantage just now. It is summer and the prices are low. Where will you stay in New York?"

"I was thinking of the Dolly Madison," said Mrs. Brewster.

"An excellent and reasonable hotel for women," answered Harry. "May I see you safe there? I was going uptown myself."

And all the hot way up to her hotel Harry, guiding her through the perils of the traffic, plied her with those unconscious arts that make woman his handmaid.

"I don't know what I'd 'a' done without you," she said, her smile twinkling bravely through the heat and fatigue on her face. "Why, your being related to the Carsons of North Burnham makes you seem jest like own folks. They talk about the unsociableness of New York—why, nobody could have been more kind than you! I'm so glad I haven't got to hunt up another agent that I don't know what to do. When I think of what does happen sometimes to lone women I sort of feel's if there was a special providence in our meeting."

In that last sentiment Handsome Harry absolutely concurred. Only to himself he put it differently:

"There's no doubt about it," he meditated; "there's one born every minute. It's the only crop we're sure of."

VI

LIKE an arrow Handsome Harry sped toward the Wall Street district, looking for Mike. He found him, after an hour's search, drinking with a stranger in a little saloon just off the curb market. They talked head to head for half an hour, until skepticism became conviction in the face of Mike. Finally he opened his watch and produced a bill.

"I don't see yet," he remarked, "but we'd do better to play the piker game. That's safe. I just know I could gouge something extra out of the Pierce brokers for that block of stock."

"Aw, come off!" snapped Harry. "The big game for mine every time. Mike, you can retire on this!"

"I certainly will retire from this financial district," replied Mike, "but I'm pretty near my finish anyhow." He held out a yellow-backed gold certificate.

"It's my finish," he repeated. Mike's face cracked in a smile. "Say, this is rich. I'd like to see that old Aunt Martha when ——"

"Don't forget the seal and the sign," interrupted Harry hastily.

VII

HARRY had traveled downtown that morning a wilted leaf in a scorched forest. Now, as he stepped lightly into a Broadway and Lexington Avenue car, he seemed the one live, spirited thing in that suffocating crowd. What though he steamed with the rest; what though he, too, tucked his handkerchief in his collar, slapped at the sticky flies, burned, melted? His step, as he proceeded from the car to Mrs. Bannard's, had the spring of youth. He was near his front door and was fumbling for his key, before it occurred to him that he was approaching the delicate operation upon which all depended. In the complex machine built of his brain, since inspiration came on the wings of coincidence, this was the master wheel—this interview with Otto Gluck.

He paused outside Otto's bedroom, which was in the same corridor with his own. The sound of a falling shoe, the splash of water proved that the watchman was dressing. Should he knock at the door? No, best to leave this meeting to accident. He retired to his own room, therefore, opened the door and window, and sat like one overcome by the heat in the doorway. So, as Otto stepped from his door, Harry was coming down the corridor with a

"Very hot afternoon, Mr. Gluck."

"It iss!"

"I was just going out to have something cool," said Handsome Harry. "Do you ever drink anything at this time of day?"

"I don't mind if I do," said Otto, a smile parting his bristly beard.

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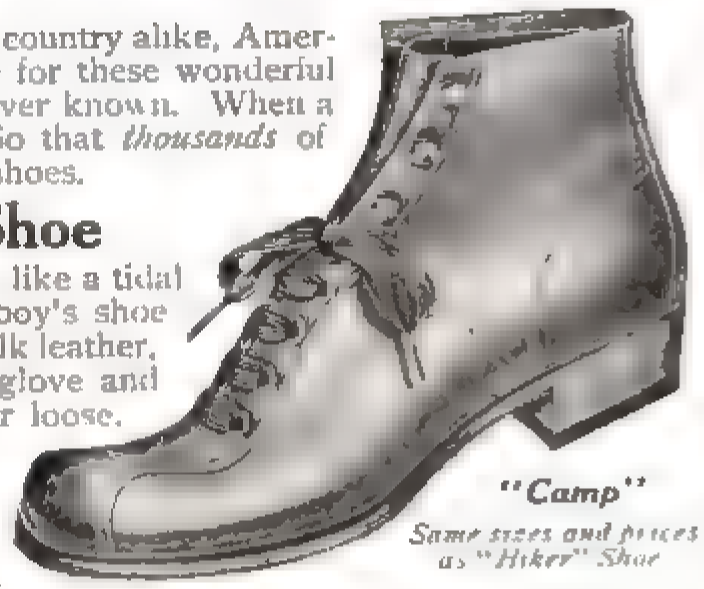
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"We'd better go to the corner," said Harry. "We can sit down there." Then suddenly he gave a start.

"Well, by Jove!" he said, and stared at Otto.

"Vat iss the madder?" asked Otto.

"Well, I never thought of that—how stupid of me!" responded Harry. He looked Otto over. "You're the very man," he added. Then he ran on.

"I was about to advertise for a good night watchman for my business. There's been—well, some trouble; and I'm afraid about some documents in my safe. I might put them in safe deposit every night, but as I need them every day that would be awkward. Here you've been asking me to get you a position. You'd do, and you'd do fine, and I never thought of you until this moment. Well, well! The position," he added, "would be permanent."

They were on the street by this time. Otto stopped and mopped his forehead.

"Vot iss in it?" he asked.

"What does Mr. Pierce pay you?" asked Harry.

"That obbressor!" grunted Otto. "He gif me ninedy tollars a mont'. Moreover, he would not r-raise me."

"That is a fair amount for my business," said Harry; "but I'll tell you what I'll do. I want a man like you, reliable and trustworthy, and a few dollars each week is little enough to pay for security. I will give you twenty-five dollars a week."

They had reached the saloon and settled themselves at a table in the summer beer garden before Otto spoke again.

"Vot hours should I vork?" he asked.

"What hours do you work for Mr. Pierce?" asked Harry.

"All night and in the middle of the day oop to look the house ofer," said Otto. "When man for an obbressor vorks he vorks!"

"And no other watchman but you?" asked Harry nonchalantly. "Dear me, that's asking a great deal!"

"No, none other. He ee-gonomize!" Otto blew out the verb with fine scorn.

"Well, well! Now I shall ask you to work only from nine o'clock at night until seven in the morning," said Harry.

Otto considered.

"All r-right!" he said. "Negxt veek."

Harry managed to make his face fall.

"Dear me! I never thought of that. Too bad," he said. "You see—I must have a man tomorrow—and tonight would be best."

"But I haf to qvit, ain't id? Mr. Pierce also he haf to get anodder man."

Harry laughed.

"If I were an anarchist," he said—"and I am pretty nearly—I shouldn't consider the interests of an oppressor like F. Warren Pierce. You commit no crime by leaving your position. A man may do that at any time. Quit! Leave him! Will you serve his interests before your own?"

Otto thought for a moment, while the idea bludgeoned itself through six layers of skull.

"But my sel-lery," he said—"I got it last Toosday. And he owes me tonight"—he struggled with mental arithmetic—"thirteen tollars and fifty cents—almost."

Harry seemed to consider. "I'll tell you," he said. "I'll make that your bonus if you'll begin tonight."

Otto considered.

"And," said Harry, "it serves him right! Think of that deal you overheard! Think of the widows and orphans!"

"How shall I inform him?" asked Otto. And Handsome Harry's mind relaxed as with a sigh of satisfaction. For he knew he had won.

"Well, if I were you," said Harry, "I'd write him now—and send him your keys, of course."

"But the keyss imbortant are!" Otto exclaimed.

"Well, is anything safer than the United States mail? Don't you know that it's five years for robbing it?"

"That iss so," said Otto. By this time his mind, revolutionary in theory, docile in practice, was running in grooves greased by Handsome Harry.

"Let's do it now," said the latter. "Boy!" he called to the waiter, and he slipped a quarter across the table, "get us some paper and ink—and ask the boss if he can't send along one of those tags for express packages and two more beers. We're sending a job by mail!"

Beneficiaries both, Otto and the waiter laughed together at this mild joke. The waiter was back presently with the tags, the ink, the paper and the drinks. Otto pursed his brows and set himself to composition. And this as Handsome Harry learned afterward, just before he destroyed it—was what he produced:

"MR. PIERCE.

"*Sir:* I do not work for you more as an oppressor. I do not harm you because the revolution is by thought. What I think I do not tell you. Here are your keys and send me my money to tonight on the first of the month. OTTO GLUCK."

He sealed this laboriously, addressed it, drew out an impressive bunch of keys, affixed the express tag, addressed that.

"I have stamps," said Handsome Harry. He picked up envelope and keys in the most nonchalant manner in the world and affixed the stamps.

"Well, I suppose we must be going," he said. "I won't wait for change." As he rose, he still held the letter and the keys. At the door Otto's eyes searched these possessions hungrily; and he seemed about to speak.

"There's a mailbox at the corner," said Harry carelessly. And now they were on the street. A stream of foot-passengers, homeward bound for dinner, filled the sidewalk. As they approached the box ——

"I'll mail them!" offered Harry. He dove past a bevy of girls, who hid him for an instant from Otto. And in that instant he had made three swift motions. The keys and the envelope went into an inside pocket; out came another envelope and another bunch of keys. Otto saw the white slip drop into the slot, heard the keys rattle as they fell. Satisfied, he awaited Harry's return.

"And here," said Harry, rejoining him, "is the bonus to bind the bargain and here are the keys to my office. Be there at nine o'clock and watch both doors sharp. I'm dining out. Goodnight."

"Thank you, Mr. Carson," said Otto.

"And thank you," said Harry. Which of these thanks was the more fervent only Harry knew.

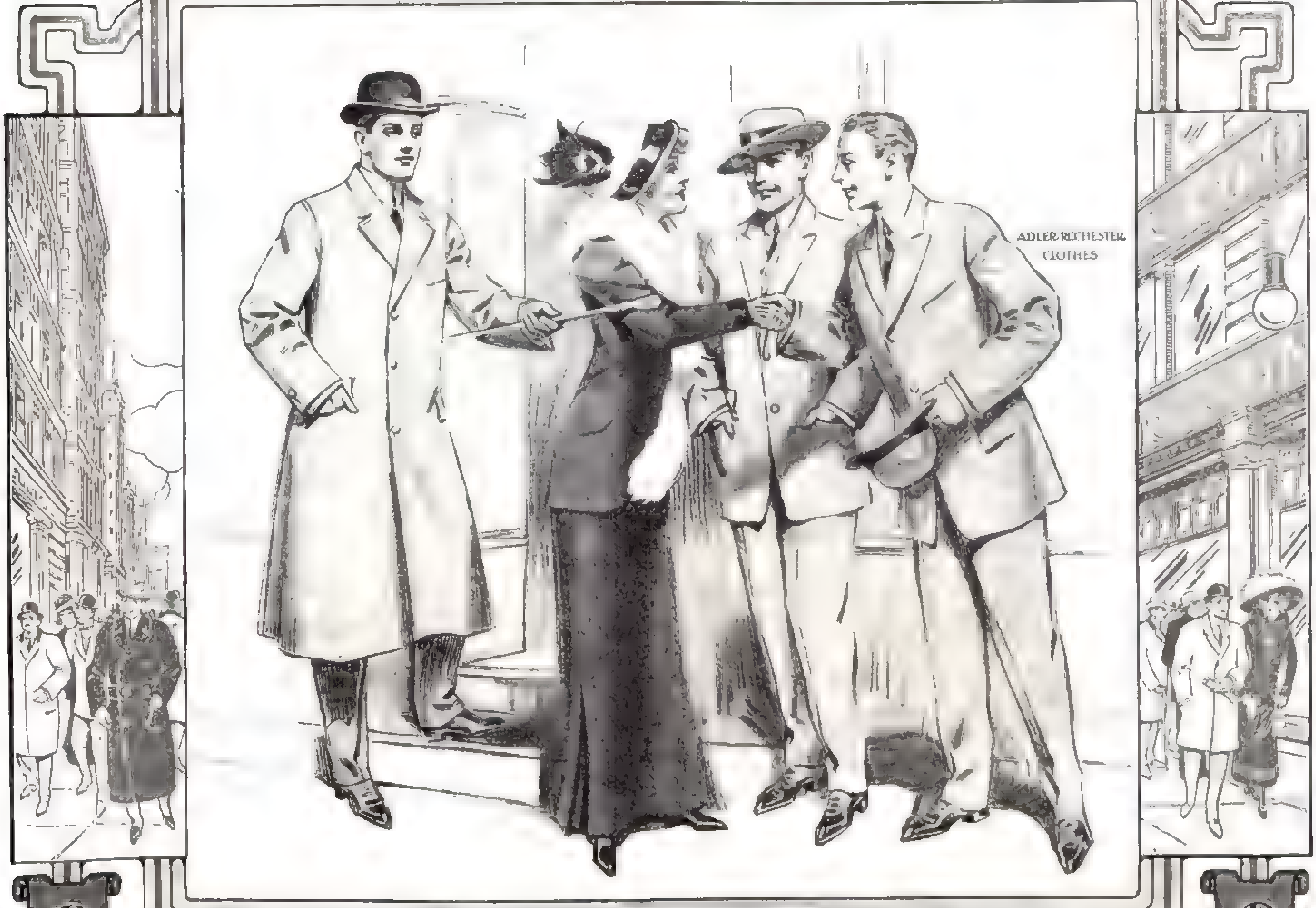
He was smiling and jaunty as he took his way across Broadway to find Mike and to bait and set the trap against the morrow's hunting.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

An Export Improver

ABOUT five years ago two manufacturing concerns in somewhat similar lines saw possibilities for their goods in South America. One was a great company with ample means. It sent salesmen to Argentina and Brazil. These men spoke the languages, got along well and were cordially received, but they got few orders. The Brazilians and Argentinos held off. Big as that concern was, they had never heard of it; and they seemed to think there was plenty of time to get acquainted. Within two years the salesmen had been called home and the work dropped as unpromising.

The other concern was a little house, with not enough capital to cover the selling end in this country as it would have liked to do; but occasional orders kept coming from South America, and on the salesforce, working as an "improver," was a young West Indian who had asked for employment after finishing at a private school in the United States. The general manager set him to work developing export business. The only expenditure apart from his salary was a small appropriation for correspondence and advertising. Orders from Latin America were followed up and the new export man had friends and relatives in some of the countries, who sent him information. Finally, about a year after the first concern had left the field disgusted, this small house was able to send its export man on a six months' trip through the territory he had been developing. His reception was altogether different from that given the salesmen of the other house, for in many cases he was visiting actual customers. Where a potential customer had not bought goods as yet, very likely he knew the little house by reputation through its letters and printed matter. Enough orders were secured on this trip to pay all expenses and show a profit apart from new customers found and fresh territory laid out for promotion work. Today that little concern is strong in the Latin-American trade, while the big one, which apparently had every advantage, is still a nonentity in export trade.



Pride Before Profit

A Tribute to Certain Worthy Clothiers

There are more than a thousand clothes manufacturers in the United States. More than ten thousand merchants sell their product. Of these, a certain number put pride before profit in clothes.

Are *you* dealing with one of these merchants? Are you getting the best clothes your money will buy? If not, it's time you knew something of the shop near you where are sold

ADLER-ROCHESTER-CLOTHES

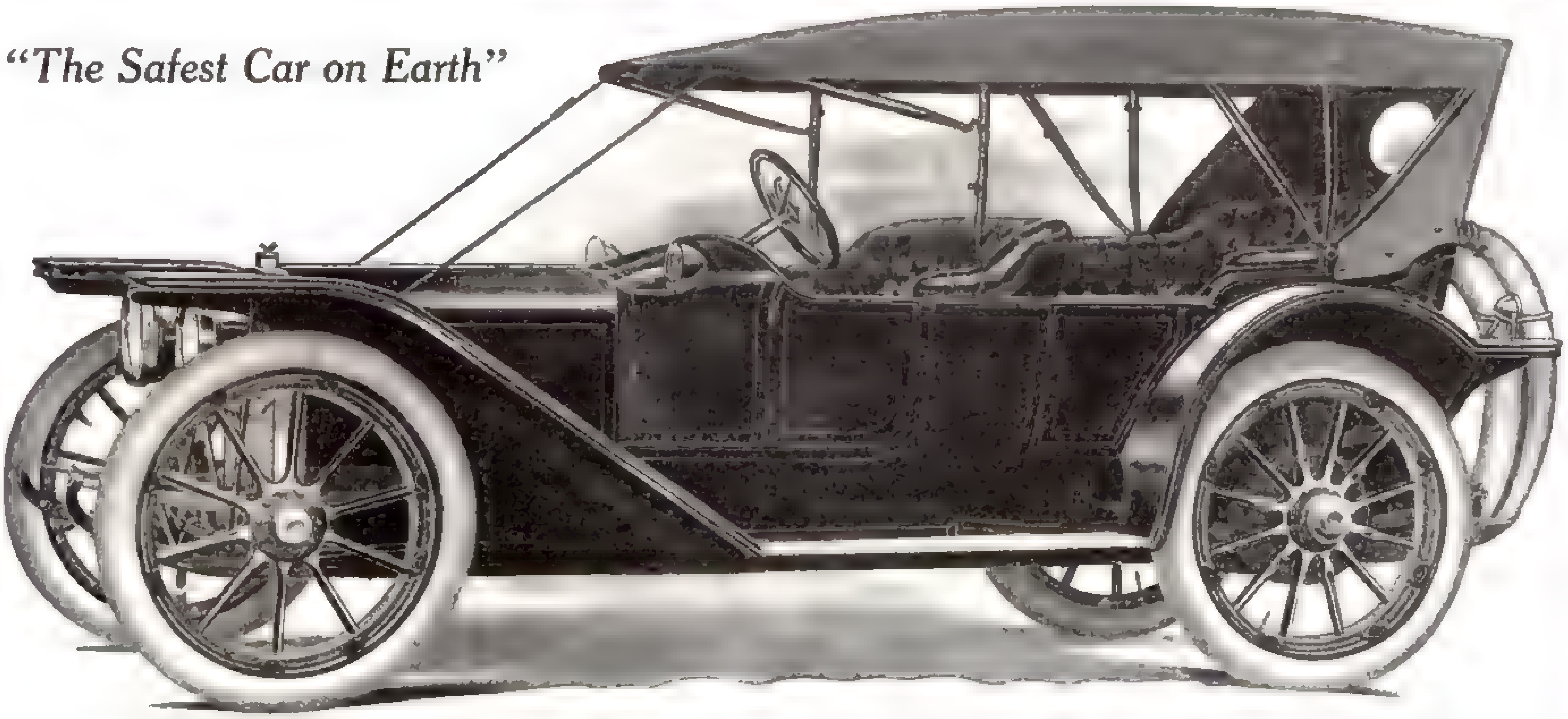
This famous make is the product of the finest tailoring institution in the world—a model plant where master craftsmen work with health and happiness, sunlight and fresh air, for helpers.

The result is that Adler-Rochesters are as fine men's clothes as can be produced. Yet they sell at prices no greater than those you have always paid for good clothes.

The address of your Adler Rochester merchant accompanies The Book of Men's Fashions—a real authority on style. This is sent free on request. Simply ask for Edition A.

L. ADLER, BROS. & CO.—ROCHESTER, N.Y.

"The Safest Car on Earth"



"AMERICAN TOURIST" (Type 34). 4-Passenger, 118-inch wheelbase; 4 cylinders, en bloc, 4½x5; selective type transmission, with imported annular bearings throughout; full floating rear axle with imported annular bearings; Bosch dual system, high tension magneto, coil and storage battery. Tires 37x4 all around, on Quick Detachable, Demountable Rims. Completely equipped with fine mohair top, dust cover and side curtains, shock absorbers; 5 lamps (dash lamps electric); Prest-O-Lite tank; horn, tire irons, complete tool kit, including quick repair outfit; one spare rim.

$2250

The 1912 AMERICAN Underslung

A Car for Discriminating Buyers

The "American" is the one car, these days, that attracts more than passing notice on road, street or boulevard.

This is a fact which you can prove with your own eyes the first time you see an "American" anywhere.

Just stop and watch. See for yourself the unstinted admiration that is bestowed upon it.

An "American" owner told us recently that within one week he saw a crowd around an "American" car in five different cities: in New York; Philadelphia; Syracuse; Detroit and Buffalo. At the Pontchartrain Hotel, Detroit (the heart of the automobile industry), an "American Traveler" rolled silently up to the curb and within three minutes the car was literally surrounded by an interested and admiring throng.

It is the one car that is distinct, distinguished and stylish besides combining all the attributes of comfort, *safety* and thorough mechanical excellence.

In the conventional type of construction the designer is forced to sacrifice safety, beauty and gracefulness in lines and to transmit the power through shafts driven at such angles as to waste much of the power.

In the "American" Underslung the straight line drive minimizes this loss of power and reduces the stress and strain on all shafts, bearings, gears and couplings.

The Underslung frame construction, as exemplified in the "American," is unquestionably the logical way to build an automobile, a fact long known and acknowledged by the best automobile engineers the world over. The public, too, has now come to appreciate and demand it.

We were led, by this growing sentiment in favor of Underslung construction, to offer for 1912, in addition to our famous 50 horsepower "American Traveler," the models shown here.

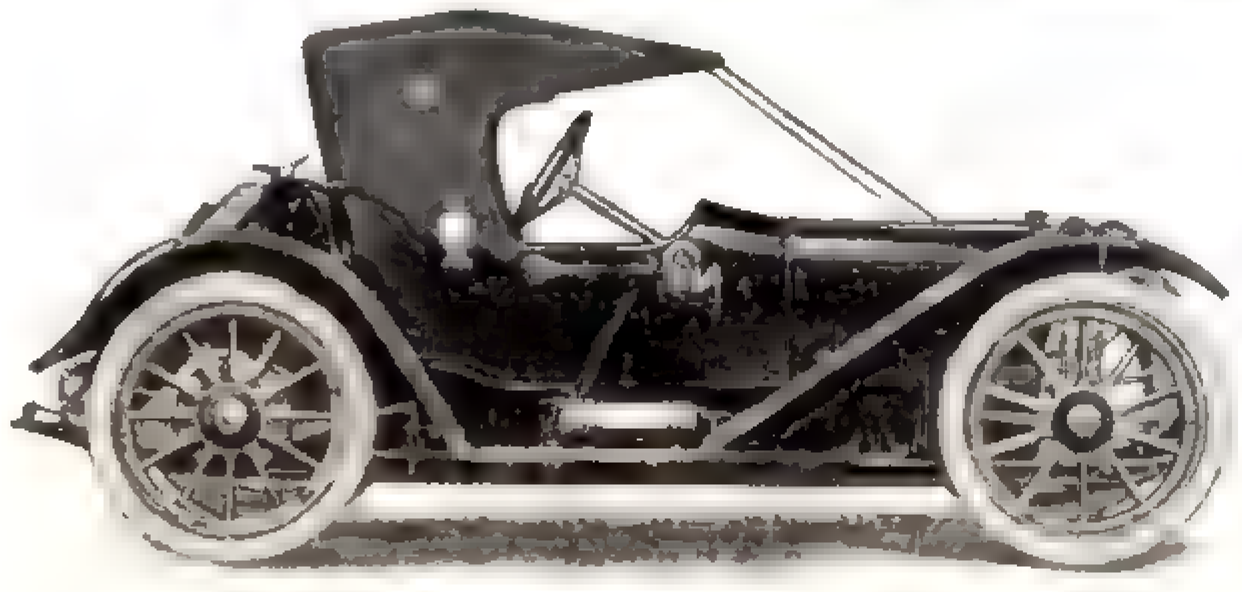
They have all the desirable and distinguishing marks of our exclusive "American" design and contain many unique but tried features in motor and chassis construction which have made the motor car trade and its engineers sit straight up and take notice.

The Underslung frame permits, quite aside from the stylish and striking appearance of the car, large wheels, which means low center of gravity, insuring a steady running car without side lash and undue strain on tires. It obviates driving the power at an angle, prevents turning turtle and the great tendency to skid possessed by all cars with an overslung frame.

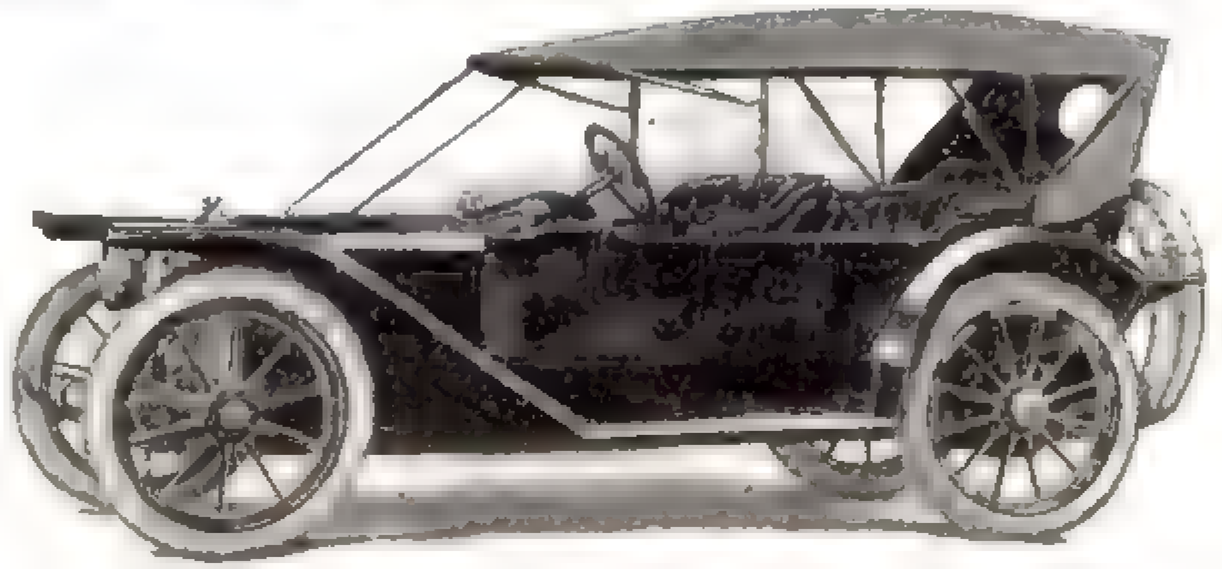
And all this too, mind you, with ample road clearance, fully as much as in other cars.

Before you buy a car of any kind you should investigate thoroughly the advantages of the "American" and the great safety and economy it means to you as an owner.

We have just issued a treatise on "Underslung Construction" which goes into the subject thoroughly. Write for it.



"American Scout" (Type 22), 2-Passenger—$1250



"American Traveler" (Type 54), 4-Passenger, 124-inch W. B.—$4250
Also made in 6-Passenger Body, 140-inch W. B.—$4500

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AMERICAN MOTORS COMPANY, Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.

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Woodbury's keeps the skin *active* and therefore healthy. It gradually gives it a clearness and radiance you can be proud of.

Woodbury's Facial *Soap* costs 25c. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. We are now making our twenty-fifth million cake.

Woodbury's Facial *Cream* is a clear, greaseless jelly, [illegible] and soothing. It is different from any you have ever used. 25c a tube.

Woodbury's Facial *Powder* is soft and fine, in four shades, and packed in a convenient double box with *free chamois*. 25c a package.

For 10c we send samples of all three. For 50c, we send the samples and a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and scalp.

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The one paper made expressly to give the best results from the average amateur negative.

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NEPERA DIVISION,
EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

LESSONS FROM OUR ALIEN FARMERS

(Continued from Page 22)

Because he is known as a sound and skillful orchardist he has the entire working of the orchards that he rents. His own apple orchard of one hundred and thirty acres is looked upon as a model. When it yields him forty thousand boxes of export apples he is pleased; when it returns fifty thousand boxes he is satisfied that his Dalmatian birth and training have been justified by his works.

Standing in the oldest orchard on the place, his jolly face glowing with frank pride, Mr. Lettunich declared:

"This orchard has never failed to produce a crop—never! If I were to fix a price on it according to the net return it has actually averaged for a term of years I'd have to ask several thousand dollars an acre—a price that would scare an Eastern man."

Mr. Lettunich is insistent on the fruit-making power of persistent cultivation. "Go at it deep at the start and let it grow lighter—but never shallower than four inches. But above all things never stop cultivating" is his rule. He holds that a good stable manure is about the best fertilizer that can be spread in an orchard. Like most Dalmatians in the Pajaro Valley, he is also as expert in the handling of his fruit as in the growing of it. To prevent bruising all of his apple-hauling is done with spring wagons. His Belleflowers are harvested in two pickings and are handled as gingerly as if they were eggs.

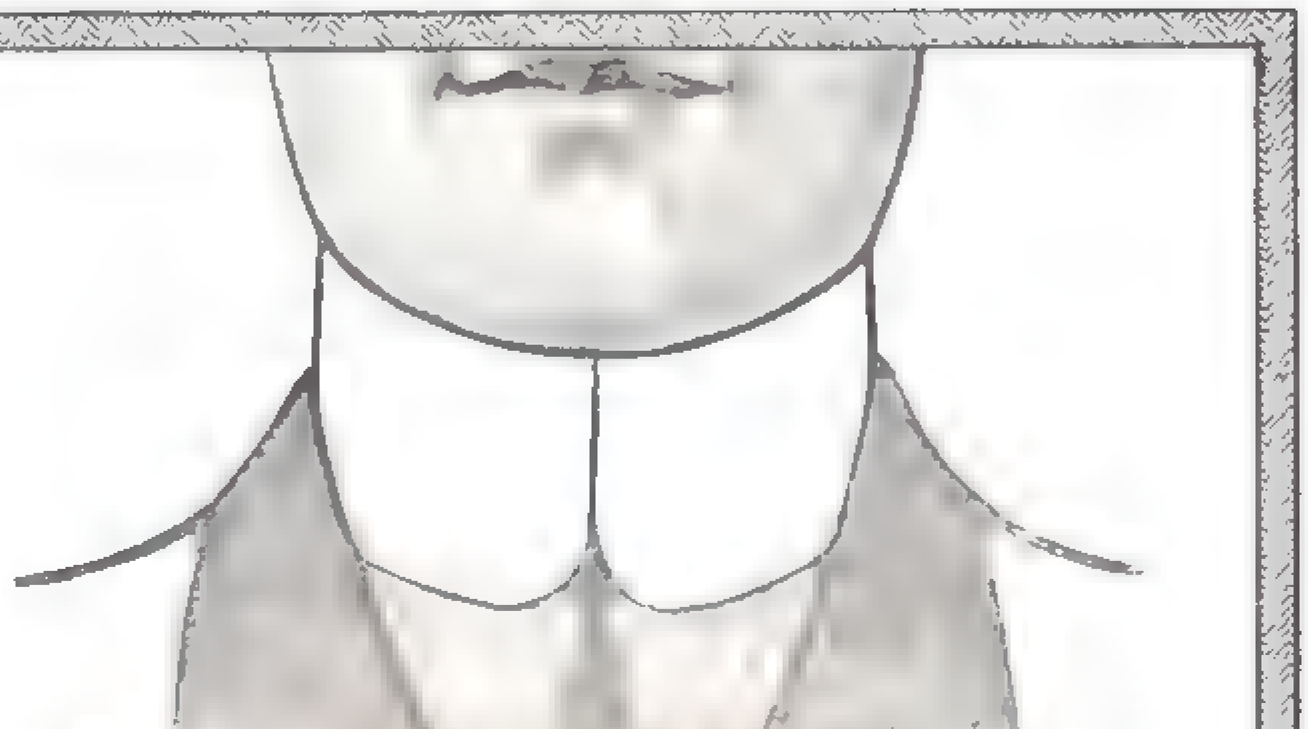
Thinning That Pays

"I want my own people to pick my fruit, because they handle an apple with a delicacy and a respect that few Americans seem to have. In Dalmatia we grow very fine fruit that is generally allowed to reach a more advanced stage of ripeness and maturity than is generally considered commercially practicable here. The result is that men of my country have an instinctively soft and careful touch in handling fruit that does not come naturally to the average American. This isn't so unimportant as it may seem. A tiny bruise in two or three apples in a box pulls down the standard of that box; and if the same thing is carried out through a whole shipment the result is decidedly bad. If every grower and picker and sorter would treat all the apples that come under his hand as if they were going into a prize carload, then the shipper would realize a standard that ought to be found at least in all export apples."

Getting incidental crops between orchard rows is not a striking feature of Dalmatian orcharding, because as a rule the Dalmatian does not take over an orchard until it is in full bearing and has passed the period when extensive interplanting is good practice. He rather puts full force on making the trees produce the largest possible crop of the highest possible quality. And he is always ready to sacrifice quantity to quality. His aim is to get the highest price paid in the foreign market, where only quality stands any chance. This makes him a severe and unsparing thinner. Probably no one lesson to be learned from the Dalmatians by the apple-grower of the Middle West and of the East could be made to pay larger dividends, if put into practice, than that of the relentless thinning of fruit according to the methods followed in the Pajaro Valley.

"In a good year," said one Dalmatian, "when there is a heavy set of fruit, it pays to throw about a third of it on the ground. You Americans don't seem to have the nerve to do this thoroughly. But two apples that are perfect are worth much more than three that are a little off from the standard. The tree can do only so much. Besides, the fruit that goes back into the ground is food returned to the tree for another season. I think nearly all of my countrymen are good thinners and that here is where they will beat the Americans every time."

The most distinctive thing in the Dalmatian's methods as an orchardist is his eternal vigilance. He never walks through an orchard with unseeing eyes. A single discolored leaf is sufficient to stop him for a more extended examination. If the bark or the foliage of a tree is a shade off color he gets after that tree to find out the cause of its variation, not only because he wishes to head



YOU men who would appreciate supreme collar satisfaction—who want a collar that will *retain* style and fit (throughout its life, equal to when you buy it)—try IDE SILVER COLLARS—try the new DELMAR.

Collars lose their shape and fit, become uncomfortable, as soon as a buttonhole stretches or tears but a trifle.

IDE SILVER COLLARS have the **Linocord Buttonholes** exclusively. They're easier-to-button and *they don't tear out.*

The newest shape, the DELMAR, is the straight-front that *does* meet close, because *baked* and so shaped in baking by our special **Vertiform Process** that it has the coveted straight-front effect. Has ample scarf space.

Here's the straight-front collar you have sought.

Ide Silver Brand Collars

1/4 Sizes

2 for 25¢

In Canada, 3 for 50c.

Write for "What's What," an illustrated authority on dress, and the clever story booklet, "What I Know About Laundries" (actual experiences

GEO. P. IDE & CO., 491 River Street, TROY, N. Y.

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LINOCORD BUTTONHOLES
Easier-to-Button and Unbutton
They Don't Tear Out
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Foster's IDEAL Spring

There is a science in the making of bed springs as in everything else.

To obtain the greatest comfort, the spring must conform to the body and support it with a springy, airy buoyancy. If the spring sags it causes discomfort—you toss and roll about—your sleep isn't restful. Foster's Ideal Spring is so constructed as to yield correctly under the weight of light and heavy persons. There is no sagging or rolling to the center. It keeps the body in a natural, healthful position, overcoming one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

If you want the most comfortable bed, you should take advantage of our thirty nights' free trial. Your money back if you are the least bit disappointed.

30 Nights Free Trial

Foster's Ideal Springs are strong. They are guaranteed for life.

They cost but little more than the ordinary spring.

FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO.
140 Broad Street
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Look For This Brass Name Plate On Every Foster Ideal Spring

Write for booklet and the names of our dealers nearest you who sell Foster's Ideal Springs on thirty nights' free trial.

Ask your dealer to show you Ideal Metal Bedsteads and Cribs.

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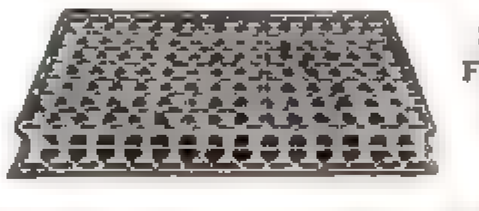

Sagging Unhygienic Spring

Foster's IDEAL Hygienic Spring

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$1.00 Celebrated "LENOX" Brands of Silk and Lisle Hosiery FOR MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN

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CLASS PINS AND BADGES

For College, School, Society or Lodge

pins here illustrated with any STERLING SILVER 25c each, $2.50 doz., SILVER PLATE 10c each $1.00 doz. BASTIAN BROS. CO., Dept. 608, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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NABISCO
Sugar Wafers
should be served.

Like the last delicate touches of the painter's brush, they add charm, delight, completion.

In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins

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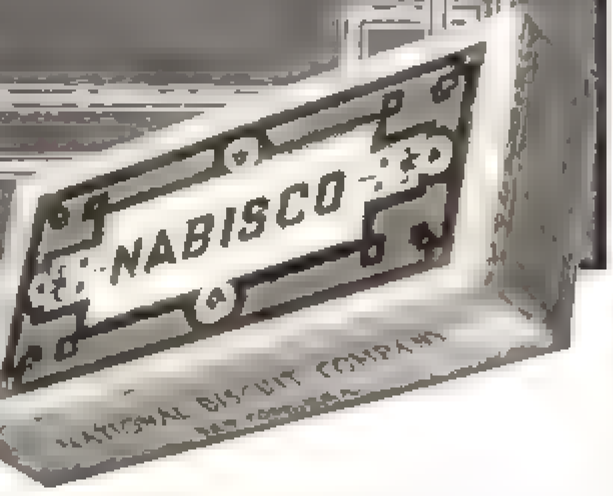

$1 English Knock-about Hat

A stylish, serviceable hat for dress or business. Get the English Felt [illegible] compact roll without damaging. Broad [illegible] side band. Would sell for $2 in most hat stores. Colors Black, Dark Gray Mixture, Brown Mixture, and White. Weight 4 ozs. Sent postpaid promptly on receipt of $1. State size and color wanted. Satisfaction guaranteed.

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A. 830 Broadway, New York City

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TOOTH BRUSH

A trial of just one week of the Rubero will convince [illegible] Pure Rubber [illegible] use. Order one to day, [illegible] If your druggist won't supply, send us the money.

Bowers Rubber Works, San Francisco

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Finest Guaranteed 1912 Models $10 to $27 [illegible] Puncture-Proof tires

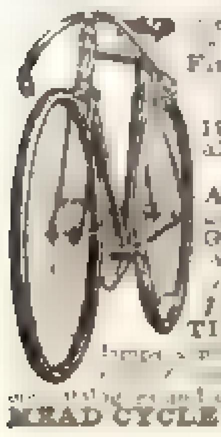
1910 and 1911 Models all of best makes $7 to $12

100 Second Hand Wheels
All makes and models, good as new $3 to $8

Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE We SHIP ON APPROVAL [illegible] *pay the freight* and allow *10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.*

TIRES coaster brake rear wheels, lamps [illegible] parts for all makes of bicycles [illegible] DO NOT BUY until you get our catalog and offer. Write now.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M-55, CHICAGO



Merrimack Duckling Fleece lends to negligees and housegowns the beauty they *ought* to have. The patterns are particularly attractive — each made in from 3 to 5 different color schemes.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Trademark

MERRIMACK DUCKLING FLEECE

Never more than 15c a yd.—27 ins. wide

Be sure you get the genuine Duckling Fleece. Look for the name Merrimack Duckling Fleece and the Duckling branded on the back of the selvage. If your dealer hasn't it, write us. Send for samples

MERRIMACK
MFG. CO.
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CHEAPER THAN BATTERIES

Motsinger D-C-Magneto fits and doubles the efficiency of gas or gasoline engines. Runs in either direction and makes a bigger spark than you could get from a set of new batteries. ☞ Write for special free information.

MOTSINGER CO., 674 Factory Street, Lafayette, Ind.

off any scourge from the orchard as a whole, but because his inherited traditions and his Old World training have instilled into him the value of the tree as an individual.

A ferret's nose is no keener for the scent of its natural prey than is the eye of a Dalmatian for the insect enemies of an orchard. He is always on the alert for them, overturning leaves and spying into tiny crevices of the bark. He may not know the scientific name of a new bug that enters appearance in his orchard, but he is sure to catch the advance scouts of the invaders and he watches them until he finds out what they are there for and how they operate.

In spraying and in cultivation the Dalmatians are thorough and generous. As a rule they use the most modern solutions and methods. Lime-and-sulphur spray is applied as a preventive against scale, and Bordeaux mixture is their favorite insecticide and scab preventive.

There is not a Dalmatian in the apple business, so far as one can find, who is not a living exponent of the fact that the best apple man is equally strong in the cultural and the business functions of his calling. Peter Mengol, of Watsonville, stands as a good representative of this racial characteristic. He has been able to coax twenty-five thousand boxes of export apples from twenty-five hundred trees in the season which is enough to indicate that he knows how to handle his trees. But his ability to pry open the lid of a foreign market is as pronounced as his capacity for producing a record crop. In fact, Peter Mengol might be called Apple Ambassador-at-Large to Europe. He specializes in Yellow Newtown Pippins, because they are the favorite apples in the English and European markets. Every year he goes to England and makes side trips to the Continent. As he personally handles a hundred carloads of export apples—about one-fifth of the Yellow Newtown Pippins consumed in England—he naturally feels that the market must be expanded and extended into all European countries. In his opinion the opening of the Panama Canal will permit Pacific Coast growers to land their apples in European markets at least thirty cents a box cheaper than they can now be put there.

Not an Apple-Core Wasted

No inquirer can trace the personal histories of the leading Dalmatians of the Pajaro district without being impressed with the uniformity in one important particular that their experiences present—that each of them has served a probation period in both the producing and the selling branches of the business under American conditions. The Dalmatian cannot be divorced from the idea that farming is a business, not a lopsided calling in which the art of production is nine-tenths of the game; and he is willing to serve time in both the selling and the producing of fruits—under the moderate stimulus of a laborer's paycheck—before he feels himself competent to start on his own hook.

Nearly all of the fifty-seven apple-evaporating furnaces in the Pajaro Valley are in the hands of Chinese, as are the apple canneries and cider and vinegar factories. Not even a paring or a core gets away from these thrifty people, who had their training for thrift in Old World poverty. They produce about sixteen hundred tons of evaporated apples every year, twenty-three thousand cases of canned apples and fifteen thousand barrels of cider and vinegar.

It is not the Dalmatian practice to go in debt for land. Usually the grower of that nationality prefers to use all his capital in renting orchards and in handling the crop. When he begins to accumulate a little surplus not needed for driving the wheels of his business he builds a good residence in town. But he is not content to remain permanently landless. After his bank account has attained a certain stage of fatness he generally anchors himself to the soil by acquiring a warranty deed for a choice ranch. Although there are now not more than two hundred Dalmatian families in Watsonville, it is likely that the time will come when most of the Pajaro orchards will be owned, instead of rented, by these survivors of the ancient Illyrian race.

"They'll have to do something with all their money," dryly remarked a native son. "They know more about orchards than anything else or anybody else, so I figure they'll buy the orchards. We always know what to do with ours—we can spend it."

It feels so good and wears so well

Velvetrib is *great* underwear to live in.

It has a pleasant, free feeling—though it fits like a glove.

It gives luxurious warmth—yet is as agreeable to the skin as the softest, silkiest gauze. No itchy irritation or bulkiness about

Velvetrib
Oneita Knit Underwear

It is knit of the finest Egyptian yarn in two closely interwoven layers and is alike on both sides. Thus, without coarseness of yarn or bulkiness of fabric, strength, warmth and velvety softness are obtained.

Velvetrib is remarkably durable. By actual test, Velvetrib shows 80 to 100% more tensile strength than other underwears of equal weight. That means double service.

Velvetrib is Guaranteed!

against irritation of the skin, shrinking, [illegible] tearing, bagging—or money back. Velvetrib is made of especially prepared Egyptian yarn. In medium and heavy weights for Men and Boys.

MEN'S Separate Garments, $1
Union Suits . . . $2
BOYS' Separate Garments, 50c
Union Suits . . . $1

Velvetrib Union Suits are Perfection in Fit and Comfort.

If your dealer doesn't sell Velvetrib, send us his name. We'll mail you booklet and sample of fabric and see that you are supplied.

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Refuse substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. *Send 10 cents for a sample box*

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The recent National Convention of the Children's Home Societies, held in Detroit, was reported on the noiseless Anderson

SHORTHAND TYPEWRITER

One stroke prints a word! 100 words a minute in six weeks without learning stenography

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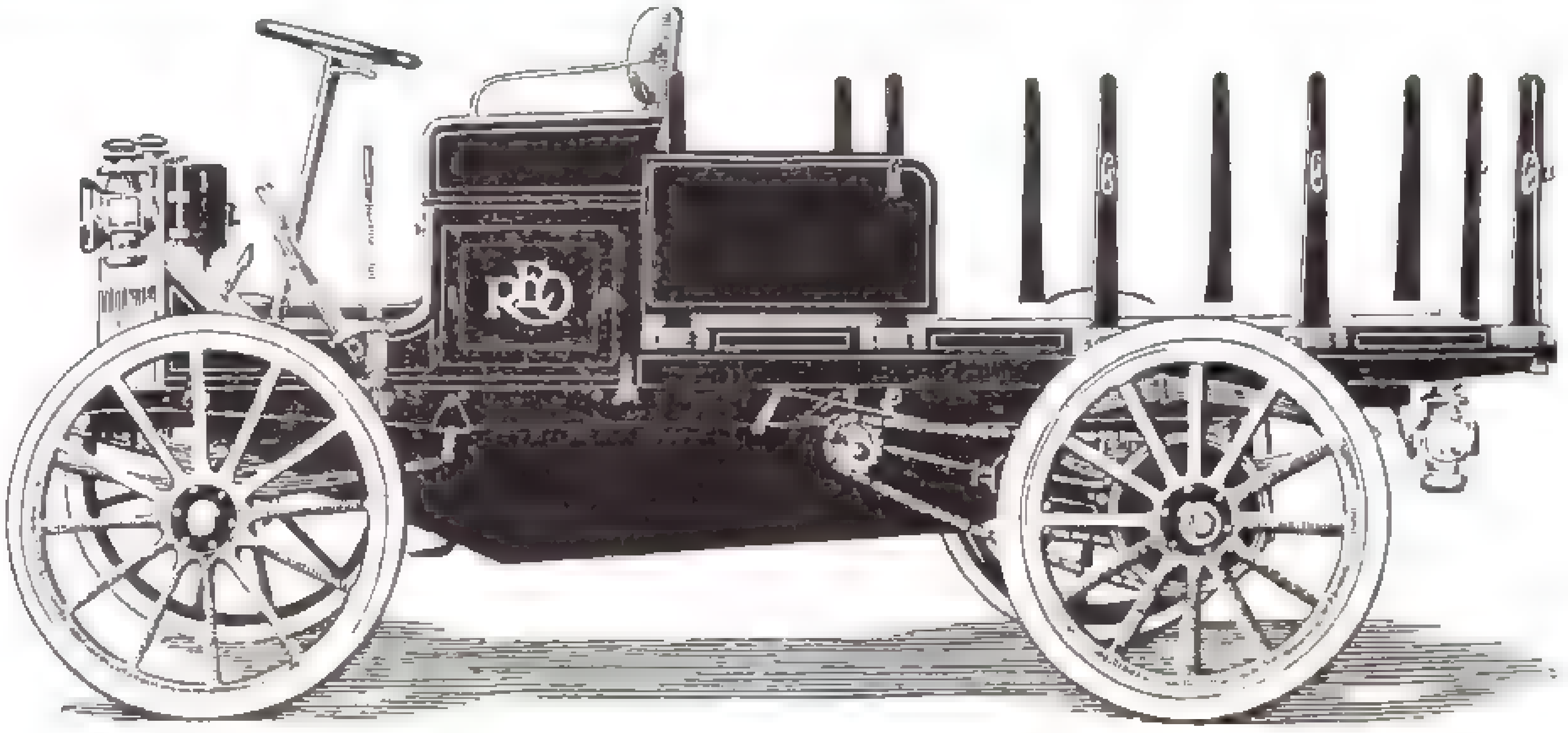

Wheel base, 90 inches

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Capacity, 1,500 pounds

Length behind seat, 6 feet

For Only $750

The Reo Light Delivery Truck, Designed by R. E. Olds. Does the Work of Three Horse-Drawn Trucks, at Less Than Half the Cost

By R. E. Olds

I have written a book—a practical book—for men who deliver goods. I want every such man to have it.

It gives figures and facts based on tests I've made with a thousand Reo trucks. It shows that horse deliveries, under average conditions, cost 2½ times what they cost with this truck.

It proves that this truck will save its cost in one year with any man who keeps it busy. When idle all cost is stopped. If you think that horse deliveries are going to continue I ask you to read this book.

The Perfect Truck

Lots of costly mistakes have been made in trucks built on a pleasure-car chassis, equipped with pleasure-car engines, sold at pleasure-car prices. They were not economical, not satisfactory. And a good many men have come to think that the horse-drawn truck will continue.

That is folly. Motor car designers have simply been too busy to solve the light motor truck question. In the next three years horse delivery is bound to be nearly wiped out.

I have designed what I regard as a perfect motor truck. I have tested a thousand of them, in fifty sections, in forty lines of business. And any man who learns what I know about it will never deliver by horse.

My 7-Year Motor

Almost the whole truck problem lies in the motor. A truck runs on solid rubber tires and the usual engine can't stand the jar. Most trucks are driven by unskilled helpers. The engine must be simple, must be trouble-proof.

I have built gasoline engines for 25 years. I built them for every purpose. For a dozen years I have built motor car engines. The past seven years have been largely spent in perfecting the engine in this truck.

It is radically different from my pleasure-car engines. It is built for moderate speed, for utter simplicity, for immense durability. Just give it gasoline and oil, and let it go. One never needs to think of it.

Let your delivery man drive it and care for it. No mechanic is necessary. It's less trouble by far than a horse.

1,000 Tests

Before committing myself in this way to this truck I have tested one thousand of them. The tests have now covered a year.

I have tried them on cobblestones and asphalt; in mud, clay, sand and snow. I have tried them in rural deliveries and in hilly towns. I have proved their economy in forty lines of business.

I had a milling concern, at one time, make an 18-day test against horse trucks. The horse truck in that time made 133 deliveries—the motor truck made 418. The horse covered 110 miles—the motor truck covered 560 miles.

I have carefully figured comparative costs on the basis of many tests. The average cost of running the Reo Motor Truck constantly is $84.90 per month. That includes a driver at $50 per month. It includes depreciation, painting and repairs, tire usage, gasoline and oil, and 6% interest on the investment.

The cost of running two horse-drawn trucks, figured in the same way, is $135.58 per month. That's 60% more than the cost of one truck. Yet two horses can cover only 50 miles daily. The truck can cover 70, used in the same way.

Then the truck costs nothing when it isn't busy. It is never fazed by the heat, never stopped by the snow. The average difference in cost is about three to one in favor of this motor truck. And it trebles one's range of delivery.

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We are selling this truck for $750—a seemingly impossible price. No other truck of like capacity has ever been offered anywhere near so low.

The reason is this. We are going to sell trucks on a business-like basis. We are going to sell trucks at a dray-wagon profit.

This is not an experiment—not any side issue. We have built and equipped a big, separate factory solely for these trucks. Its present capacity is 5,000 trucks per year. Our object is to quickly bring this output up to 20,000 trucks per year. The demand for these trucks, when men find them out, is bound to break all the motor car records. It is good business, we think, from the very start, to quote a minimum price—the lowest it ever can be.

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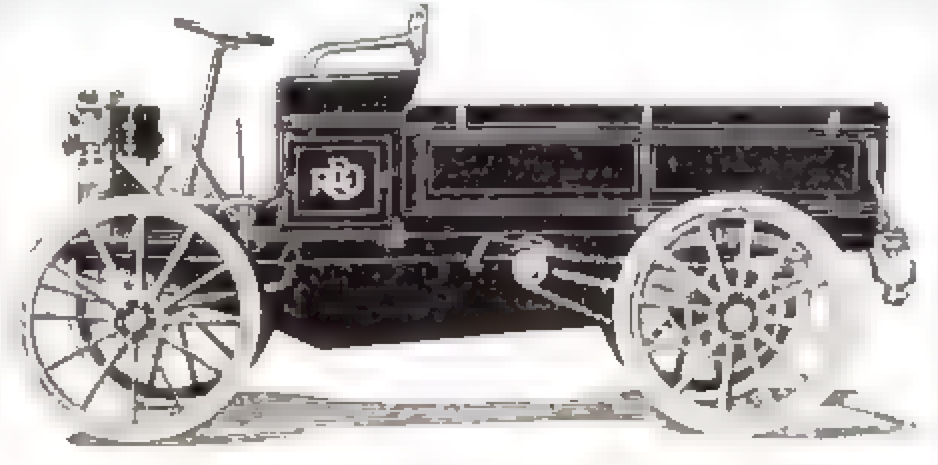

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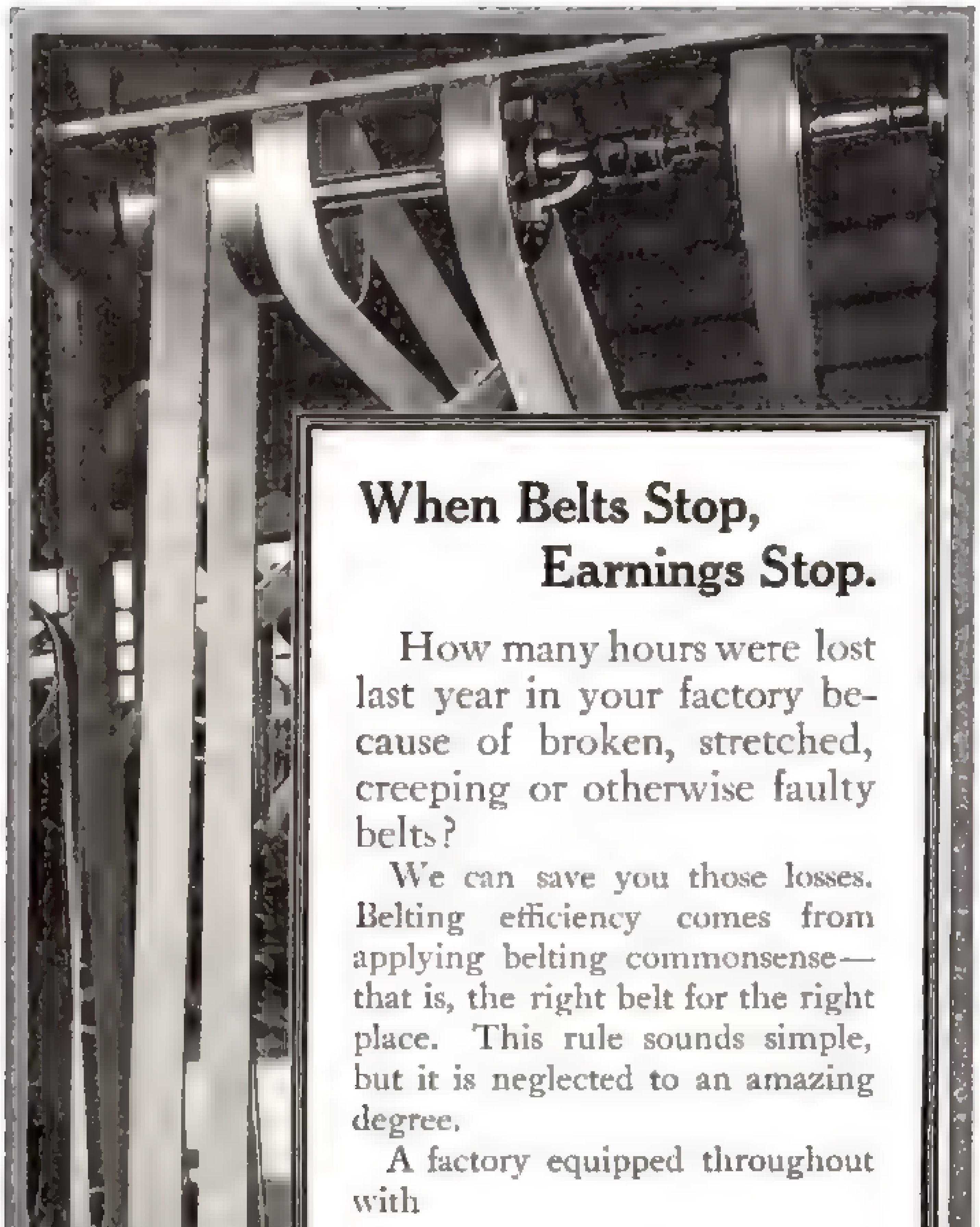

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chosen under the advice of our experts will show the highest possible transmission efficiency—an efficiency that will cut a big figure in the year's accounting.

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which tells how to solve difficult and peculiar transmission problems; the best methods of lacing belts; care of belts; how to figure horse-power, length and tensile strength of belting, etc. The book is free, as is also the advice of our experts on any transmission problem you may have to solve.

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FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

Continued from Page 25

view of his recent experiences, to become panic-stricken at a moment's notice.

"Of course, if anything happens you can reclaim the property," Gresham considered. "It forms its own security, but still, any one holding a private claim against Gamble might try to attach it and give you a nasty entanglement."

"There doesn't seem to be any danger of that," argued Courtney, looking worried, nevertheless. "He was able to show me an extremely clean bill of health. The only drawback I could find in his record was the payment of some debts which were not rightly his and which he might have evaded."

"Did he refer you to the Fourth National Bank?" inquired Gresham quietly.

"No. Say, Gresham, what have you up your sleeve? Gamble paid me fifteen thousand dollars this morning, as per agreement. I would scarcely think he would risk that much money on a bluff."

"He paid you the fifteen thousand, then?" said Gresham with a smile. "Mr. Courtney, one does not like to mix in these affairs; but you and my father were friends and, though I regret to do so, I feel it my duty to advise you to call up the Fourth National Bank."

"Thanks!" gratefully acknowledged Courtney, and hurried down to the telephone booth. He came back in a few moments, and his manner was distinctly cool. "I 'phoned to Mr. Close," he stated. "He tells me that an attachment was laid against Mr. Gamble's account at his bank yesterday for fifteen thousand dollars, and was returned to the server marked 'no funds'; but that this morning the executor of Mr. Gamble's interests in the Gamble-Collaton Irrigation Company deposited fifteen thousand dollars for the specific purpose of meeting this attachment, with a statement that Mr. Gamble knew nothing of the claim. Mr. Close informs me that he believes this statement implicitly; and that, though he could not, of course, guarantee Mr. Gamble's solvency, he would take Mr. Gamble's unsupported word on any proposition. I have known Joe Close for years, and I never knew him to be so enthusiastic about any man who possessed no negotiable securities. I thank you for your well-intentioned interference in my behalf, Mr. Gresham, but I think I shall cling to Mr. Gamble nevertheless."

"I certainly should if I were in your place," Gresham hastily assured him with such heartiness as he could assume. "I am delighted to learn that the rumor I heard of Mr. Gamble's insolvency is unfounded."

"By-the-way, where did you hear the rumor?" inquired Courtney with a frown.

"Really, I've forgotten," Gresham confessed.

"One should not forget such things if one repeats such rumors," Courtney reproved him.

Gresham went away both puzzled and annoyed. It was three o'clock before he found Collaton; and that featureless young man, whose lack of visible eyebrows and lashes was a constant annoyance to the fastidious Gresham, was in a high state of elation.

"Well, we get back your fifteen thousand," he exulted after they were safely in Gresham's apartments. "Of course Jacobs gets five thousand for engineering the deal, but that gives us five thousand apiece. Jacobs was told—about eleven o'clock—that the money was there."

"Keep my share; but why didn't you send me word?" snarled Gresham. "I nearly put my foot in it by having a man with whom Gamble is doing business inquire about him at the Fourth National. In place of injuring his credit, we've strengthened it."

"Good work!" approved Collaton. "I hope he makes all kinds of money."

"I don't!" snapped Gresham. "Did you read the papers this morning?"

"I read the racing and baseball returns."

"There was more to interest you in the news. Gamble has a big hotel proposition on—and I want it stopped. Can you get another attachment against him for about fifty thousand dollars?"

"It's risky!" And Collaton looked about him furtively. "It is easy enough to fake an old note for money ——"

"You must not say 'fake' to me. I will not countenance any crooked business."

"To dig up an old note for money I am supposed to have borrowed and spent ——"

"Not supposed."

"For money I borrowed and spent on the work out there and have a quiet suit entered by one of my pet assistants in Fliegel's court, have the summons served on me and confess judgment; but I've already milked that scheme so dry that I'm afraid of it."

"You're afraid of everything," Gresham charged him with the scorn one coward feels for another. "Your operations out there were spread over ten thousand acres of ground; and it would take a dozen experts six months, without any books or papers to guide them, to make even an approximate estimate of your legitimate expenditures."

"I don't know," hesitated Collaton with a shake of his head—"I only touched the high places in the actual work out there. I believe I was a sucker at that, Gresham. If I had buckled down to it, like Gamble does, we could have made a fortune out of that scheme. He's a wonder!"

"He has wonderful luck," corrected Gresham. "I tried my best to scare Courtney away from him with that attachment, but he insisted on clinging to his Johnny Gamble; so we'll hand him enough of Johnny by laying a fifty-thousand-dollar attachment against his property."

"You're a funny cuss," said Collaton, puzzled. "If you wanted to soak him for this fifty thousand why did you try to scare Courtney off?"

"Can't you understand that I'm not after the money?" demanded Gresham. "I've explained that to you before. I want Gamble broke, discredited, and so involved that he can never transact any business in New York."

"What's he done to you?" inquired Collaton. "He must be winning a stand-in with your girl."

"My private affairs are none of your concern!" Gresham indignantly flared.

"All right, governor," assented Collaton a trifle sullenly. "I'll fake that note for you tonight; and ——"

"I told you I would not have anything to do with any crooked work," Gresham sharply reprimanded him.

"Oh, shut up!" growled Collaton. "You give me the cramps. You're a worse crook than I am!"

VIII

ON WEDNESDAY morning Mr. Courtney, sitting as rigidly at his desk as if he were in church, was handed the card of Morton Washer. He laid the card face down and placed a paper-weight on it, as if he feared it might get away. He turned a callous eye upon his secretary and, in his driest and most husky tones, directed:

"Tell Mr. Washer I will see him in five minutes."

During that five minutes Mr. Courtney signed letters as solemnly as a judge pronouncing a death-sentence. At last he paused and looked at himself for a solid half minute in the bookcase mirror across from his desk. Apparently he was as mournful as an undertaker, but at the end of the inspection his mouth suddenly stretched in a wide grin, which bristled the silver-white beard upon his cheeks; his eyes screwed themselves up into knots of jovial wrinkles and he winked—actually winked—at his reflection in the glass! Thereupon he straightened his face and sent for Morton Washer.

Mr. Washer, proprietor of two of the largest hotels in New York, and half a dozen enormous winter and summer places looked no more like a Boniface than he did like a little girl on Communion Sunday. He was a small, wispy, waspish fellow with a violently upright raging pompadour, a mustache which, in spite of careful attempts at waxing, persisted in sticking straight out, and a sharp, hard nose which had apparently been tempered to a delicate purple.

"Hear you've revived your hotel project," he said to Mr. Courtney.

"No," denied Courtney. "Sold the property."

"I know," agreed Mr. Washer with absolute disbelief. "What'll you take for it?"

"I told you it was sold. Here's the contract." And, with great satisfaction, Courtney passed over the document.

"Two million six hundred and fifty!" snorted Washer. "That's half a million more than it's worth."

"You told my friends you intended to buy the railroad plot at three and a half," Courtney gladly reminded him.

"It's four hundred feet deep."

"You said you only wanted two hundred feet square, which is the size of this plot—and this is an equally good location."

"I know," admitted Washer, contemptuous of all such trifles. "What will you take for the property—spot cash?"

"It's sold, I tell you. If you want to buy it see Mr. Gamble."

"Who's Gamble?"

"The man who is organizing the Terminal Hotel Company."

"How much stock has he subscribed?"

"You will have to see Mr. Gamble about that."

"Did you take any?"

"Half a million."

"Humph! You could afford to. Now give me the straight of it, Courtney: Is it any use to talk to you?"

"Not a bit. You'll ——"

"I know. I'll have to see Mr. Gamble! Well, where do I find him?"

Mr. Courtney kindly wrote the address on a slip of paper. Mr. Washer looked at it with a grunt, stuffed it in his vest pocket and slammed out of the door. Mr. Courtney winked at himself in the glass. Old Mort Washer would try to take advantage of him, to the extent of an eighth of a million dollars, would he! Make his old friend Courtney take an eighth of a million less than he paid, eh? Mr. Courtney whistled a merry little tune.

Fifteen minutes later, Old Mort Washer bounced into Loring's office.

"Mr. Gamble?" he popped out.

Both gentlemen turned to him, but Loring turned away.

"I'm Gamble," stated that individual.

"I'm Morton Washer."

Since Mr. Gamble was aware of that fact and was expecting this visit, he betrayed no surprise.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Washer?" he inquired.

"Are you taking bona-fide subscriptions to your Terminal Hotel Company?"

"No other kind interests me."

"How nearly is your company filled?"

"Why do you want to know? Do you figure on taking some stock?"

"No."

"What do you want?"

"Your price on the property. Will you sell it?"

"Of course I will—at a profit."

"How much?"

"Two million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Keep it!" snapped Washer, and started for the door.

"Much obliged," returned Johnny cheerfully, and returned to his combination daybook, journal, ledger and diary. "Ashley, I put in four hours' overtime, Monday. Do I enter that on the debit or credit side?"

Loring stifled a snicker.

"I think I'd open a separate account for that," he solemnly advised.

"I say," renewed Washer, returning one pace, "who are some of your prospective stockholders?"

"Close, of the Fourth National, is one; Mr. Courtney is another; Colonel Bouncer is another. I have more."

"Thanks!" snapped Washer. "I'll give you two and a half millions for that property."

"I'd rather finance the Terminal Hotel. Let me show you a perspective sketch of it, Mr. Washer," and he opened the drawer of his desk.

"You'll have to excuse me," blurted Mr. Washer. "Good day!" and he was gone.

"I didn't know you had Close," commented Loring in surprise. "How did you hypnotize him?"

"Showed him a profit. Mr. Courtney told me last night that Close boosted me yesterday, so I sold him some stock this morning. Say, Loring, how did you square that fifteen thousand attachment?"

"None of your business," said Loring.

Mr. Washer rushed in to see Mr. Close.

"I see you've subscribed for stock in the Terminal Hotel Company," he observed. "To accommodate a client?"

"No; because I thought it would be a good investment," Mr Close informed him, turning up the edge of a piece of paper and creasing it as carefully as if it had been money. "Of course I would not care to have my action influence others."

"Do you think Gamble can fully organize such a company?"

"I think so," stated Mr. Close. "Understand, I do not recommend the investment, and my stock is subscribed only on condition that he obtains his full quota of capital."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"A very reliable young man, I believe," responded Mr. Close, carefully testing an ink-eaten steel penpoint to see if it was really time for it to be thrown away. "Of course I could not state Mr. Gamble to be financially responsible, but personally I would trust him. I would not urge or even recommend any one to take part in his projects; but personally I feel quite safe in investing with him, though I would not care to have that fact generally known, because of the influence it might have. Perhaps you had better see some of the other subscribers."

"No, I've seen enough," announced Mr. Washer. "Thanks!" and he dashed out of the door.

Ten minutes later he was in Loring's office again.

"Now, name your bottom price for that property," he ordered.

"Two million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars," obliged Johnny with careful emphasis upon each word.

"It's too much money."

"Don't buy it, then," advised Johnny, smiling quite cheerfully.

"Come on; let's close it up," offered Washer resignedly. "I might have to pay more if I waited."

"All right," said Johnny. "It's a bargain, then?"

"It's a bargain—confound it!" agreed Mr. Washer quite affably, now that the struggle was over. "Where do we go?"

"To Mallard & Tyne's office," replied Johnny. "We'll all get together and wind it right up—and Mr. Courtney, Mallard & Tyne, the six original owners and myself will all take a piece of your two and three-quarter millions."

"I ought to take a bodyguard," grinned Washer; "but I'll chance it. Come on."

While the foregoing was in progress Constance Joy was entertaining Paul Gresham, who had the effrontery to drop in for lunch. Of course the conversation turned to Johnny Gamble. Neither of them could avoid it. They had reached the point where Gresham was angry and Constance was enjoying herself.

"I have great faith in him," she was saying. "He has a wonderful project under way just now."

"And he doesn't care who suffers by it," charged Gresham, furious that she should be so well informed. "You'll see that he'll involve Courtney's property with some of his old debts."

Constance's eyes widened.

"Do you think so?" she inquired as quietly as possible.

"Of course he will. His creditors are certain to take advantage of this immediately. I warned Courtney."

She hastily arose and went into the hall.

"Oh, Aunt Pattie!" she called up the stairs. "Mr. Gresham is here." Then to Gresham: "You'll excuse me for a little while, won't you? Aunt Pattie is coming down."

Five minutes after Johnny and Mr. Washer had gone, Constance Joy came into the office with carefully concealed timidity. Her manner was coldly gracious and self-possessed, and her toilette was perfect; but she carried one ripped glove.

"Is Mr. Loring in?" she asked with perfect assurance and also with suddenly accelerated dignity; for the stenographer was really quite neat-looking—not pretty, you know, but neat.

"He has just gone out," replied the stenographer with tremendous sweetness. Anybody could look pretty in expensive clothes like Constance Joy's.

There was a moment's hesitation.

"Is Mr. Gamble in?"

The girl smiled quite brightly.

"Mr. Gamble has just gone out," she stated, and smiled again. She was not at all pretty when she smiled—not by any means—neat, though.

"Could you tell me where I would be likely to find Mr. Loring?" asked Constance stiffly.

"Haven't the slightest idea," answered the girl happily, and gave her hair a touch. Ah! there was a rip under her sleeve!

"Do you know where Mr. Gamble has gone?" and Constance was suddenly pleasant through and through.

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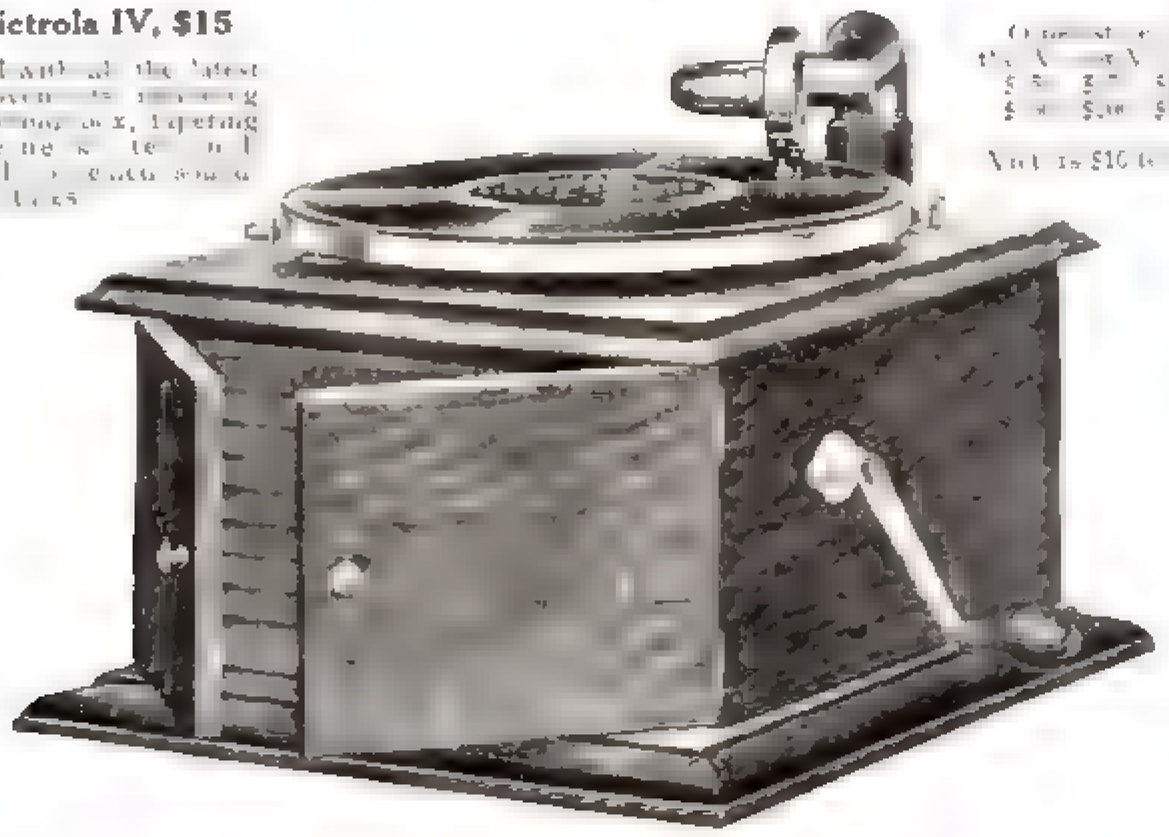

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"Mr. Gamble?" repeated the girl, wondering at the sudden sweetness, and suspicious of it. "Oh, Mr. Gamble has gone over to the office of Mallard & Tyne. He's likely to be back in a few minutes. He's in and out a great deal, but he seldom stays out of the office long at a time."

"Thank you," said Constance hastily, reflecting that there was a public telephone booth in the drug store on the corner, so she need not inquire the address of Mallard & Tyne.

Mr. Gamble, Mr. Courtney and Mr. Washer were in Mr. Mallard's private office, with that acutely earnest real-estate gentleman, when a boy came in to advise Mr. Gamble that he was wanted on the 'phone. Johnny Gamble had never heard the voice of Constance over a thin wire, but he recognized it in an instant; and he hitched his chair six inches closer to the instrument. He gave her a fool greeting, which he tried to remember afterward so that he could be confused about it; but Constance wasted no time in preliminaries.

"Have you any property which could be attached?" she wanted to know.

"Just at the present minute I have," he admitted. "I shall have a nominal title in a big building plot, for a day or two—or until the necessary papers can be signed."

"You mustn't wait!" she hastily ordered him. "You must get rid of it right this minute."

"I'll burn it up if you don't like it," he heartily promised her. "What's the matter with it?"

"It isn't safe for you to have it an instant. I've wasted so much time trying to find Polly or Loring, so that they could warn you, that we haven't time to explain. Just get rid of it immediately—can't you?"

"I can do anything you say," he earnestly informed her, hitching his chair closer. There was only an inch left, but he took that. "You'll explain to me tonight what all this is about, won't you?"

"You may come, but you mustn't ask questions."

"I'll be there as soon as I'm through here," he promptly informed her.

"Not so early," she protested, panic-stricken. "I have a caller just now. You must hurry, Mr. Gamble."

"Yes; I will" and he tried to hitch his chair closer. "You're telephoning from the house, then?"

"No-o-o-o!" and he thought he detected a stifled snicker. "I left him with Aunt Pattie and slipped out for a minute."

Him! Him, eh? And she had slipped out to telephone her friend Johnny the bit of hot information!

He covered the transmitter with his hand to turn aside and smile. This was a pleasant world after all!

"Many, many thanks!" he jubilated. "I think I'll arrange a little dinner of jollification tonight and hand you the official score. I'll have the Colonel, and Mr. Courtney, and Polly, and ——"

"You may call me up and tell me about it as soon as you get that property off your hands," she interrupted him.

"All right," he reluctantly agreed. "You'll come to the dinner, won't you?"

"Well, I have a partial engagement," she hesitated.

"Then you'll come," he exultantly knew.

"Maybe," she replied. "Hurry!"

He declared that he would—but he was talking into a dead 'phone.

"I guess I'll hurry," he decided, and stalked into Mallard's room. "Look here, fellows. Can't we cut this thing short?" he suggested. "There's no use in Mr. Courtney's completing his purchase from Mallard & Tyne, or me mine from Mr. Courtney, or Mr. Washer his from me. All that poppycock is just to conceal our profits. What Mr. Washer wants is the ground; and Courtney and I want half a million dollars, besides the eighth of a million Mr. Courtney had already invested. Mr. Washer, give Courtney your check for five-eighths of a million and both Courtney and I will tear up our contracts and give you the pieces. Then you settle with Mallard & Tyne for two and an eighth millions."

"Look here, Courtney, is this a put-up job between you and Gamble?" demanded Washer.

"No," returned Courtney with that rarely seen smile of his; "it's only the finish of that job you put up on me when you persuaded my friends to drop out of my hotel company."

Washer looked petulant. Johnny Gamble patted him on the shoulder.

"Cheer up," he said—"but hurry. If you don't hurry I'll sell you some stock in my Terminal Hotel Company."

"Give me some papers to sign," ordered Washer, producing his checkbook.

IX

GRESHAM met the Colonel and Courtney on Broadway in full regalia just as they were turning in at the newest big café to dine.

"I'm sorry to tell you, Mr. Courtney, that my warning of this noon was not unfounded," he remarked. "Perhaps, however, you already know it."

"No; I don't," returned Courtney, eying the correctly dressed Gresham with some dissatisfaction. "I'm not even sure of what you mean."

"About a certain man with whom you are doing business."

"Oh—Gamble?"

"What's the matter with Gamble?" bristled the Colonel.

"Why, Gresham hinted to me this morning that Gamble had financial obligations he could not meet," explained Courtney. "It seems that he met them, however."

"Of course he did!" snorted the Colonel.

"I hadn't intended to make the matter public property," stated Gresham with an uncomfortable feeling that he was combating an unassailable and unaccountable prejudice.

"Bless my soul, you're succeeding mighty well!" blurted the Colonel. "Now, tell us all you know about my friend Gamble. Out with it!"

"I beg you to understand, Mr. Courtney, that I am inspired by a purely friendly interest," insisted Gresham with very stiff dignity. "I thought it might be of value for you to know—if you were not already informed—that an attachment for fifty thousand dollars upon Mr. Gamble was laid against your Terminal Hotel property this afternoon."

Mr. Courtney paused to consider.

"At what time was this attachment issued?"

"At three-thirty, I was informed."

Mr. Courtney's reception of that important bit of news was rather unusual in consideration of its gravity. He threw back his head and laughed; he turned to the Colonel and, putting his hand upon his old friend's shoulder, laughed again; he put his other hand upon Gresham's shoulder and laughed more. The Colonel was a slower thinker. He looked painfully puzzled for a moment—then suddenly it dawned upon him, and he laughed uproariously; he punched his old friend Courtney in the ribs and laughed more uproariously; he punched Gresham in the ribs and laughed most uproariously.

"Why, bless my heart, boy!" he explained for Courtney. "At two-thirty, neither Courtney nor Johnny Gamble owned a penny's worth of interest in the Terminal Hotel site, if that's the property you mean—and of course you do."

"No," laughed Courtney. "At that hour we sold it outright to Morton Washer for a cool half-million profit, which my friend Johnny and I divide equally. I saw him make the entry in his book. He has twenty-four hours in which to loaf on that remarkable schedule of his. Johnny Gamble is a wonderful young man!"

"Who's that's such a wonderful young man?" snapped a jerky little voice. "Johnny Gamble? You bet he is! He skinned me!"

Turning, Courtney grasped the hands of lean little Morton Washer and of wiry-faced Joe Close.

"We're all here now except the youngsters and the ladies," said Courtney, counting noses. "Possibly they're inside. Coming in, Gresham?"

"No, I think not," announced Gresham sickly. "Who's giving the party?"

"Johnny Gamble," snapped Washer. "It's in honor of me!"

A limousine drove up just then. In it were sweet-faced Mrs. Parsons—Polly's mother by adoption—Polly, Loring and Sammy Chirp, the latter gentleman being laden with the wraps of everybody but Loring.

Just behind the limousine was a taxi. In it were Aunt Pattie Borden, Constance Joy and Johnny Gamble. Gresham, who had held a partial engagement for the evening, went to his club instead.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by George Randolph Chester. The third will appear next week

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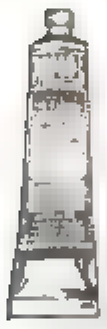

AGENTS

MEN AND WOMEN 100 PER CENT PROFIT

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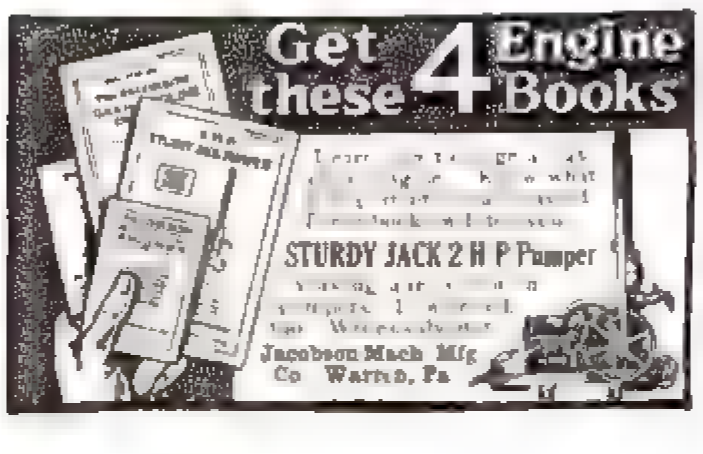

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STURDY JACK 2 H P Pumper

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Look for it

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To Jewelers

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Prices

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M'f'rs of famous Gruen Watches since 1876
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To Users

[illegible]

A few of the Jewelers in the Larger Cities, selling Gruen "Precision — Verithin" Watches

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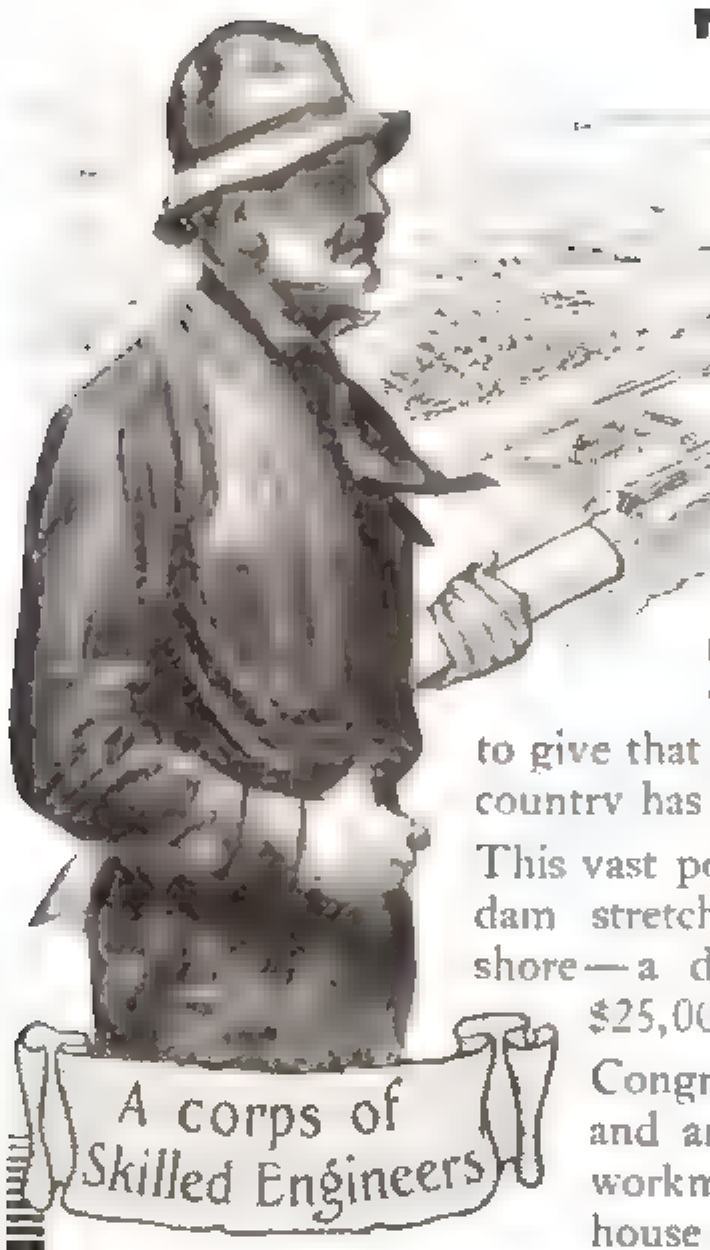
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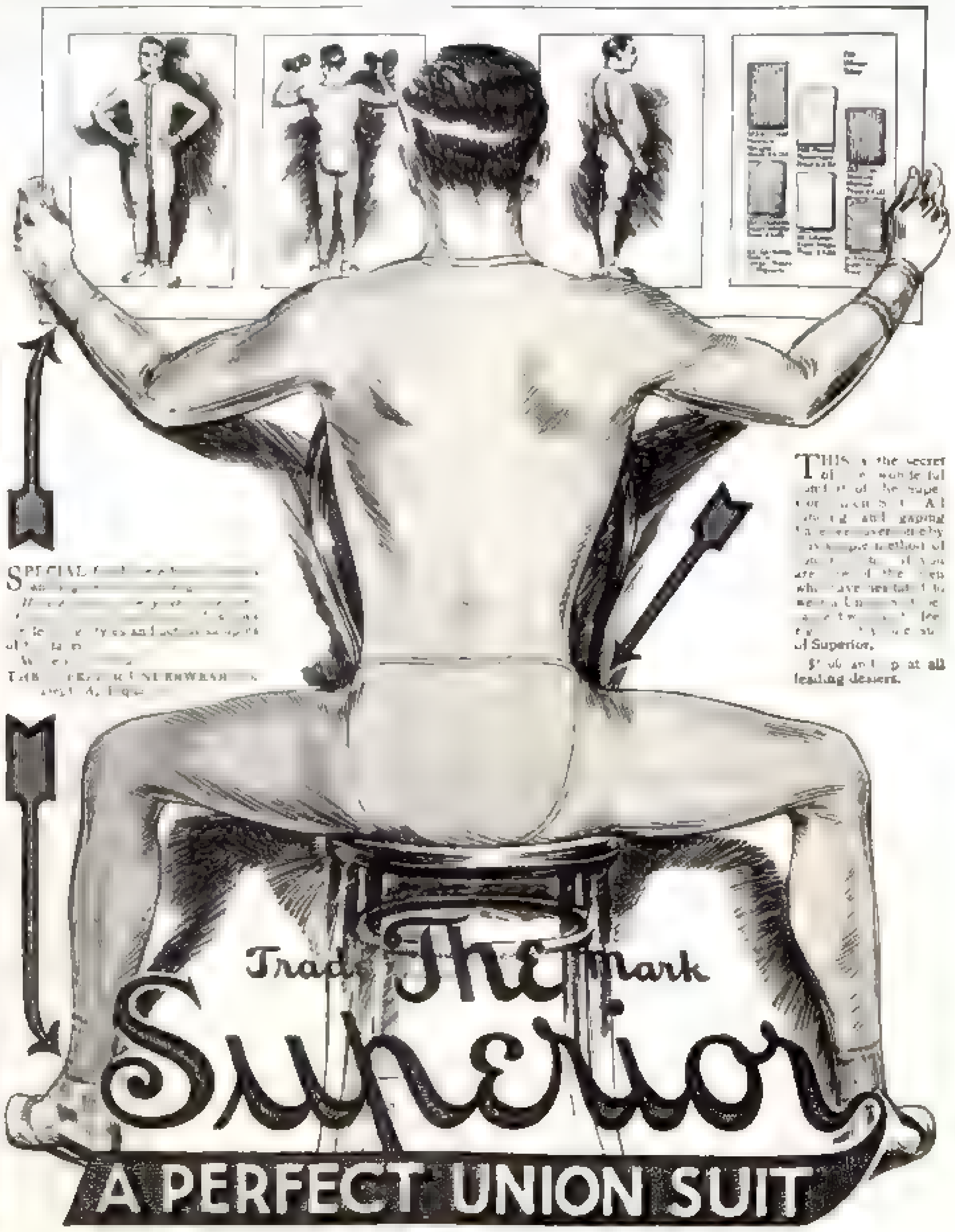

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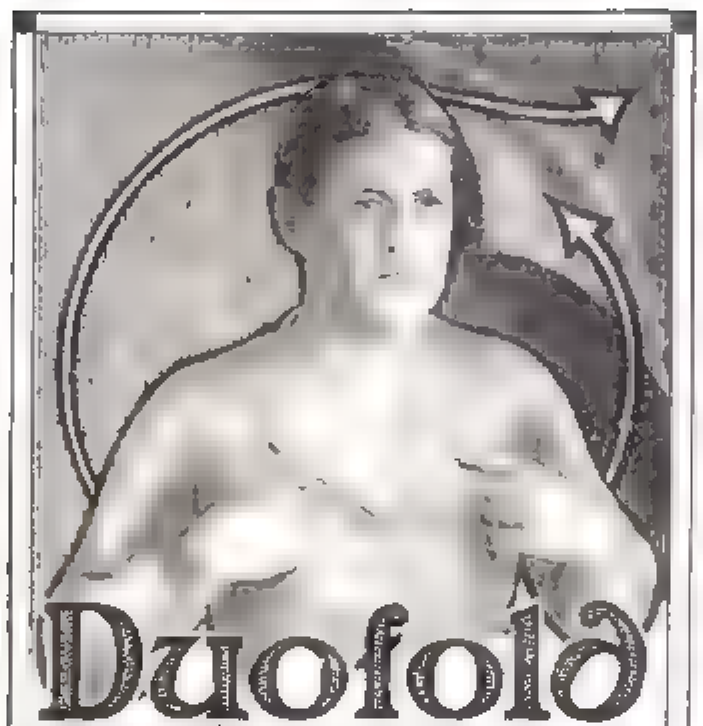
THIS is the secret of [illegible] wonderful [illegible] of the Superior [illegible] All [illegible] and gaping [illegible] of Superior.

$[illegible] and up at all leading dealers.

The Superior

A PERFECT UNION SUIT



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A sheep wears his wool on the outside. That's where it is in **Duofold.**

The inner fabric hasn't a thread of wool in it. Only fine cotton or silk touches you. The wool is in the outer fabric. Two light-weight fabrics in one, with air space between the wool and cotton, and the two fabrics together weigh less than the ordinary thick one.

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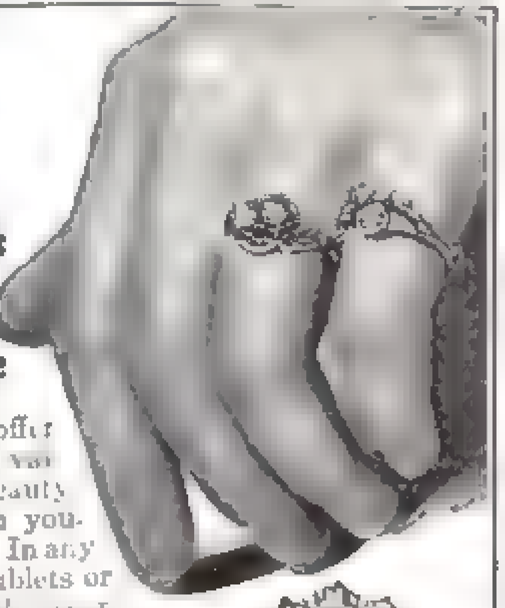

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Sharpens and Keeps Sharp Any Razor in the World OLD Style or SAFETY

[illegible]

C. BRANDT CUTLERY CO., 84 West Broadway, New York

THE BIG IDEA

(Continued from Page 19)

Mr. Soule strove to speak, but for a moment he could only clutch his beard tightly and glare down at the crumpled heap of papers. There were about thirty of them he judged. His one extravagance was an inordinate use of fine-cut chewing tobacco; and, as he suffered at times from heartburn resulting from that habit, he thought he had heart disease and always strove to control himself.

"Are you an idiot?" he inquired with painful self-restraint as he tremulously stroked his beard. "Don't you see—don't you see, you fool—that I don't owe Humphrey anything? I owe my debts to my creditors."

"Why, Humphrey's got a due and legal assignment of 'em. He showed it to me himself when I asked him about it," Lute replied in a shocked tone, as though he had detected Mr. Soule in a falsehood. "It's got your signature, plain as day. Now, you see, if I owe you ten dollars and you owe Ed Dowd ten dollars ——"

A quarter of an hour later Lute was gazing sorrowfully down at the heap of crumpled papers. "I'm surprised, Mr. Soule, and I'm mighty sorry, too, to see you takin' the attitude you do," he said in meek reproach. "These people"—he nodded at the heap—"will be mighty disappointed. You see, I've give every one of 'em a receipt in full as your collectin' agent. If you force 'em to go into court you can't expect they won't lay it up against you. I've collected over five hundred dollars for you and you oughta pay me the five-per-cent commission you promised. You really owe it to me, Anson! It's plain as the nose on your face. You see, if I owe you ten dollars and you owe Ed Dowd ten dollars ——"

The proprietor laid a trembling hand on Lute's arm and interrupted him in an unsteady voice. "I've got a weak heart; but I've got a ax-handle right behind me too. If you go over that once more I won't be responsible for the consequences."

Lute was about to reply, but the office door opened and two farmers stepped in. One held a printed strip of paper signed by E. Addison Humphrey; the other held a note signed by Anson Soule representing money which he had left in that gentleman's hands at interest. He frowned at Mr. Soule in a threatening manner, and Lute surmised that something or other had inspired him with doubt as to the state of Anson's credit.

Lute, therefore, discreetly withdrew, and proceeded to Mr. Colvard's implement warehouse for the purpose of reporting his success in collecting accounts.

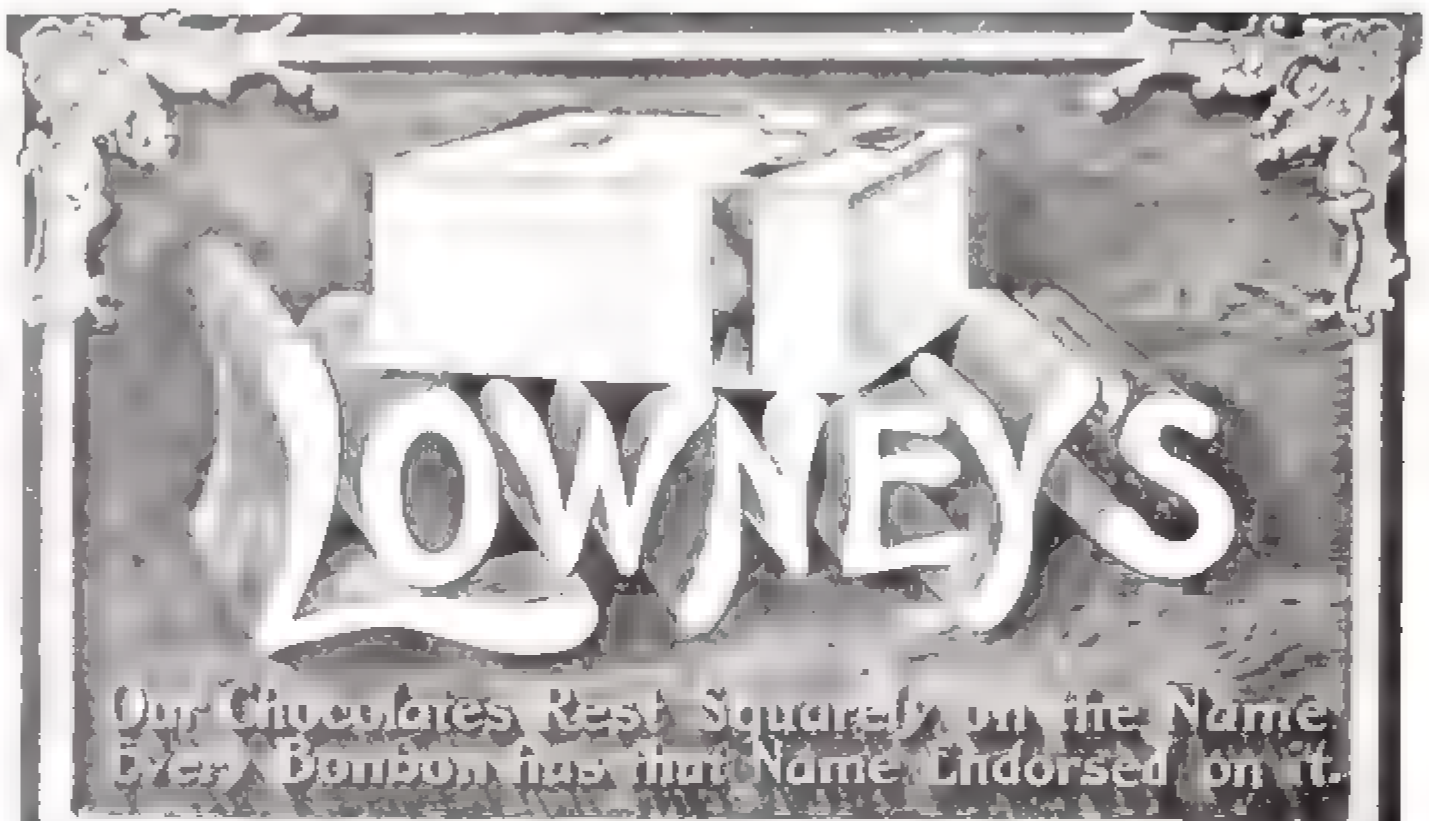
From Mr. Colvard's he went uptown to Benjamin Stubbs' drygoods store, from which he emerged about half past ten, clearing the cement walk in a single leap. Landing in the gutter, he fortunately stumbled and thus escaped being brained by the stool which Mr. Stubbs hurled at him from the store door.

"I'll ten-dollars you, you idiot!" the maddened merchant yelled as he charged across the walk. His short, fat legs, however, were no match for Lute's. By the time he reached the Vale House crossing Lute was half a block ahead and gaining at every bound. Also, Mr. Stubbs' breath was quite gone and perspiration was starting from every pore of his purple face. He gave over the chase, therefore; but by the time he reached the curb quite a knot of excited, solicitous and inquisitive citizens surrounded him. What with rage, shortness of breath and continually mopping his wet face, the explanation that he gave was somewhat incoherent; yet it seemed to startle James Pentwell, who had run into the street when he saw Lute Morrow fly by the jewelry shop.

Mr. Pentwell was already agitated on his own account. Mrs. William Peters had entered his shop that morning and purchased a locket of the value of ten dollars. Having the article firmly clasped in her capacious right hand, she had proposed to pay for it with a printed slip bearing the signature of E. Addison Humphrey.

"Well, when I took the locket I owed you ten dollars, didn't I?" she demanded. "And if you've got my debt for ten dollars and I've got your debt for ten dollars we're even."

Mr. Pentwell argued with her for a quarter of an hour judiciously restraining his temper, for Mrs. Peters was of formidable proportions and belligerent reputation.



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are better than marking ink for wearing apparel, household linen, etc. Your name can be interwoven with fine cambric tape in FAST COLORS. 1[illegible] 6 dozen $1.25, 3 dozen 85c., other prices on application. Send for Samples.

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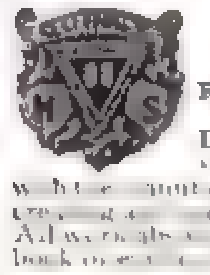

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[illegible]

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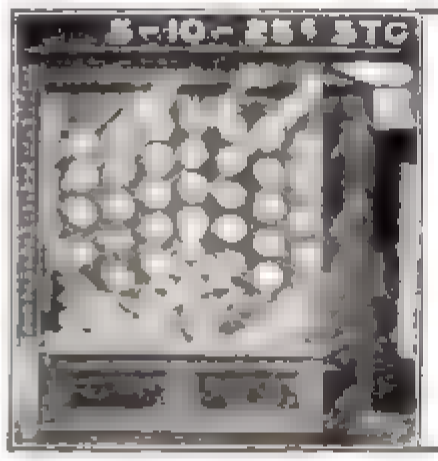

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Old Carpet
We Will Make
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You have sighed hundreds of times to be in business for yourself. Grasp the opportunity [illegible] **eager money** [illegible] one beats you to it. (43)

Ten-Pinnett Company
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The Interlock UNDERWEARS

If you men want to know what solid comfort really is, get Interlock Underwear—knit by a unique process that makes it the softest, smoothest fabric that ever came in contact with your skin, and the lightest in proportion to warmth that has ever been made. The patented Interlock machine knits two fabrics into one to get this result. Ask your dealer to explain it.

The Interlock Underwears are made by several leading manufacturers. The metal lock attached to the garment identifies Interlock Underwear. *Look for the lock.* Manufacturers' individual labels may appear on the garment, and so long as you find the word Interlock you are sure of a genuine Interlock garment. Cotton, mercerized cotton, and merino; different styles, grades and prices, from the inexpensive to the luxurious garments.

For Men and Boys—shirts or drawers, 50c and up, union suits, $1 and up. **For Infants**—shirts, pants, and sleeping garments; cotton, merino, wool, and silk, 25c to $1.50. Ask your dealer for one of the Interlock Underwears.

Write us for illustrated booklet and sample.

General Knit Fabric Company, Utica, N. Y.

He tried to assure himself that it was only a practical joke; yet Mrs. Peters had certainly carried the joke to its logical conclusion by walking off with the locket, leaving the strip of paper on his counter. Hearing Mr. Stubbs' incoherent explanation, Mr. Pentwell returned to his shop more agitated than ever.

Lute, meanwhile, was recuperating from his exertion in Lanham's livery stable, where he could keep an eye on the front door and retire by the rear if that should seem advisable. Mr. Pentwell was the only one of his patrons upon whom he had not called. He waited fifteen or twenty minutes and then discreetly entered the jewelry shop by the rear, taking care to leave the door open.

The precaution was needless, however, for, of all persons, Luther P. Morrow was precisely the one the jeweler then most wished to see. He at once led Lute into the little storeroom at the rear of the shop and closed the door.

"Yes, that's true, Jim," said Lute candidly. "I've been collectin' accounts for Anson Soule and Ben Stubbs and Hi Colvard and you. Seems Addison Humphrey has been buyin' debts offen the same four parties. The seventh is election day, you know; so just search your mind, Jim, and see whether them four names in a row suggests anything to you."

The jeweler looked startled and gave a quick little intaking of his breath.

"It ain't for me to say," Lute continued candidly, "how much this debt-collectin' business and sellin' of debts may git you all balled up in your business, or how much hard feelin's and litigation it might or might not lead to. I will say, though, between you and me, Jim, I think I could git it all straightened out for you if I was to try."

"Whadda you want?" the jeweler gasped anxiously.

Without minding the question Lute continued gravely: "I sort of hate to see leadin' citizens and business men of this town git all balled up in their accounts and made a laughin'-stock of. That's why, Jim, I'm anxious to straighten this out for you. You see, I've been talkin' to Addison Humphrey and I find, sure as shootin', he's goin' to have great big yellow bills printed, big as the side of a house, and stick 'em up all over town and all round the country, advertisin' your debts for sale at public auction. The proceedin's will be very novel and as you four gentlemen are well known all round here he calculates the auction will draw a fine crowd. It ain't for me to say, Jim, whether or not he oughta do that; but it sure looks to me like it would be embarrassin'."

"But whadda you want?" Mr. Pentwell demanded again with deep anxiety.

"Well, comin' round to the election agin, it always seemed to me this present village board was a first-rate village board and oughta be reelected. Addison Humphrey tells me he feels the same way about it and hopes there will be no change."

"It was all a put-up job!" cried Mr. Pentwell. "He never fired you at all. You lied about it!"

"That ain't for me to say, Jim—that ain't for me to say," Lute replied; "but the time's gittin' short now, and if you gentlemen wanta do anything you oughta be up and doin' it. I feel sure Addison Humphrey won't charge you a red cent to give back them debts, except what he actually paid for 'em and his legitimate expenses."

Entering his office the morning of the eighth, Addison discovered Lute sitting contentedly by the stove smoking a villainous cob pipe.

"These village elections is terrible cut-and-dried affairs," Lute commented. "It's a wonder somebody wouldn't try to git up a little opposition once in a while. Yesterday you'd hardly knowed there was an election."

"Well, it's all fixed up," Addison replied cheerfully. "The board will lease me the waterpower for ninety-nine years, and I'll pay the village a hundred dollars a year. That's fair. I hope everybody else is as well satisfied as I am," he added good-naturedly, glancing through the window toward Mr. Soule's establishment. A moment later he said with a touch of annoyance: "If you're bound to smoke that rotten pipe in the office, Lute, I wish you'd open a window!"

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by Will Payne. The sixth will appear in an early number.

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$250 In Prizes

WE are frequently surprised to learn of some new use for New-Skin. Look down the following list of uses and see if you know of any others.

If you do, send us a letter or post card with the information. For the ten suggestions which we consider best worth advertising, we will pay $25.00 each.

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If you happen to know of any other uses, write us and perhaps you will win a prize.

Contest open to every one without charge.

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WON'T LEAK

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The "Swan Safety" is also fitted with the **"Screwdown Cap,"** which prevents leaking, and allows the pen to be carried in any position.

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These three NEW Features in the "Swan Safety" make a pen that
ALWAYS WRITES
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Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

"After a hot summer, we find nothing so good as Hinds Honey and Almond Cream to restore the skin to its natural clear and healthful condition."

In the change to the cooler days of fall, when outdoor life attracts almost everyone, Hinds Cream will save all the annoyance of windburn, chapping and roughness.

HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM

proves a great blessing to those troubled with hard, dry, rough skin. Its soothing, refreshing effect is felt immediately when used after exposure to wind or dust. It keeps even a delicate skin soft and smooth, and will prevent the skin troubles so often caused by outdoor life.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is a really wonderful complexion beautifier. It is guaranteed absolutely harmless, is not greasy or sticky and will not cause a growth of hair. It enables the skin to retain a girlish freshness in spite of advancing years.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is unequalled for babies' delicate skin, and will quickly relieve chafing and their many other skin ailments.

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Price 50c a bottle; sold everywhere or mailed postpaid by us if not obtainable. Insist upon Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Accept no substitutes.

A trial bottle sent free upon request

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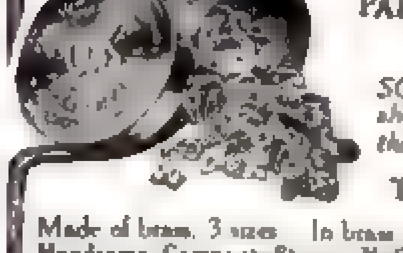

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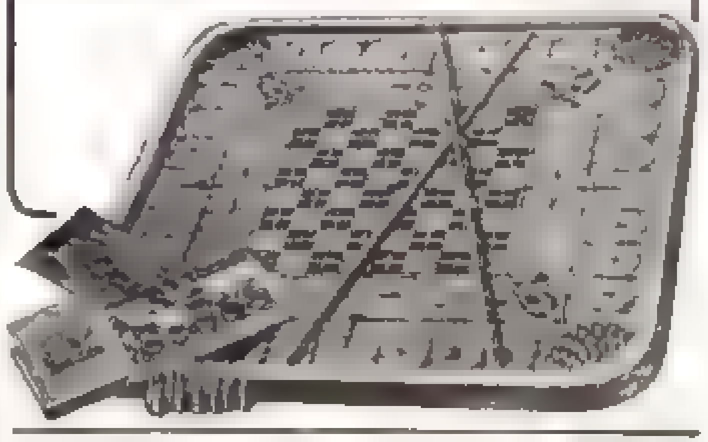

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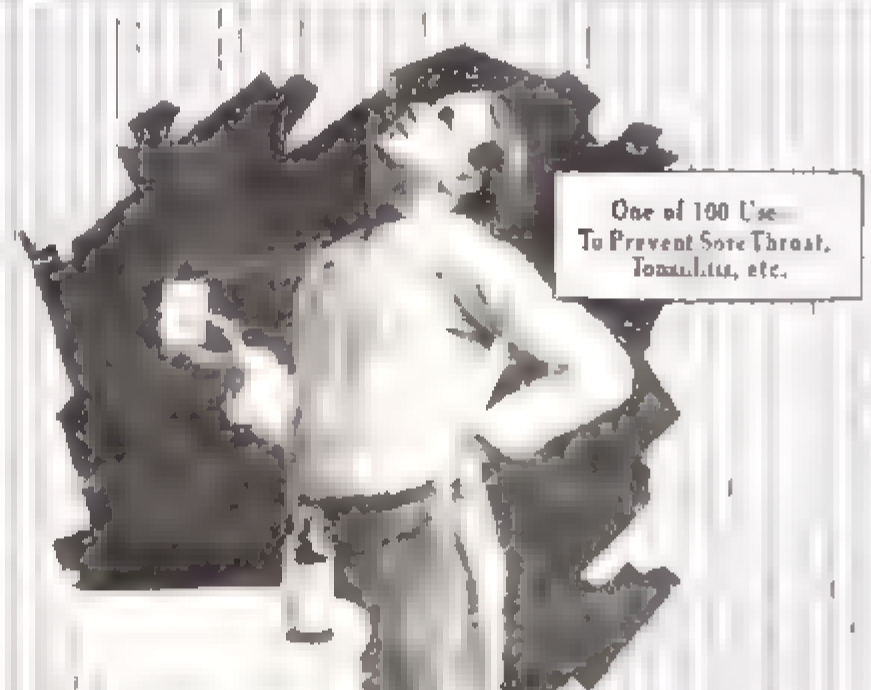

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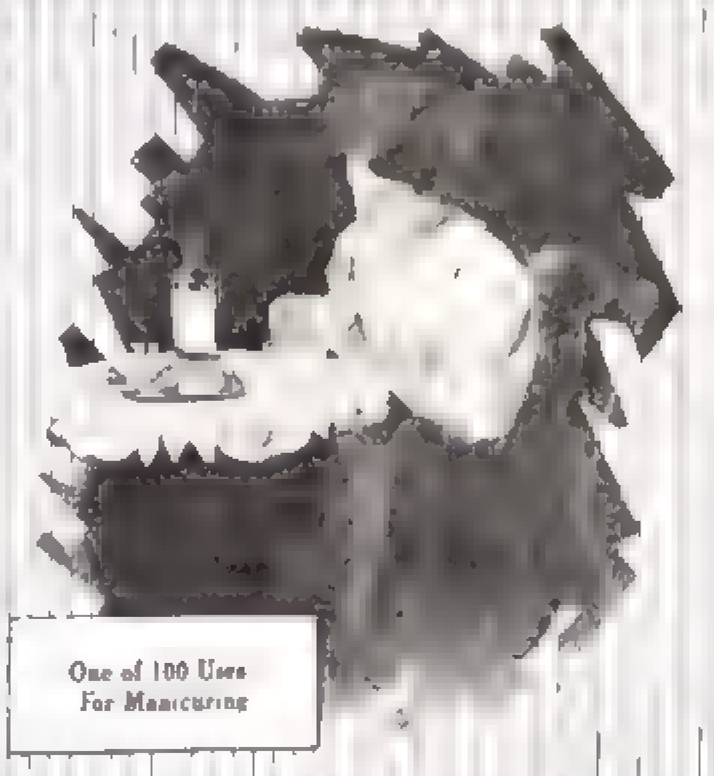

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Dioxogen prevents infection; it destroys the germs which cause it; Dioxogen prevents simple injuries and simple affections from becoming infected and serious; it is non-poisonous, harmless, safe and *sure*. Because of the safety and protection it affords, Dioxogen should be in daily use by every member of every family. In many of its uses Dioxogen replaces ordinary toilet articles, doing the same work better and producing a germ-free cleanliness unattainable by any other method.

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Burlington Kersey (black or green)—[illegible] covered—one of the best and warmest materials. Cold and rain [illegible] penetrate. No other like it, as the special features are protected by patents.

If your dealer does not have the "Sho-Fur" write us. Sent direct, [illegible] please you.

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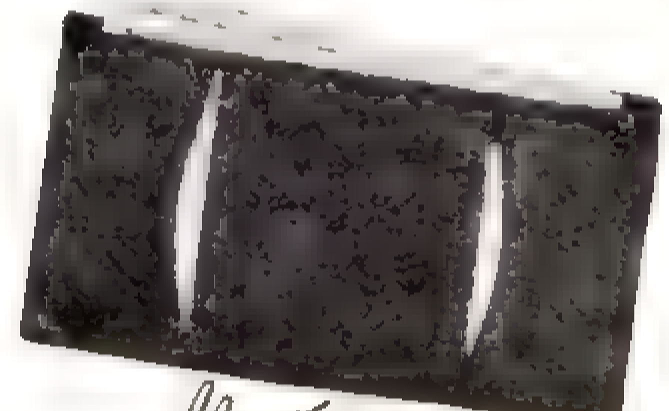

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Men's Underwear Comfort at Popular Prices

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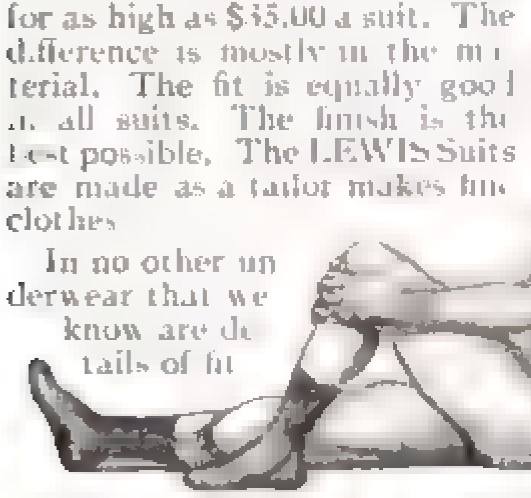
In no other underwear that we know are details of fit and finish carried out so completely. These goods are spring needle elastic knit. They fit every curve of the body. They "give" without bagging. The crotch is perfectly adjusted all around. It never loses adjustment. One forgets all about underwear when he wears a LEWIS Suit.



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Don't pay merely a trifle less per suit for underwear only half as good.

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No!!!

The bristles aren't supposed to come off the brush—it's the powder.

If the brush is fortunate and has really flexible bristles, tooth-brushing becomes almost a recreation. Our brushes are the lucky kind. The bristles come from Russia. They've taken up permanent lodgings in the Brisco-Kleanwell so they *don't come out.*

Brisco-Kleanwell Toothbrush

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THE AMERICAN FATHER

Concluded from Page 17

The vital question is: Where is this new-found leisure on the part of the men and fathers of the nation to be spent? Some moralists and economists have been assuring us with the utmost fervor and conviction that it will be spent in drinking and dissipation; but the facts, as usual, are delightfully against them. Every careful and firsthand observer of modern life will agree that drinking, gambling and dissipation of all sorts are distinctly and encouragingly diminishing, and that the place where two-thirds of their newly gained leisure is actually being spent by men of all classes is in their own homes and gardens, or in open-air concerts in public parks, in places of recreation by seashore and river, White Cities, Coney Islands, moving-picture shows, many of them childish and frivolous, if you like, but—and this is a significant point—in company with and sharing the enjoyment with their wives and children.

Certain reformers, with their customary purblindness, are denouncing the moving-picture shows, for instance, as corrupters of morals and a menace to purity of youth, but the most significant thing that has ever been said about them is the complaint of the saloonkeepers of a number of our larger cities that they are the worst things for cutting into their profits that have ever happened within their recollection—that the working man, who has fifty to seventy-five cents to spend of an evening, instead of laying it all out in beer for his own enjoyment, brings his family downtown and takes them all to the moving-picture show.

Never was there a time when so many men of all classes of society were building and owning their own homes, however small or "cardboardy" and distressingly inartistic in appearance.

Boys Who Go to the Bad

We lament much because we have got away from the healthful and wholesome country and are becoming more and more every year a nation of city dwellers; but we also become more and more a nation of city workers who live practically in the country; and that, from a sanitary point of view, is quite equal if not superior to living exclusively in the country.

A pathetically convincing illustration of the importance of the presence and even simple company of the father is furnished by the reports of workers in reformatories and institutions for boys who have gone wrong. A majority, of course, for obvious reasons, are full orphans and have had no parental care and influence at all. The next largest number are half orphans, having lost either father or mother; and, strangely enough, much more directly disruptive upon the home as is the loss of the mother, the loss of the father appears to exert an even more injurious influence upon the development of the boys.

Still more curiously, it has been found, among those who have both parents living and a home of their own, that the next most potent factor in determining the balance of a boy's life is the nature of the occupation of the father, in respect to the number of hours a day and week which that occupation necessarily keeps him away from his home and family.

Some of the most distressing cases of boys going to the bad occur in families in which the father is necessarily away from home for many days out of the week or months out of the year—as, for instance, in the case of sailors, railroad engineers and traveling workmen generally—even though they may be earning excellent wages and supporting good homes with ideal surroundings in every other respect.

There are fathers in all walks of life who are so busy making money for the boy that they lose the boy himself in the process. What shall it profit a man if he gains a whole million but loses his own son?

When the modern father fully realizes and lives up to his advantages in the way of greater control of his time, higher and broader intelligence, the disappearance of the boarding-school obsession and the decline of the necessity for regarding the labor of his children as an asset, home life will become something which, with all deference to the glamour of the past, it has never been before.

"Ever-Ready" Safety Razor $1 Complete

TRADE MARK FACE

WHEN all is said and done—the one Safety Razor that will give you the best shave of your life is the "EVER-READY."

About 3,000,000 men have bought "EVER-READY" twelve (12) bladed $1 Safety Razors, much to their happiness and profit. You shave with keen delight, knowing that irrespective of price you own the best shaving razor money can buy.

With the "EVER READY" every man becomes an expert self-shaver, absolutely impossible to cut or scratch the face; it is the safest of Safety Razors. The "EVER-READY" is world-famous. It is sold by dealers everywhere. You can buy the "EVER-READY" in your city from most any drug, hardware, jewelry or general store. At all stores you buy extra "EVER-READY" blades as needed—

10 for 50c

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Ever-Ready Safety Razor

With 12 Blades

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New English Cloth Alpine

Worn by best dressed men

[illegible] Looks right, fits right, feels right [illegible] Money back if [illegible] mail it NOW. Send for our new [illegible] FREE

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Just crumble up a

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Closely woven, won't easily snag. Just the garment for automobilists and for men who work out-of doors in cold weather. Comfortable, durable.

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Registered in U. S. Patent Office

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Maxim Silencer

Specify Silencer equipment on your new rifle

[illegible] We will tell you what Silencer you need, price, etc.

Maxim Silent Firearms Co. Potter Building, New York City

You Save Over Half on "COME-PACKT" and it's Honest All Through

Buy direct from our factory the completely finished sections of Mission furniture in Quarter Sawn White Oak. Easily and quickly fastened. You thus save expensive packing, cost of installments or credits, and half the freight. Your furniture has cost you less than half assembled price elsewhere

$27.75 Buys This Table and FOUR Chairs

This extension dining table, 45 inch top, with three leaves, $17.75. Four dining chairs, No. 104, $10.00, or six for $13.50. No. 100, dining chairs, four for $11.00; six for $15.00. Any piece sold separately.

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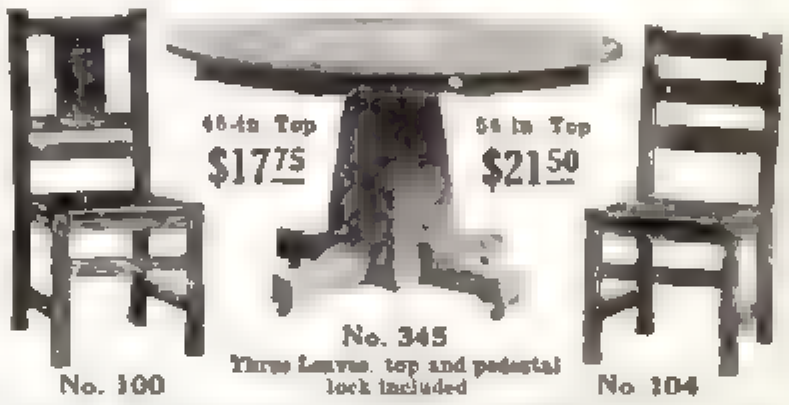

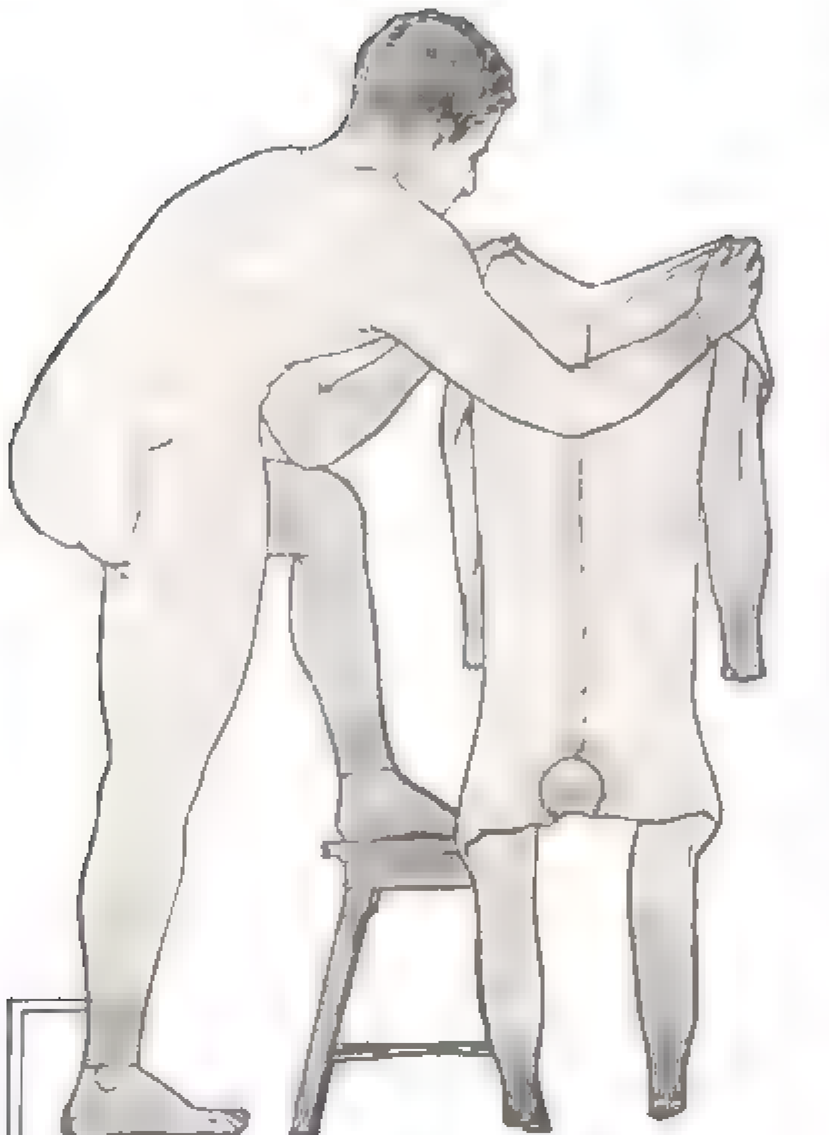

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Union Suit

is smooth, elastic, comfortable. *No seam nor opening through the closed crotch* (patented). The fabric is knitted. Cannot bunch nor chafe.

The Union Suit that gives perfect comfort.

Dealers who see this new union suit are stocking it because it is a sure, profitable seller. If you haven't seen it—there's money in waiting. For particulars and samples—write to-day to

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OUR 5000 DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE U.S. ARE READY TO TAKE YOUR MEASURE

Strauss Brothers
MASTER TAILORS
CHICAGO

Sense and Nonsense

If Wishes Were Mountains

TWO friends connected with the cloaking and suiting trade went to the Catskills on their first vacation. Shortly after their arrival they went for a tramp among the hills.

"I wish," said one, "that I owned that tallest mountain yonder and that it was solid gold."

"Lovely," said the other. "Say, Ike, if that mountain was solid gold and you owned it all by yourself would you give me some of it?"

"Certainly I wouldn't!" said Ike. "Wish yourself a mountain."

The Relic-Hunters

The Van Dals have come home again; they've been across the sea,
And brought home forty-seven trunks, packed full as full can be.
They've been from Dan to Beersheba, touched many a foreign strand,
Done Europe, Asia, Africa, and toured the Holy Land.
The relics they brought back with them fill many splendid rooms.
There're bits of marble by the score chipped from historic tombs,
They're hangings cut from many a wall, and bits of holy shrines
Filched capably from Nile to Thames, from Tiber's bank to Rhine's.

While poking round the Pyramids they twisted off an ear
From one of the first Ptolemies, ten thousand years or near
A mummy then, and Mrs. V. said but for the vast crowd
She thinks she could have snipped a shred from Cleopatra's shroud.
In England they were seen at court, and in the crush and stress
She nipped a peeress' coronet and lace bits from the dress
Of two real queens, and Mr. V. clipped one or two small tails
From the expensive ermine cape of the young Prince of Wales.

Napoleon's tomb they chipped a bit while sleepy gendarmes dozed,
They would have got a piece of him, but he was not exposed.
Where sleeps the last of Charlemagne they stood to gaze and gloat,
For they had cut a button from his military coat.
The Vatican they visited—a knob from one quaint door
They managed to pry loose, and one small tile from some old floor.
They roamed Pompeii's ruined streets, and on the way they stole
A lava baby from its crib and brought it home quite whole.

They looked about for Eden's Gate when they were in the East;
They hoped, if they saw that, to pry a picket loose at least.
On Turkey's Sultan they both called, but, finding him asleep,
They slipped the fez from his bald head and brought it home to keep.
And many a monarch's hand they shook, for passports fine had they.
Invariably he got the hook before they got away.
Seals, rings, snuff-boxes and old clothes gained surreptitiously—
"Sic Semper!" Mr. Van Dal cried. "E Pluribus!" cried she.

All ticketed and marked they lie—the relics they have brought,
Filched capably from tombs and shrines to make a World's Whatnot.
Shreds, bits and splinters, teeth and toes, clothes, armor, chips and stones,
Yes, forty-seven trunks of them—of fragments and dry bones.
And Van Dal in his will provides a princely sum to found
The Van Dal Curio Musée with stately parks around,
Where little folks and large may come and learn—pray, not in vain—
How Van Dal bore the Stars and Stripes through tyranny's domain!

—*J. W. Foley*

The Fire Dance

TWO upstate youths organized a vaudeville team and got a job with a burlesque theater on Fourteenth Street, New York. It was in the days of continuous performances. They had a refined singing and clogging act, beginning appropriately like this:

"Oh, how we love to sing and dance!"
(Stamp with feet)

On their first day as professionals they were sent out upon the stage at half-hour intervals. They opened the afternoon performance and between then and 11:45 that night when they closed the show they appeared eighteen times, to say and do exactly the same thing each time.

Long before quitting time their voices were croaky, their legs were ready to drop off at the knees and their makeup was streaked with sweat. They dared not take off their dancing shoes for their feet were so swollen they knew they could never get them back on again. They would drag themselves to their dressing room and collapse in exhausted heaps, only to be roused a few minutes later by the voice of the relentless call-boy as he pounded at the door and yelled to them to turn out.

At midnight they were finally released. They staggered to their hall bedroom in a theatrical boarding house round the corner in Irving Place, and, too tired to undress, fell upon the bed just as they were, shoes and all. A pickled lodger downstairs overturned a lamp and the house caught fire. The proprietor ran from floor to floor and room to room beating on each door with his fists and yelling:

"Get out! Get out quick!"

Dimly through their slumber the new recruits to vaudeville heard him. They got upon their feet, with their eyes closed and still three-fourths asleep. The firemen, breaking in at the window, found them there in the smoke and flame, side by side with arms intertwined, automatically clogging as they hoarsely chanted:

"Oh, how we love to sing and dance!"

The Human Safety Clutch

IN THE state of Georgia lives a banker who is known behind his back as the Human Safety Clutch. He has been accused of being nearly everything except a spendthrift.

He lives a mile from town on a plantation. One Sunday he remembered that he had left some important papers on his desk, and he gave an aged negro servitor on the place his keys and sent him for the documents.

It was a hot day and the road was dusty, but in an hour the old darky returned with the papers intact. The owner felt in all his pockets.

"That's too bad, Uncle Jim," he said finally; "I thought I had a nickel here I was going to give you."

"Marse Henry," said Uncle Jim, "you look again. Ef ever you had a nickel you got it yit."

Where the Last Was First

A KENTUCKY blacksmith was elected justice of the peace. The first case he tried was litigation involving the ownership of a cow. The lawyers on both sides were young, ambitious and eloquent.

The lawyer for the plaintiff spoke for half an hour in his best vein. When he sat down the new justice said:

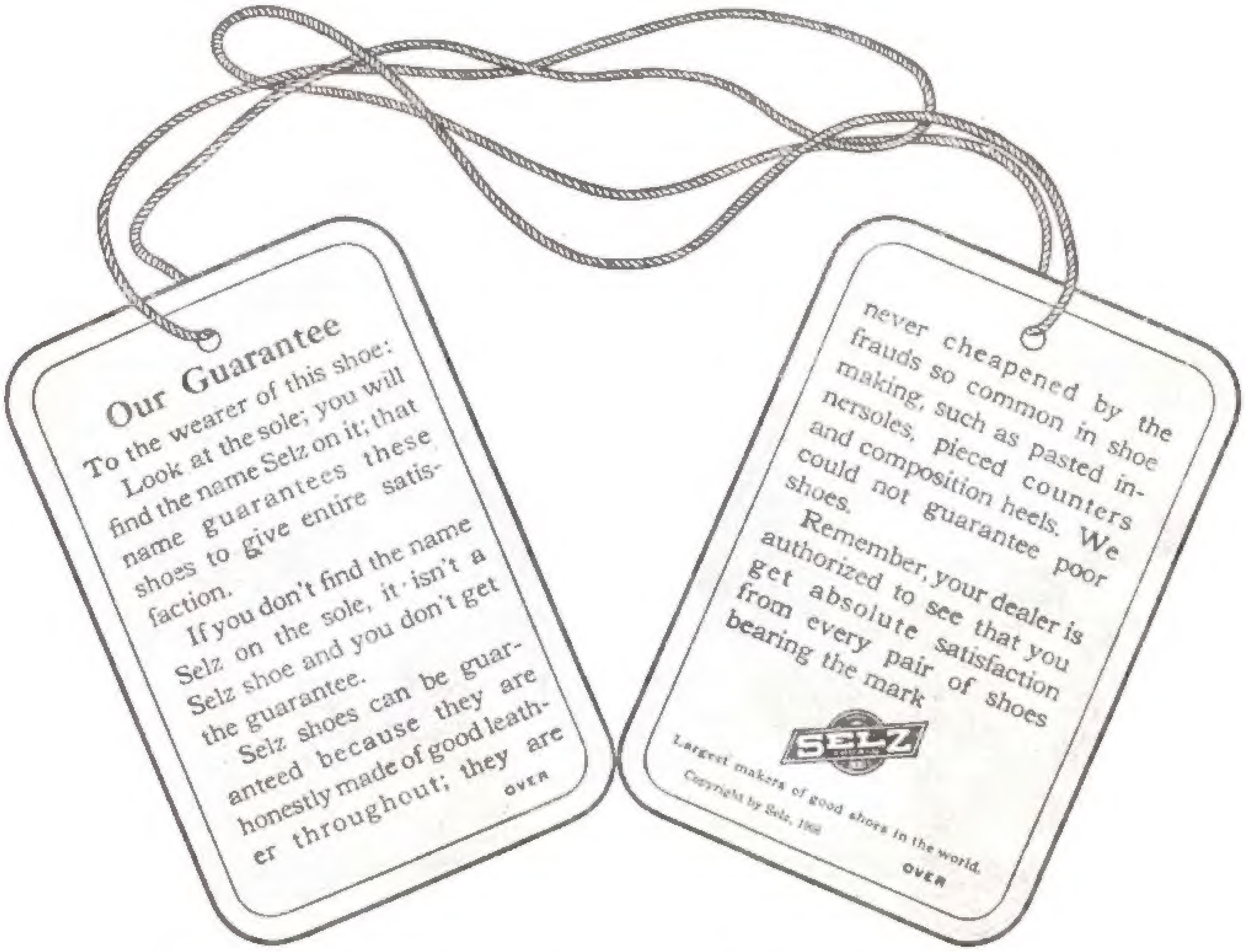
"I've done heard enough—plaintiff wins!"

The lawyer for the other side protested that he had something to say, too, and that it was unfair to render a judgment until both parties to the action had been heard.

"Go ahead and talk if you wanter," said his Honor, "but my mind's done fully made up."

The young lawyer went ahead—for an hour. He was a better orator even than his smiling and triumphant adversary. In his remarks on the cow he introduced, among other topics, the American Eagle, the Southern Cross, the Bonny Blue Flag and the Old Kentucky Home. When he sat down the new justice said:

"Well, now, don't that beat all?—defense wins!"



Our Guarantee

To the wearer of this shoe:

Look at the sole; you will find the name Selz on it; that name guarantees these shoes to give entire satisfaction.

If you don't find the name Selz on the sole, it isn't a Selz shoe and you don't get the guarantee.

Selz shoes can be guaranteed because they are honestly made of good leather throughout; they are

OVER

never cheapened by the frauds so common in shoe making, such as pasted innersoles, pieced counters and composition heels. We could not guarantee poor shoes.

Remember, your dealer is authorized to see that you get absolute satisfaction from every pair of shoes bearing the mark

SELZ

Largest makers of good shoes in the world.

Copyright by Selz, 1908

OVER

The small tag, reproduced here, is attached at the factory to every pair of shoes we make. Read it carefully; a couple of times

YOU may think it a sign of courage to put such a statement as that on any merchandise, especially shoes. It is; but it's a sign of more than courage; it means that we've got to make good shoes; and *know* they're good. For you'll notice that it guarantees the wearer's satisfaction; an uncertain quantity.

There are several possible grounds for dissatisfaction with shoes. They may not fit; that's the fault of the wearer in buying, or of the dealer in selling; we guarantee satisfaction. They may not wear well; the best leather has its weaknesses; the best workmanship has the uncertainties of all human undertakings; we guarantee satisfaction.

Our intention is this:

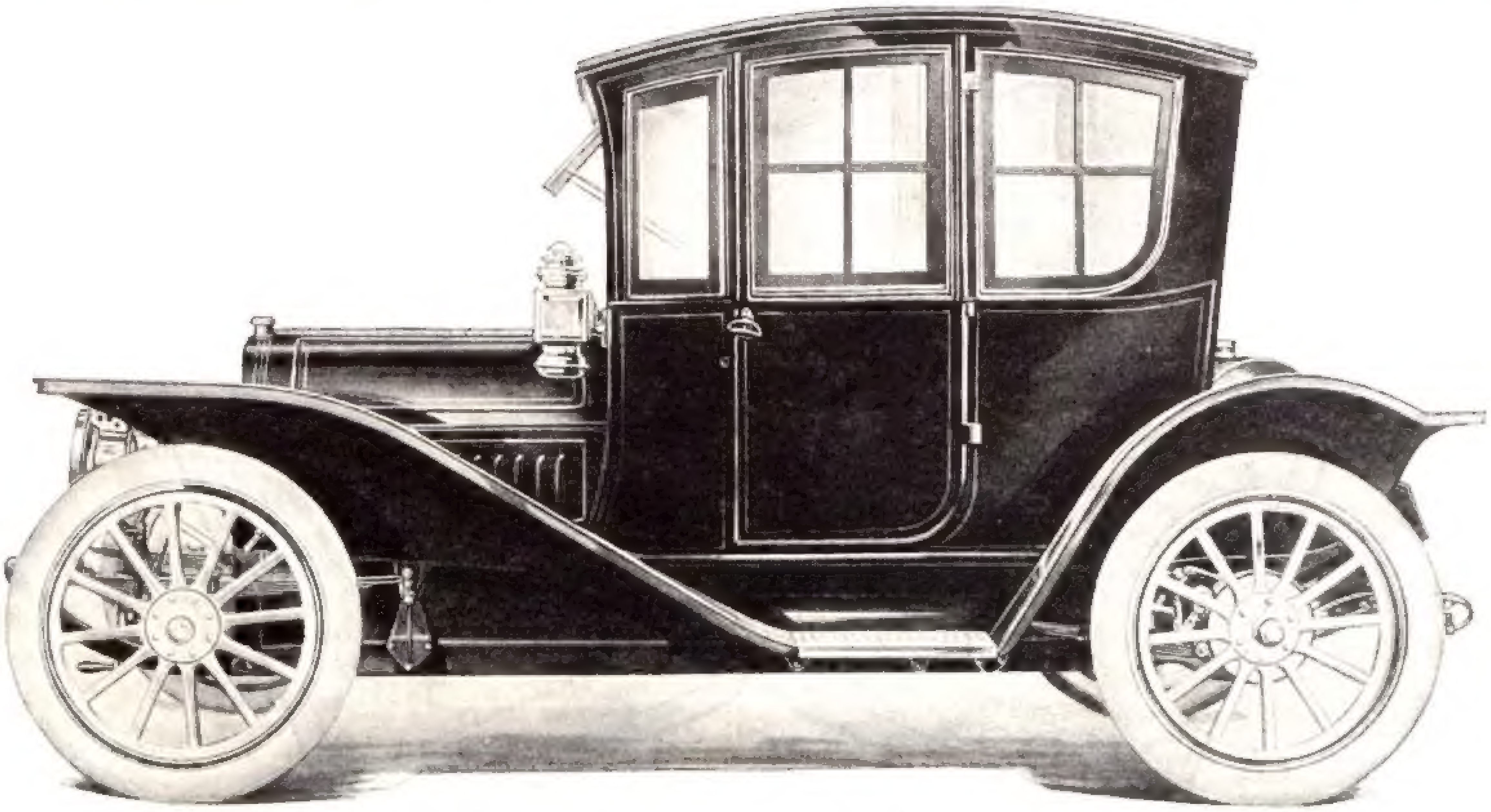
> We don't want anybody to pay money for our shoes and fail to get full value for it. When you buy Selz shoes, you buy something more than just so much leather, so much workmanship, so much attractive style. You expect comfort and service; we mean to see that you get what you pay for and expect. If the shoes fail to give it, claim the guarantee; the dealer will satisfy you; and we'll satisfy him.

You can buy Selz shoes in nearly every good town and city in the country. If you live in one where you can't buy them, let us know.

SELZ
CHICAGO

Largest makers of good shoes in the world

Attainment of a Supreme Excellence



Regal "20" "Underslung" Colonial Coupé $1,250

Most Beautiful. Most Distinguished. Most Serviceable

(Seating Comfortably Three People)

WE HAVE A RIGHT to use superlatives in this, our first announcement of the **Regal "20" "Underslung" Colonial Coupé,** because the ideals of all our experience in the building of automobiles are concentrated in this truly exceptional car. Our pride in this, our latest offering, is justified, not merely by the car's overwhelming appeal to particular buyers, but as an example of progress in the automobile builder's art.

THIS DISTINGUISHED CAR will create its own impressions on prospective buyers because it presents the unusual in Construction, the superlative in Beauty, the last word in luxurious Comfort and a hundred arguments for Service. Let us see —

ITS UNUSUAL CONSTRUCTION. The chassis is the famous Regal "Underslung." We have presented in our publicity the excelling advantages of this type. How the center of gravity is lowered — the weight carried well within the wheels, "slung" below the axles instead of "balanced" above them, giving lavishingly of comfortable riding. We have proved how this construction mitigates 'gainst the dangers of "turning turtle" and skidding, how it prevents "side lash" on springs and tires, makes every working part immediately accessible, also, how it makes possible, because of level motor suspension, a straight line-drive, a perfectly flat dust pan, and gives as much road clearance as the ordinary type of car.

THESE ARE A FEW ELEMENTS, mechanical and constructional, behind the beauty and serviceability of the **Regal "20" "Underslung" Colonial Coupé.** Now as regards its uses —

FOR THE PHYSICIAN it is pre-eminently the ideal vehicle. Tremendously fast, luxuriously appointed and dependable, it meets superbly every demand of climate, roads and exigencies that Doctors can possibly require in making city or country calls. Aside from its serviceability, it is *the kind* of a car that is in keeping with a big reputation.

FOR THE BUSINESS MAN who appreciates the value of time, the economy of resources and a healthful comfort, here is the care-free car. Light in weight, most economical in up-keep, roomy yet compact, it will answer every question "why" this particular car is the perfect locomotion between business appointments, country home and city office, city home and country club, and outdoor pleasures.

FOR THE LADY. But Milady must see this beautiful creation to appreciate its value to her. She must grace its luxury furnished interior, revel in its refinements — the mahogany ceiling, the dark blue broadcloth panelling, the adjustable front ventilator glass, the electric dome light, silk curtains, etc. To see it is to desire it; to own it for its shopping, theatre, party and visiting conveniences is to be the most envied woman in her social sphere.

MOST IMPORTANT. "Underslung" construction makes possible a low built car with such a roomy height that ladies will immediately recognize its advantages. The most elaborate head-dress can be worn without fear of damage. The comfort and ease of entering and leaving the car without gathering up one's skirts or soiling the daintiest frock is another feature, while the annoying and tiresome swaying motion of motoring peculiar to the closed car is eliminated.

NOW, NOTE THE PRICE. The **Regal "20" "Underslung" Colonial Coupé** is presented at the remarkable low price of $1250. This beautiful car is not only the attainment of a supreme excellence, but is also the attainment of a value that enables us gladly to welcome any and every comparison.

INTERCHANGEABLE BODIES. Here is another advantage that will be appreciated. The Coupé body is interchangeable with our regular Roadster body. We will furnish this car complete with both bodies at $1400.

OWNERS OF REGAL ROADSTERS can purchase a Coupé body for $500. Customers purchasing the regular Coupé body can obtain a regular Roadster body when required at $150.

VISIT A REGAL DEALER. He will show you this car of attainment and supreme excellence, or write us at the Factory.

HERE ARE A FEW SPECIFICATIONS. Wheel Base, 100 inches. Tires, 32x3½ inches. Three-speed and Reverse Selective Sliding Nickel Steel Gear Transmission. Road Clearance, 10 inches. (As much as the conventional built car.) Four cylinder, 20 — 25 H. P. Motor. Bore, 3¾ inches. Stroke, 4½ inches. Dual Ignition with Magneto, Standard Equipment — Acetylene Headlights, Generator, Oil, Side and Tail Lamps, Jack and Complete Set of Tools.

OTHER REGAL CARS. Regal "20" "Underslung" Roadster, $900. (The car that's creating a furore.) Regal "35" "Underslung" Five-passenger Touring car, $1400. (The big surprise of 1912.) Regal "30" Five-passenger Touring car (open body), $1000. Fore-door, $1050. Regal Demi-tonneau, Open and Fore-door type, $1000 and $1050. Regal "40" Seven-passenger Touring car (fore-door), $1650.

The Dealers who handle Regal Cars are especially chosen for a high standard of service. They are representative of all that tends to upbuild a permanent and highly profitable business upon the foundation of service. Their interest in customers does not end with the sale of a car but begins with the purchase of a car. We are always looking for the **"Regal Standard"** among dealers. Wire or write.

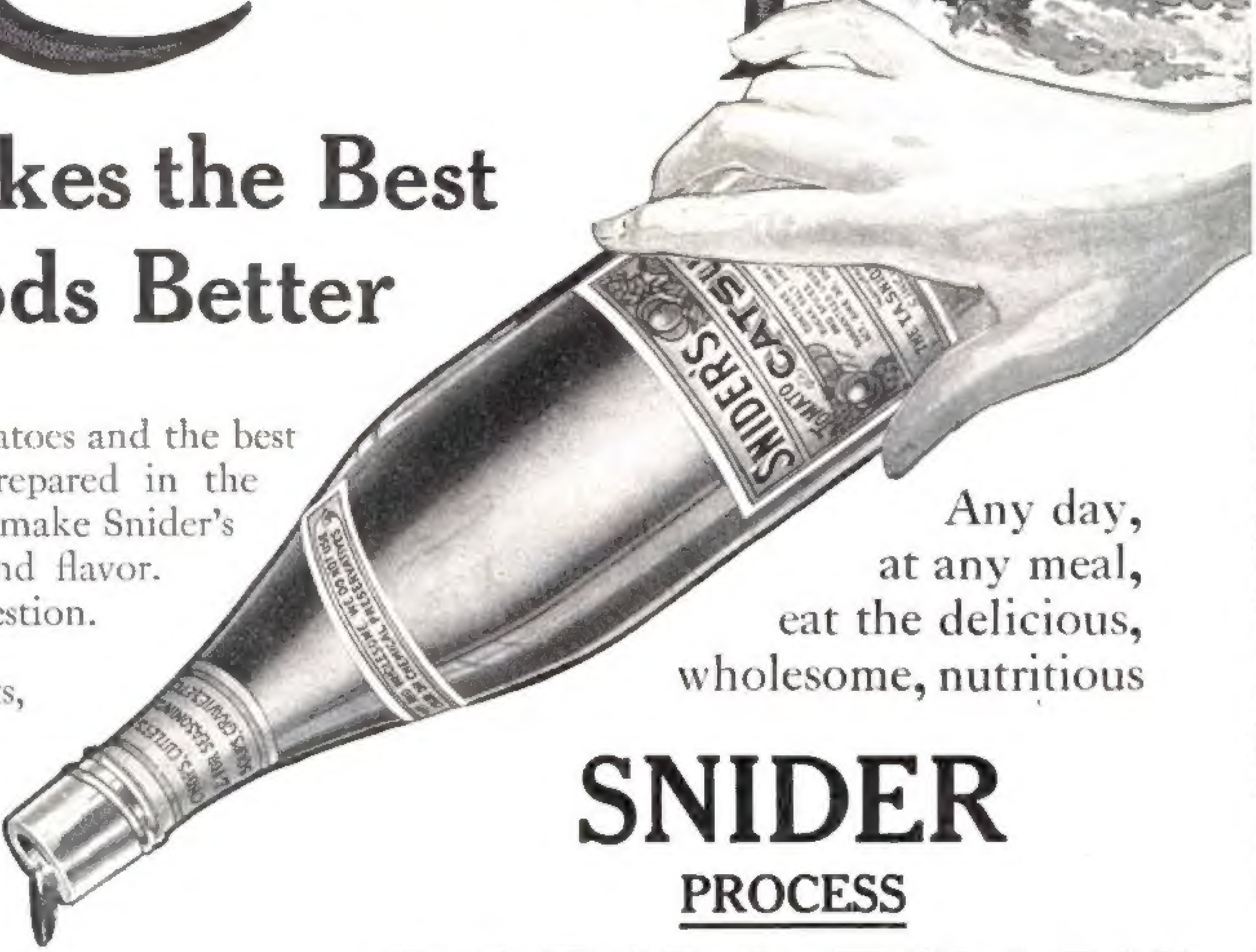
Regal Motor Car Company, *Automobile Manufacturers,* **Detroit, Michigan**

Snider's Tomato Catsup

Makes the Best Foods Better

Pedigreed tomatoes and the best of all materials, prepared in the special Snider way, make Snider's Catsup superior in quality and flavor. It is a wholesome aid to digestion.

The perfect relish for roasts, chops, steaks, cutlets, all fish, oysters. A zestful seasoning for spaghetti, all vegetables, also in soups, sauces, gravies, etc.



Any day,
at any meal,
eat the delicious,
wholesome, nutritious

SNIDER
PROCESS
PORK & BEANS

Snider's Oyster Cocktail

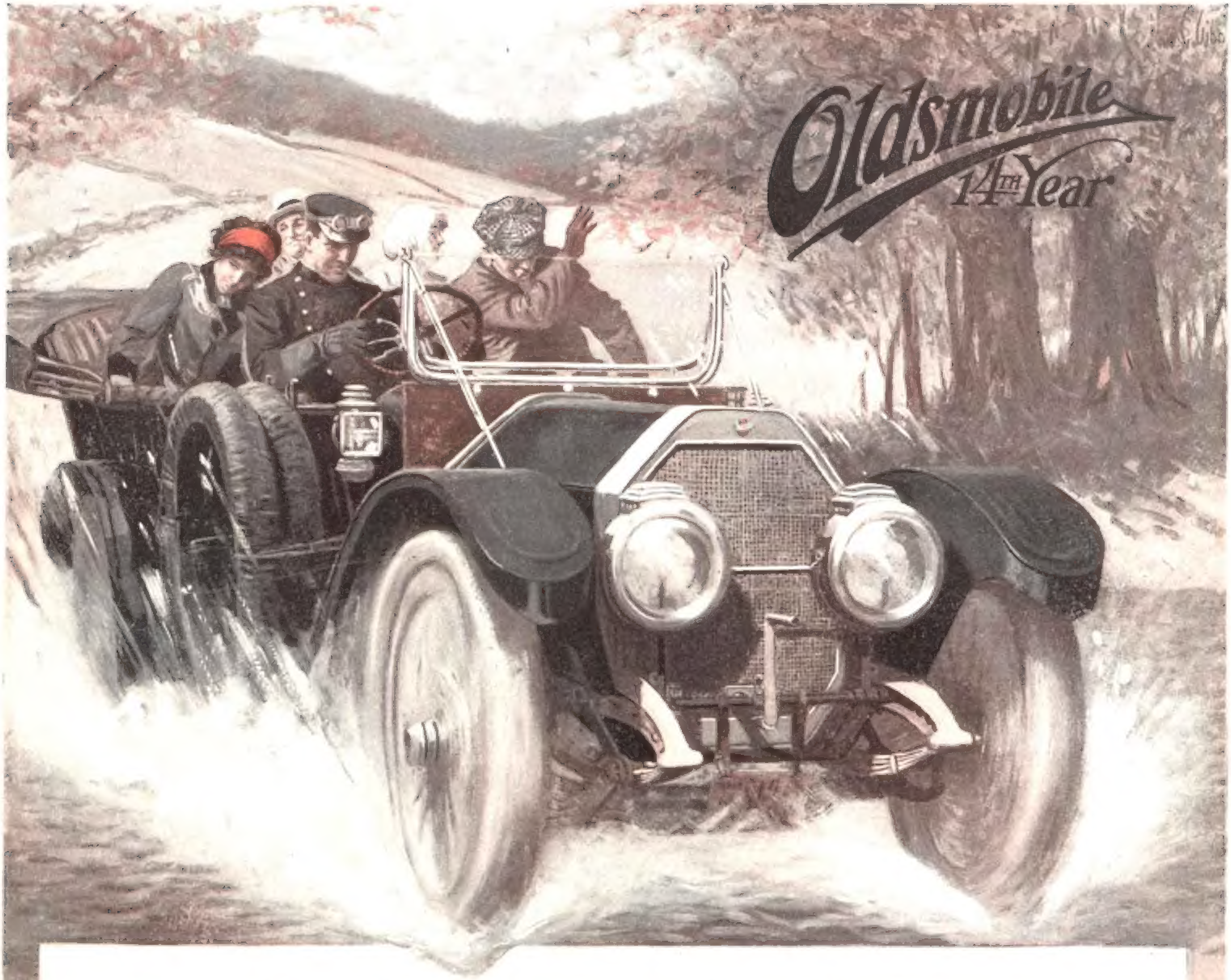
Seven oysters on half shell. A few drops of lemon juice and then plenty of Snider's Catsup poured directly on the oysters, and, if possible, eating the oyster without puncturing it, constitutes the ideal oyster cocktail.

Upon meats, hot or cold, nothing surpasses Snider's Chili Sauce

"It's the Process"

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

All Snider Products Comply with all Pure Food Laws of the World



Confidence Inspiring Ability

There's exhilaration in a dash into the real country,—through the crisp autumn air,—with perhaps a mountain stream to ford at full speed, when you have perfect confidence in your car. The owner of an Oldsmobile enjoys every moment of such a ride, without strain or fatigue. The Oldsmobile is *emergency-proof* and the more intimate your acquaintance with the car the more confidence you feel in its ability under "out-of-the-ordinary" conditions.

This ability cannot be measured by rated horse-power or a printed list of specifications. For example: while retaining all the manifest advantages of a long-stroke motor,—such as the persistent application of power over varying grades and smoothness of operation,—the Oldsmobile will accelerate under full load; is "quick on its feet" and marvelously responsive to the throttle.

Engine and Chassis

T head Motor; 5 in. bore, 6 in. stroke. Compression release for easy starting. 4-speed transmission with unusually quiet gears. Demountable rims. ¾ elliptic springs and shock absorber equipment. Improved system of lubrication.

Body and Equipment

Ventilators in fore-doors, an exclusive Oldsmobile feature. Nickel and black enamel finish on metal parts. Regular equipment includes top and slip cover; windshield, speedometer, electric and oil side and rear lamps of new design; tire irons, etc., all of the finest quality.

The "Autocrat," 4-cylinder, $3500
38 x 4½ in. Tires

The "Limited," 6-cylinder, $5000
43 x 5 in. Tires

Touring, Roadster, Tourabout and Limousine Bodies

OLDS MOTOR WORKS LANSING, MICHIGAN

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